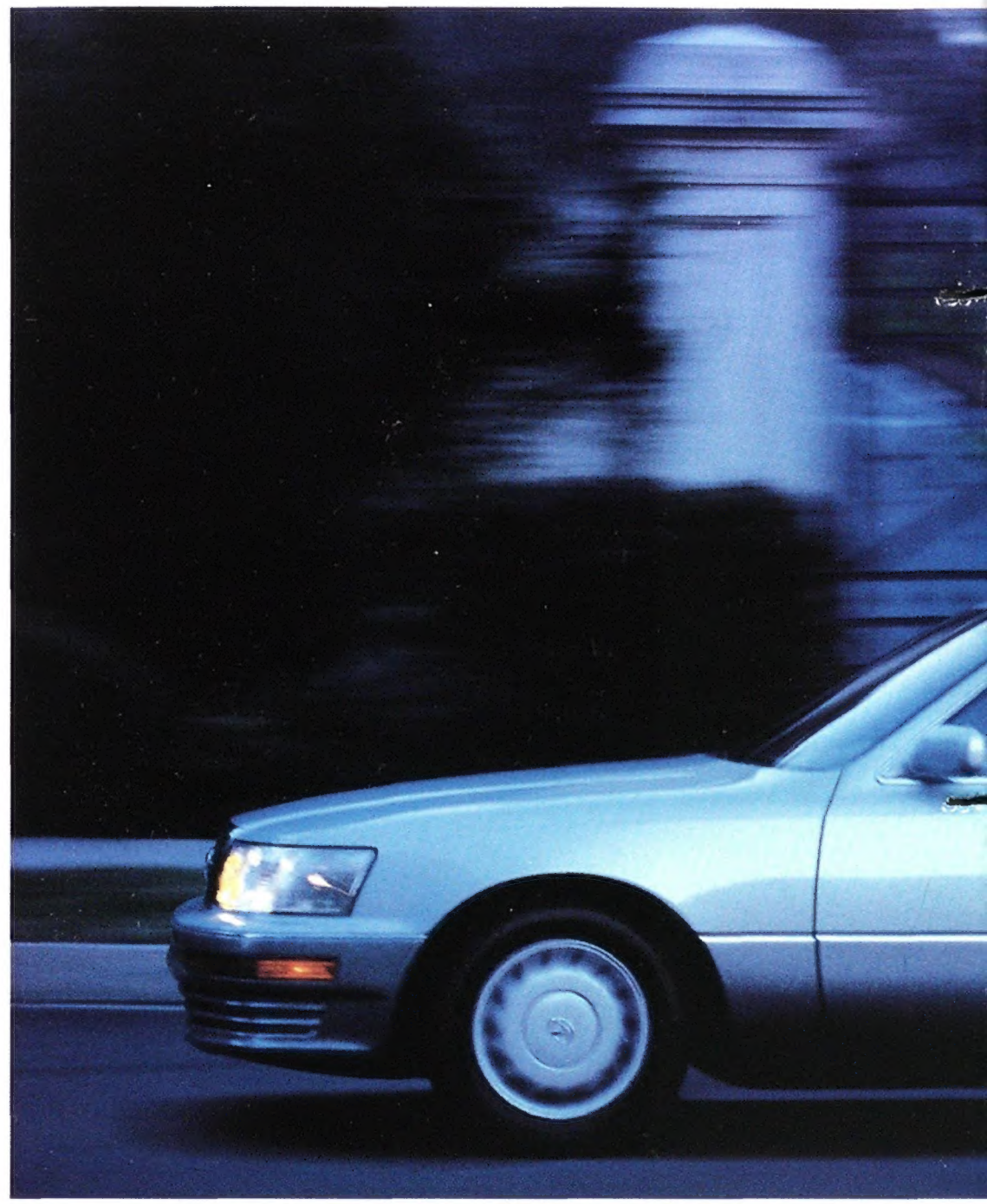
Smithsonian

August 1991

Parisians at play during the heady *fin de siècle* (p. 42)



Arrive Fashionably

We have all, at times, found ourselves running a little behind schedule. Though few of us have had the luxury of a Lexus LS400 awaiting our departure.

Once engaged, its 250-horsepower V8 can quickly resolve whatever scheduling problems may confront you.

However, this is not to say that on principle we endorse precipitous travel. Quite the contrary. That would only serve to reduce your time spent within the luxuriously contoured environment of the LS400's cabin.

Once inside, you'll barely feel the forward pull of the Four Cam, 32-valve power plant. The soft, supple seating will caress you. The high-output

Early.

seven-speaker audio system will surround you. And what might have been a feverish journey will actually be a voyage of unexpected pleasure.

So the next time your social calendar calls for a timely entrance, consider the benefits of making the trip in an LS 400.

And should the ride become a little too enjoyable, let them wait.

LEXUS

The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

© 1991 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts and obey all speed laws. For more information, call 800-872-5398 (800-USA-LEXUS).

August 1991

Smithsonian

Volume 22, Number 5

Table of Contents

Cover: *Palais de Glace, Champs-Elysées, front view* (detail) was made by Jules Chéret for a Paris skating rink in 1894, in the golden age of the French poster (p. 42) Courtesy of Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts

10 *Smithsonian horizons* by Secretary Adams
14 *Letters to the Editor*
20 *Around the Mall and beyond* by Edwards Park
22 *Picture credits*
24 *Phenomena, comment and notes* by John P. Wiley jr.

30 **Seeing how the other half (of Beringia) lives**
The author and a delegation of Unalaskans cross the Bering Sea to find lost family, new friends and trade
By Nancy Shute, photographs by Phil Schofield

42 **When Paris was the city of delight**
The gaiety of the French capital in its heyday can now be savored in artworks on view in Boston
By Stanley Meisler

54 **Tractors pull their own weight, and then some**
The mechanical beasts that raise more crops with less effort have won a special spot in farmers' hearts
By Carl Hoffman

68 **Kaplanizing John Bartlett's quotable quotes**
In the new edition of *Bartlett's*, editor Justin Kaplan trades "withered flowers of poesy" for pop lyrics
By Ralph Graves, illustrations by William Bramhall

80 **Seventy years in Packerland**
Since 1921, Green Bay, Wisconsin, has been a great place to play football—and never mind the winters
By Jim Doherty, color photographs by John Livzey

90 **The Black Seminole: a tradition of courage**
From a band of black Indians who fled to Mexico to escape slavery came the Army's honored Indian Scouts
By Scott Thybony, photographs by Robb Kendrick

102 **How E. Fay Jones built a name for himself**
Lofty yet simple chapels, and houses that hunker into the land, have won the Arkansas architect world renown
By Andrea Oppenheimer Dean
Photographs by Wayne Sorce

112 **The case of the disappearing *Rallus owstoni***
Scientists try to save the Guam rail, a bird named for its island home, from a predatory tree snake
By S. Dillon Ripley, photographs by William Burt

120 *Book reviews*
125 *Additional reading*
127 *August events at the Smithsonian*
130 *Smithsonian tours, seminars and expeditions*

132 **This flight of fancy is a tight squeeze**
By William Zinsser

Smithsonian (ISSN 0037-7333) is published monthly by the Smithsonian Associates, 900 Jefferson Drive, Washington, DC 20560.
© Smithsonian Institution 1991. All rights reserved.
Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited.
Subscription price $20 a year in U.S. and possessions, $33 elsewhere. 80 percent of dues is designated for magazine subscription. Single copy price, $3. Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices.
Editorial offices at 900 Jefferson Drive, Washington, DC 20560.
Advertising and circulation offices at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10170.
Members: Please address all subscription correspondence and change of address information to Smithsonian, P.O. Box 55593, Boulder, CO 80322-5593.
Postmaster: Send address changes to Smithsonian, P.O. Box 55593, Boulder, CO 80302-5593.

CHIVAS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43% & 40% ALC. /VOL. (86° & 80°) • © 1991 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

AS LONG AS UNLIMITED
VISION IS POSSIBLE EVEN WITHOUT
PERFECT EYESIGHT...

There will always be a

CHIVAS REGAL.

You're driving by that
like you do every day,
asks you what they
answer that you're not
occurs to you that you

It also occurs to you that you don't have the foggiest idea how to go about finding out.

Well, we can't say we blame you. Over the years, our industry hasn't exactly been noted for open doors, much less open dialogue.

But recently, the member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association have taken some crucial steps towards changing that. Through an effort called Responsible Care®.

Many of us, for example, are now regularly holding community meetings. Which give the people who live near our plants an opportunity to tell us about their fears and concerns. And to ask questions of the people who actually run the plant, day in and day out.

Others are offering tours to anyone interested in a firsthand look at the way we make, handle and dispose of chemicals. Because, ultimately, the best way to answer your questions about what goes on behind the walls of our plants is to show you what goes on behind the walls of our plants.

We're opening the lines of communication in other ways. In some cases, quite literally. Call **1-800-624-4321*** and we'll tell you how you can find out what your local chemical company is making. We'll also send you our **Responsible Care® Brochure**, which details other ways we're working to keep you informed.

So that the next time you're driving by that chemical plant, like you do every day, and one of your kids asks you what they make in there, you can tell him.

*8 a.m. to 7 p.m. EDT

chemical plant, just when one of your kids make in there and you really sure and it probably should be.

The Chemical Manufacturers Association.

We want you to know.

A THOUSAND SPARKS OF FIGHT

They're contentious and contagious. They're The McLaughlin Group. (Clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

We bring good things to life.

Does this Japanese model outperform famous European luxury pens?

Fujiyama Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

If you've ever had occasion to write with one of the famous European pens, you know what marvelous products they are. Writing with them is a joy. It is almost effortless. The pen appears to float across the paper—even your thoughts seem to flow more freely. The substantial drawback, however, as with so many other nice things, is that the price of these luxury pens is awfully high. It's easy to spend $150 or more on one of them. Our Japanese friends have created their own version of these luxury pens. They are equally pleasing and quite similar in appearance, heft and feel. They have the same hi-lacquer finish, the same fine gold-tone accents and the same gold-plated clip as the famous European luxury pens. The exclusive ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten, stall or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

•The great reservoir of the Fujiyama Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include not just one but two extra tips with two extra ink reservoirs.

The most remarkable thing about the *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive distributors and are therefore able to offer it to you for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. Get your *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800A914**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one; $7.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Smithsonian

SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION:
Robert McC. Adams

EDITOR:
Don Moser

BOARD OF EDITORS:
Constance A. Bond
Caroline Despard, Pictures
Jim Doherty
Timothy Foote
Marlane A. Liddell
Sally Scott Maran
Nancy Seaman
John P. Wiley jr.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
Diane M. Bolz
Kathleen M. Burke
Frances R. Glennon
W. Eric Keller
Edgar Rich, Pictures
Jane D. Scholl

ASSISTANT EDITORS:
Suzanne Crawford
Judy Harkison
Bruce Hathaway
Marian Smith Holmes
Alison C. McLean
Lucinda Moore
Beth Py-Lieberman
Ruth Ravenel, Pictures

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
Ralph Backlund
Edwards Park
Bennett Schiff

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES:
Gloria Carr
Margot North

PUBLISHER:
Ronald C. Walker
Mary D. Haskin, Assistant

ADVERTISING:
Thomas H. Black, Associate Publisher
Louis Kolenda, Associate Director
James Sullivan, Associate Director
Patrick Riordan, Manager

CIRCULATION:
John O'Donnell, Associate Publisher
Adeline Sherr, Director
Marie Mulderrig, Promotion Manager
Michael Shectman, Fulfillment Manager

ADMINISTRATION:
Carey O. Randall, Associate Publisher
Mary Ellen Bobb, Business Director
Valerie Martin, Business Manager

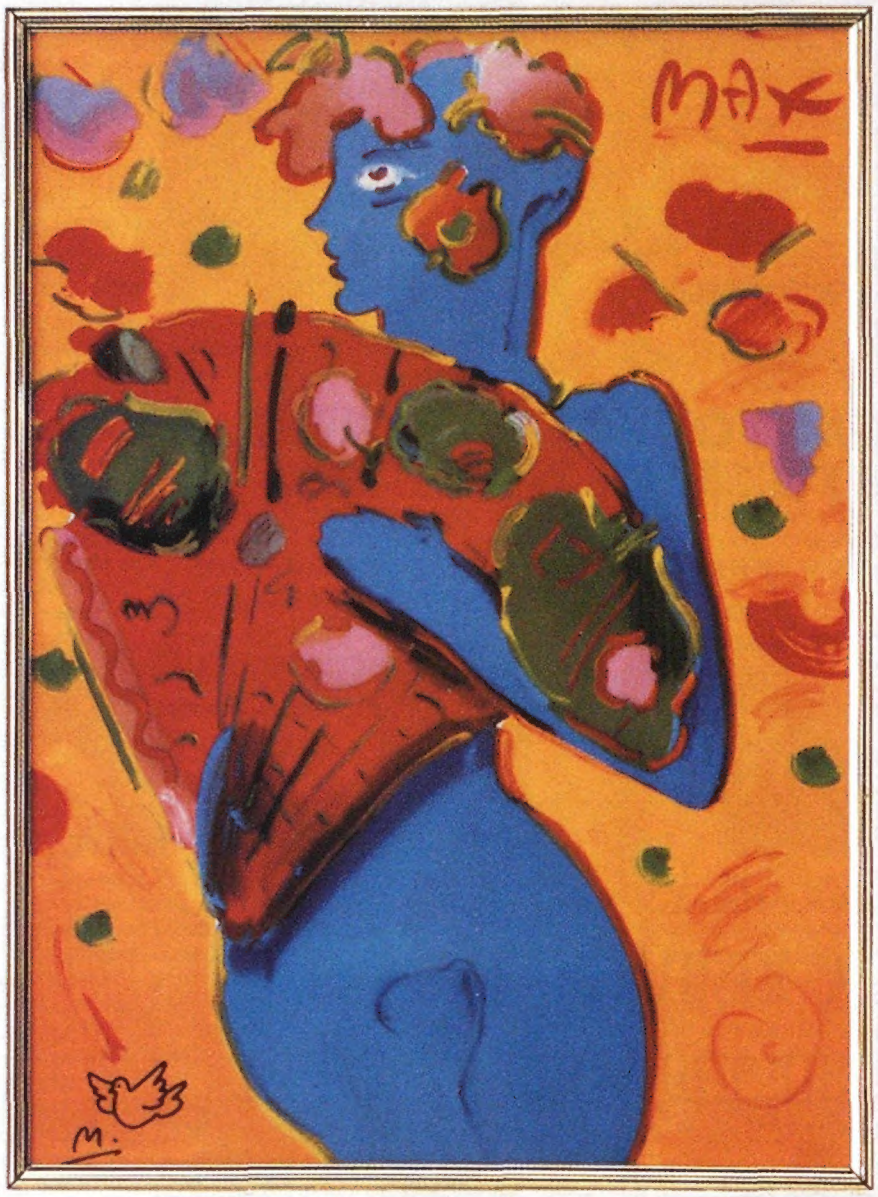
PRODUCTION:
E. Cherry Doyle, Director
Greg Williams, Quality Manager
Briggs S. Cunningham, Editorial
Suzanne Aldrich, Advertising

FOUNDER:
S. Dillon Ripley

FOUNDING EDITOR AND PUBLISHER:
Edward K. Thompson

PUBLISHER EMERITUS:
Joseph J. Bonsignore

Own a Peter Max!



Framed work shown much smaller than actual size of 13¼" × 16".

Premiere: Peter Max on porcelain.

The Fan Dancer. From his famed Ladies of the 80's series. Fired on porcelain to bring out all its radiance, and retain its rich colors forever.

Issued in individual editions of 950, with each edition distinguished by a different, specially designed limited edition remarque. Handsomely matted and set into a custom-designed hardwood frame. Complete with Certificate of Authenticity. Just $245, payable in convenient monthly installments.

THIRTY DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY
If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

COMMISSION AUTHORIZATION — Please mail by August 31, 1991.

The Franklin Mint · Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my commission for *The Fan Dancer* by Peter Max, an original masterpiece with a limited edition remarque to be crafted for me on fine porcelain, matted to museum-quality standards and sent in a custom-designed, hand-embellished hardwood frame. I understand that this imported work of art by Peter Max, bearing the special remarque I receive, will be strictly limited to 950 pieces.

I need send no money now. Please bill me for a deposit of $49.* when the work is ready to be sent to me, and for the balance in four equal monthly installments of $49.* each after shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $3. for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL COMMISSIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

© 1991 FM

12537- 186

GET MORE MILEAGE OUT OF YOUR NEXT VACATION. TRY A SET OF MICHELINS.

Reliable, precise, very well-constructed. Michelin maps and guides. A must for high-performance vacations.

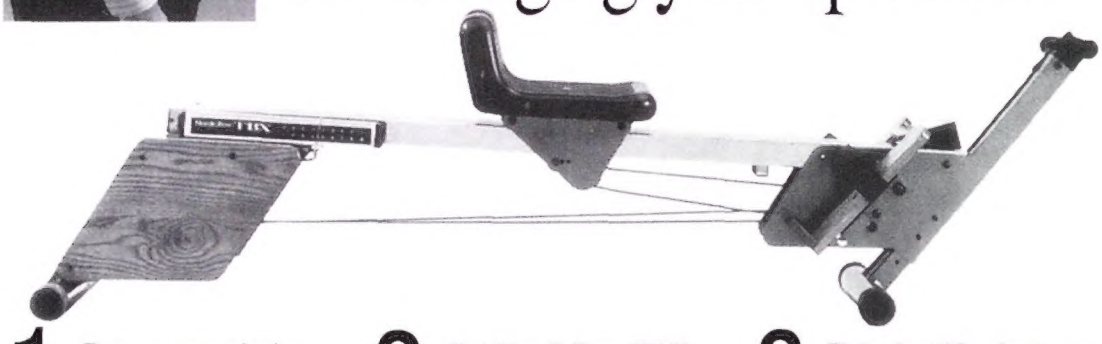
What to see. Where to eat. Even how to get there. From the people who really know. And our famous star ratings tell you what to hit, what to miss.

So before you leave home, invest in something you can count on. A set of Michelins.

MICHELIN
TRAVEL PUBLICATIONS

NordicTrack introduces...

Simple instructions for changing your spare tire:



1 Burn more calories. Studies show that the combined use of both your upper and lower body during exercise burns more calories in less time. Unlike exercise bikes, treadmills, and stairclimbers that only work your lower body, NordicRow TBX is a total-body exerciser.

2 Put NordicRow TBX to work for you. *Split-resistance settings* for the upper and lower body allow you to fine-tune your own workout and burn maximum calories. A revolutionary *Back Stress Management System* works to support your lower back for safe, effective exercise.

3 Take just 20 minutes a day, three times a week. With NordicRow TBX there's no need to drive to let outdoor conditions hamper your workout. You can work out in the comfort and convenience of your own home! NordicRow TBX gives you a superior cardiovascular workout that tones and shapes *all* the muscles in your *entire* body.

Try NordicRow TBX in your own home for 30 days with no risk or obligation!

NordicRow TBX™ BY NORDICTRACK

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE CALL 1-800-468-4491 Ext. 756H1

Or write: NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 756H1, Chaska, MN 55318

©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company

Smithsonian

Board of Regents
Smithsonian Institution

Ex Officio

Chief Justice of the United States
William H. Rehnquist, Chancellor
Vice President of the United States
J. Danforth Quayle

Appointed by the President of the Senate

Hon. E. J. (Jake) Garn
Hon. Daniel P. Moynihan
Hon. James R. Sasser

Appointed by the Speaker of the House

Hon. Joseph M. McDade
Hon. Norman Y. Mineta
Hon. Jamie L. Whitten

Appointed by Joint Resolution of Congress

Hon. David C. Acheson
Hon. Anne L. Armstrong
Dr. William G. Bowen
Mrs. Jeannine Smith Clark
Mr. Ira Michael Heyman
Mr. Samuel C. Johnson
Mr. Barnabas McHenry
Dr. Homer A. Neal
Hon. R. James Woolsey

Smithsonian National Board

Mrs. Gay F. Wray, Chairman
Mr. Philip F. Anschutz
Mrs. Robert M. Bass
Mr. George B. Bingham jr.
Mr. W. J. Bowen
Mr. John Brademas
Mr. Dan Burns
Mrs. Cummins Catherwood jr.
Mr. Ivan Chermayeff
Mr. Landon T. Clay
Mrs. Dollie Cole
Mr. Jeffrey A. Cole
Mr. Thomas G. Cousins
Mrs. George C. Dillon
Mrs. John Earhart
Mr. John Forsythe
Mr. Peter E. Haas
Mr. John M. Harbert III
Mr. Marion Edwyn Harrison
Mrs. Henry J. Heinz III
Mr. Gerald D. Hines
Mr. Frank W. Hoch
Mr. Robert V. Lindsay
Mrs. Bruce K. MacLaury
Mrs. Jean B. Mahoney
Mr. Antony Merck
Mrs. Anne Murray Morgan
Mr. John W. Morrison
Dr. George E. Mueller
Mr. Thomas J. Pritzker
Mr. David S. Purvis
Mr. Alvin N. Puryear
Mr. Clive Runnells
Mrs. Arthur M. Sackler
Mr. Leveo V. Sanchez
Mr. Lloyd G. Schermer
Dr. Ivan Selin
Mrs. E. Maynard Smith
Mr. A. Alfred Taubman
Mrs. James M. Walton
Mr. Leslie H. Wexner
Mr. T. Evans Wyckoff

Honorary Members

Mr. William S. Anderson
Mr. Richard P. Cooley
Mr. Joseph F. Cullman III
Mr. Charles D. Dickey jr.
Hon. Leonard K. Firestone
Mr. Alfred C. Glassell jr.
Mr. W. L. Hadley Griffin
Hon. William A. Hewitt
Mr. James M. Kemper jr.
Mr. Seymour H. Knox III
Mr. Lewis A. Lapham
Hon. George C. McGhee
Justice Sandra D. O'Connor
Mr. S. Dillon Ripley
Mr. Francis C. Rooney jr.
Hon. Thomas J. Watson jr.

Shop the World by Mail

PURCHASE DIRECT AT
OUTSTANDING SAVINGS FROM FACTORIES
& RETAIL SHOPS AROUND THE WORLD.

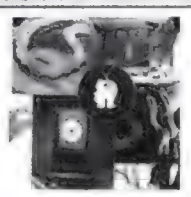
FABULOUS FOREIGN
CATALOGS IN ENGLISH!

AMERICA

THE BEST AMERICAN CATALOGS

1. The Best American Catalogs. Shop America without ever leaving home! A source guide to hundreds of the best catalogs available. How and where to find almost everything by mail from fashions to crafts, toys, home furnishings, linens, foods, etc. Catalog. $4.

HONG KONG



2. Amazing Grace Elephant Co. There is something very special about this wonderfully different gift catalog! Asian handicrafts, clothing, jewelry, furniture—an extravaganza of unique gifts at non-extravagant prices. Color catalog. $4.

Shop the World by Mail

3. The world's finest catalogs! Take advantage of the opportunity to purchase direct, at outstanding savings, from factories, retail shops and crafts people around the world. Purchase china, crystal, clothing, handicrafts, jewelry, linens, perfumes and more from sources in Canada, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Italy, Thailand, etc. Everything you have ever dreamed of and more! All catalogs are in English. Color catalog. $4.

GERMANY

4. Steiff Animals. Handmade, wonderfully realistic, delightfully huggable, completely loveable Steiff animals that are treasured the world over by children, adults and collectors at the best prices to be found anywhere. Color catalog. $4.

CANADA

CATALOGUE of CANADIAN CATALOGUES

5. Catalogue of Canadian Catalogues. The most up-to-date information available on Canadian mail order companies. Fashions, crafts, art, baby supplies, toys, food—everything imaginable. Order direct from suppliers. Cover price $7.95. Our price $6.

THAILAND

6. Elephant House. An exceptional source for distinctive and unusual Thai and Burmese handicrafts. Woodcarvings, boxes, porcelains, baskets, furniture, celadon, frames, etc. An "Aladdin's Cave" of endless delights at marvelously low prices. Color catalog. $4.

PERU

7. The Peruvian Connection. Alpaca wool—the ultimate luxury. Something very special for someone special at about half the price of cashmere. Colorful handknit sweaters and gorgeous handcrafted jewelry not found anywhere else. Color catalog. $4.

CANADA

charms R us™

8. Charms R Us. The most complete charm catalog in the world! Actual size photographs enable you to select from over six thousand designs. Superbly crafted in choice of sterling silver, gold plate, 10K and 14K gold. Color catalog. $4.

SCOTLAND

9. Judith Glue. "Scottish wools to last forever!" Vibrant! Superbly designed! Beautifully made! High quality, distinctive handknitted clothing for the entire family from the island of Orkney plus a selection of Orkney crafts and foods. Color catalog. $4.

HONG KONG

A. ANDREWS & CO.

10. A. Andrews. Enormous 380 page catalog offering everything from Noritake cutlery and china to clothing, jewelry, handicrafts, cameras, video cassette recorders, watches, clocks and appliances at true Hong Kong savings. Incredible catalog. $10 refundable.

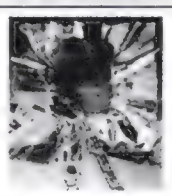
ITALY

11. Leather School. A school within one of the most famous monasteries in Italy offering exceptional values on fine Florentine and traditional leather goods—bags, luggage, desk sets, albums, wallets, etc. Color catalog. $5 refundable.

GERMANY

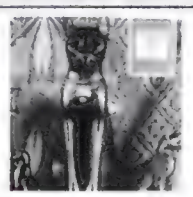
12. Ami Koestel. Experience the very special magic of a German Christmas! Germany's most famous manufacturer of ornaments, nativity figurines and enchanting fairy-tale figures. Each piece unmatched in quality, unique in design. Color catalog. $4.

THAILAND



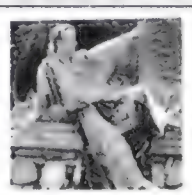
13. Uthai's Gems. Thailand is THE place to buy jewelry. Embassy wives in Bangkok highly recommended this shop for unbeatable selection and great prices. Rings, bracelets and necklaces set with both precious and semi-precious stones. Color catalog. $4.

ENGLAND



14. The British Museum. Share the beauty of one of the world's most magnificent museums! Exquisite, unique, reasonably priced pieces include gifts, jewelry, sculptures, boxes, books, posters and the famous British Museum Replicas. Color catalog. $4.

GERMANY



15. Cocos. The best in German fashion! Exciting designs that are both elegant and feminine—skirts, blouses, sweaters, jackets—exquisite fabrics, wonderful details. Clothing for the fashion conscious woman seeking something "different." Color catalog. $4.

ENGLAND

16. Ehrman Tapestry/Knitting. An exquisite collection of over 100 magnificent tapestry and knitting kits from twenty of England's foremost designers. Tapestry designs for the most discriminating; sweater designs that are truly spectacular. Color catalog. $4.

HONG KONG

Prince Fashions LTD.

17. Prince Fashions. Fabulous prices on jewelry, women's clothing, watches and gift items from the largest mail order company in Hong Kong. The type of source one thinks of when equating Hong Kong with wonderful bargains. Color catalog. $4.

GERMANY

18. Willi Geck. Outstanding selection of fine china, crystal and silver from the most famous German factories—Dresden, Kaiser, Meissen, Rosenthal, Villeroy & Boch, Nachtmann, Solingen, Anri, etc. Exceptional prices; magnificent 64 page color catalog. $6.

FRANCE

19. Catherine. French perfumes, cosmetics and beauty products. Fabulous prices from such famous names as Chanel, Dior, Gucci, Hermes, Lancome, Lanvin, Montana, Stendahl and more. For men and women. Illustrated Price List. $3.

CANADA

20. B.C. Playthings. The best in fun and educational toys for the children you love. Recognizing the importance of the creative imagination, they offer a full range of toys, books, instruments, etc., plus ideas for making your children's play more valuable. Catalog. $4.

GERMANY

21. Hummel. Those enchanting figurines that have delighted people the world over. Low European prices for any Hummel figurine available can be provided by suppliers upon request even if pieces not pictured in current catalog. Color catalog. $5.

Catalogs come directly from overseas. Allow up to 12 weeks for delivery. When charging an order of $25 or more, call (919)467-3165. To request your catalogs circle the proper numbers, fill in the information below and enclose payment.

1	$ 4.00	12	$4.00
2	4.00	13	4.00
3	4.00	14	4.00
4	4.00	15	4.00
5	6.00	16	4.00
6	4.00	17	4.00
7	4.00	18	6.00
8	4.00	19	3.00
9	4.00	20	4.00
10	10.00	21	5.00
11	5.00	22	7.00

Total Catalogs: _____ (How Many)

Total Cost of Catalogs Circled: $ _____

Overseas Handling Fee: $ 2.00

Total Amount Enclosed: $ _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account Number: Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE ZIP

MAIL TO: **Shop The World By Mail**
Box 5549, Dept. AD1, Cary, N.C. 27511

ENGLAND

22. Chinacraft. THE source in England for fine china, crystal and silver from the most famous English/Irish factories—Waterford, Wedgwood, Royal Doulton, Spode, Aynsley, etc. Exceptional selection & prices; outstanding 93 page color catalog. $7.

Smithsonian horizons

The amazing spread of African bees, despite all the fears of alarmists, may be seen in the end as beneficial

In what has been called "perhaps the most remarkable biological event of this century," honeybees from eastern and southern Africa have spread across all of Central America and much of South America since their accidental release on the Brazilian coast 35 years ago. This truly awesome expansion, from a score or so to many millions of colonies, now has them approaching our border with Mexico; last June a swarm attacked a worker in Brownsville, Texas. Alarmist reports in the media of the deaths of hapless victims after receiving hundreds of stings from angry, aggressive swarms have given them the label, picturesque if inaccurate, "killer bees." What lies behind this "invasion"? What are the prospects of controlling it?

A newly published collection of scientific papers, *The "African" Honey Bee* (Westview Press, 1991), provides a thought-provoking, if still inconclusive, assessment. The key to the behavior of the immigrants reportedly lies in a contrast between their original, semiarid environment and that of the bees already employed in New World apiculture, all of temperate European origin. Exposed to sustained, unpredictable drought and great regional variability, African bees have a tendency to swarm and abscond (abandon their nest without dividing the colony and rearing a new queen) frequently, over long distances. This behavior has improved their prospects of survival.

For the same reason they tend to be solitary, gleaning foragers, well adapted to lean resources. Under these circumstances, Man's honey collecting has remained destructive and predatory. The defensive act of stinging is fatal to the bee, and a massed, fiercely defensive posture to deter physical disturbance of the nest can cost a colony a large part of its work force.

European bees, on the other hand, were adapted to more predictable, generally richer resources of pollen and nectar, and to more pronounced seasonality. The differences are of degree and not of kind, but they are typically social foragers, communicating with one another in part through their familiar dancing. Multiseasonal residence at a nest or hive and abundant storage of honey for overwintering fitted these conditions. In time this lent itself also to the stable, symbiotic arrangement that is beekeeping as we know it.

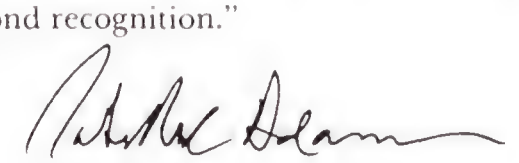
So it should be no surprise that the African bees behave differently. Stereotypically, they abscond and swarm much more frequently, store less honey, and are much more fiercely defensive. Of this last, there is regrettably no doubt. As one specialist notes, "The bee's unpredictable defensive behavior will pose a lasting threat to the general public."

Disappointingly, although the two subspecies produce strong hybrids under controlled conditions, this does not seem to happen naturally on a significant scale. Artificially inseminated queens are inferior to naturally mated ones, and while mating of African drones and European queens sometimes occurs in flight, for some reason the outwardly migrating force has remained behaviorally and genetically African. In fact, by selecting for frequent, long-distance movers, the migration process may intensify the "African" traits.

Somewhere in the United States there will be a geographic or climatic boundary to their northward movement. The African bees survive in the Andes at 10,000 feet, and at elevations in southern Africa where snow cover may last a week or more. But as their numbers diminish, prospects of hybridization with the better-adapted European bees will become much brighter. Even in the more tropical climates, some researchers hold out hope that "there is sufficient variation in behavior . . . to provide the basis for future selection programs to yield manageable and productive honeybee populations that can coexist with humans." As that wording makes clear, of course, we are nowhere near there yet!

Reports are mixed on the impact of all this on domestic beekeeping and honey production (an article dealing with this will appear in a subsequent issue of SMITHSONIAN). There will obviously be a premium on specialized equipment and protective clothing. Arguably, fiercely defensive colonies may be less subject to theft and vandalism. While they may abscond more frequently, new formerly feral ones are abundant (at least in the tropics) and easy to attract. Then there are flatly contradictory assessments of honey productivity. However, the sixfold increase in Brazilian production that has already occurred seems likely to involve more than merely improved agricultural and apicultural practices.

This is only a snapshot of a mighty, ongoing biological perturbation. David Roubik, on the staff of the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute in Panama, has been engaged in its study since 1976, and he projects that it may take as long again to work out how profound and lasting its effects will be. But as any good scientist should, he sees in the process of change itself both "a research tool and another reason for studying tropical nature before it is altered beyond recognition."



© Eastman Kodak Company, 1991

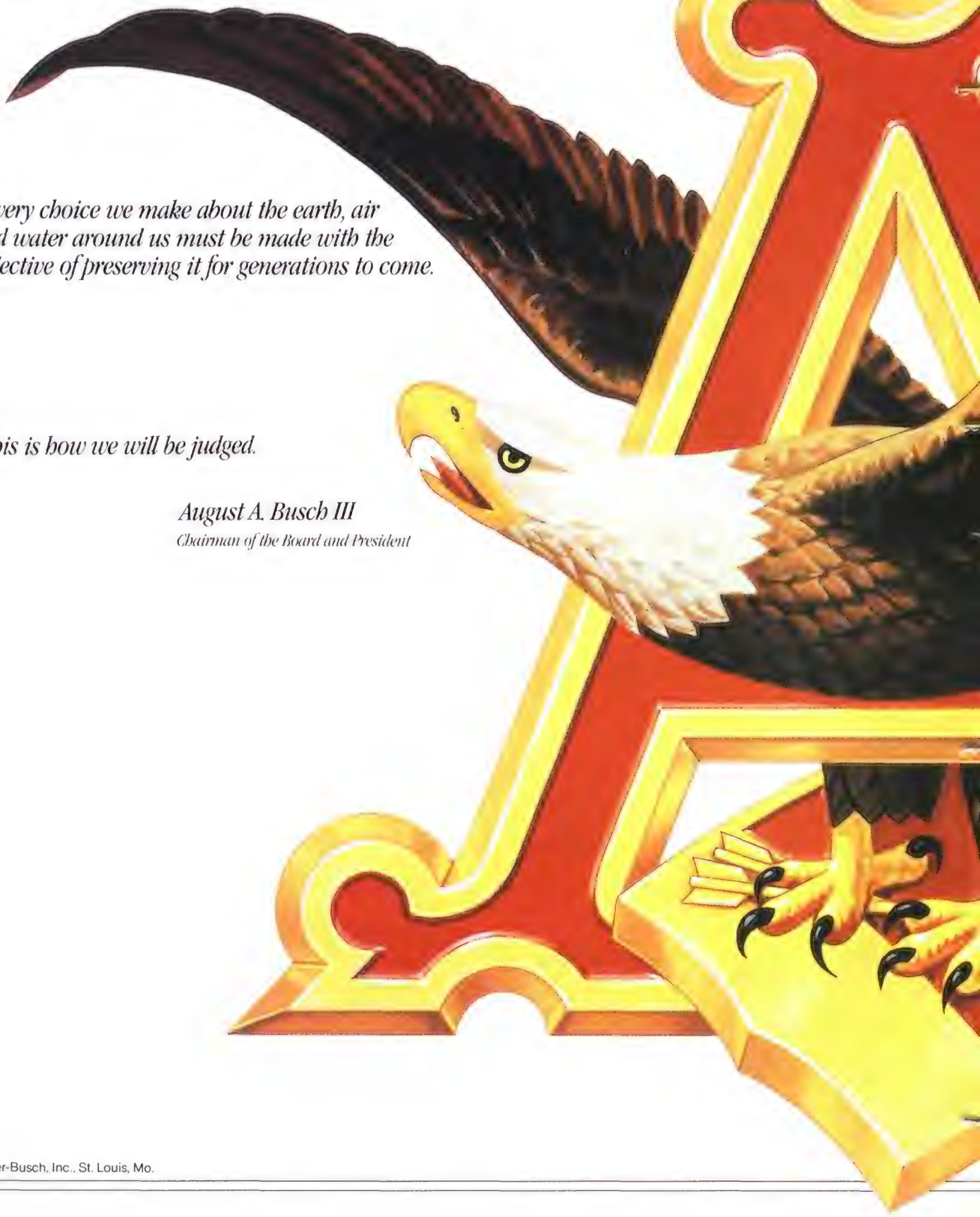
Our Pledge.

The world we share is only given to us in trust.

Every choice we make about the earth, air and water around us must be made with the objective of preserving it for generations to come.

This is how we will be judged.

August A. Busch III
Chairman of the Board and President



© 1991 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Our Promise.

Our pledge is very important to us—words to live by. And we believe actions speak louder than words. Here are just a few of the ways we're keeping our promise.

Wildlife Preservation

The Anheuser-Busch family has long been a friend to animals. We've supported the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, the National Wildlife Federation's Ferry Bluff Eagle Sanctuary, the Wildlife Habitat Enhancement Council and other centers for the preservation of birds. Our own Busch Gardens cares for a variety of rare and endangered species and promotes their survival through successful breeding and public education. And Sea World, another Anheuser-Busch Company, has rescued hundreds of marine animals and is a leader in marine preservation, education and research.

Resource Conservation

In addition to our concern for this nation's wildlife, we also care about the conservation of our natural resources. We've taken many steps to conserve the water used in our brewing process. Over the past ten years, we've reduced water used per barrel of beer brewed by 18 percent. Some of our wastewater is sprayed on farms to grow hay and turf grasses, returning valuable nutrients and water to the soil. We use grains left over from the brewing process to feed cattle—enough each year to meet the nutritional needs of 3 percent of the U.S. milk-cow population.

Community Service

Anheuser-Busch was a driving force behind the establishment of Operation Brightside, an organization dedicated to involving young citizens in cleaning up cities across America. We've also been a major supporter of this country's "Pitch In!," "Keep America Beautiful," "Don't Mess With Texas" and "Save the Chesapeake Bay" programs.

Recycling

We at Anheuser-Busch recognize our responsibility to the environment and, particularly, the solid waste disposal challenge which faces our nation. That's why, in 1978, we established Container Recovery Corporation—the world's largest recycler of aluminum cans. Since then we've recycled over 55 billion cans. Currently, we recycle over 90% of the aluminum cans we use. And that helps to save precious resources and energy. Very soon we'll reach our goal—to only use as much aluminum as we recycle.

®

A Pledge and a Promise. Anheuser-Busch Companies.

Letters to the Editor

RAP ecologists

Dear Sir: No story of late has been more unsettling than your June article on the Rapid Assessment Program ecologists. These dedicated men and women, with the stamina to press forward while all around them is crashing to the ground, deserve our attention. We should heed their warning; they are our eyes to the 21st century.
Deborah A. LoGerfo
Plainview, New York

Dear Sir: Mr. Conniff's article failed to mention the arthropods—insects, spiders, etc.—of which there are, in that area, more species than *all* the plants, birds, mammals, reptiles and amphibians together. The largest group, with the greatest diversity, continues to get cut down, trampled, ignored, forgotten!
Stuart M. Fullerton
Oviedo, Florida
A September 1986 SMITHSONIAN *article reported on Terry Erwin's work with arthropods in the rain forest.* Ed.

The Newark Museum

Dear Sir: In 1933 and '34 a friend, Cliff Sweetra, and I attended two youth programs at the museum. We lived in Irvington, and for a nickel could ride the trolley to within walking distance.

One program was archery. In addition to target shooting, we were taught to make our own bow and arrows, even our own bowstring.

The other program was on minerals. The instructor showed us how to identify them by sight recognition and by performing simple tests. We were taken on several field trips to search for specimens at a nearby quarry. This became the foundation of a lifelong hobby.
Joseph W. Hagen
La Cañada, California

Dear Sir: The Newark Museum is a beloved friend to many generations of New Jerseyites. Under Director John Cotton Dana the very first exhibition of American folk sculpture was held there from October 1931 through January 1932. The museum's permanent collection of American folk art is outstanding and worth a visit for itself.
Janice Fenimore
Madison, New Jersey

Inns of Court

Dear Sir: Recently returned from England after qualifying and practicing as a barrister, I read Mr. Wernick's article with personal and professional interest.

Many subtle, but no less important, benefits have resulted from the initial Green Paper embodying the more drastic proposals for changing the English legal system. During my training as a member of the Middle Temple, I witnessed the early indignation, then gradual change of attitude (mostly for the better) of many members of the Bar. These proposals have caused a sheltered profession to enter the 20th century as the rest of us prepare to leave it.

As a reaction to the initial, and not unfounded, scare that equal rights of audience in the High Court would cause aspiring lawyers to flock to the solicitor's wing, the Bar Council took steps to insure that pupils be given more realistic financial support during pupilage, the lean non-practicing and early-practicing period a young barrister must encounter to obtain a practicing certificate. Most chambers have substantially increased pupilage awards.

In essence, the proposals have had the desired effect of enhancing the quality of legal representation available to the British public, and will perhaps rejuvenate the more venerable qualities of the barrister's profession—excellence in advocacy and creativity in representing one's client—which originally drew me to the English Bar.
John R. Lane
Washington, D.C.

Perfume

Dear Sir: You seem to have lost the scent. The caption that reads "Admiral Nelson's engraved crystal scent flasks, c. 1870, perhaps a gift from Lady Hamilton" needs a soupçon of correction. Nelson was mortally wounded at the 1805 Battle of Trafalgar, and by 1870 his beloved Emma had long since gone. As for Louis XV holding court in "the mid-19th century," that's a long reach from his 1774 entombment.
Alfred Stern
New York City
Ouch! Our dates should have been 1760 for the Admiral's flasks, mid-18th century for la cour parfumée. Ed.

Decembrist wives

Dear Sir: My wife and I are not only *Dekabristi* buffs, but we have visited the sites portrayed in your article. Our interest was triggered by research for a 1987 train trip to the Siberian Far East from Khabarovsk to Irkutsk. At that time, the museum was not on the publicized route for American tourists, so we had the fun of discovering it by ourselves.

We found a major part of Eastern Siberia—including the sites of Decembrist exile—handsome terrain, much like New England. Nearly half its vast area is wooded and mountainous. The vast forest covers an area nearly as large as the United States east of the Mississippi. It is laced and dotted by great and small wild rivers and magnificent wilderness lakes, Baikal among them.

Three-hundred-year-old Irkutsk is a lovely, clean and well-maintained city of a half-million, with a fascinating architectural mix of modern and traditional Russian buildings. Among its historic structures is the well-preserved White House, inspired by and similar to our White House. It was built as the Governor's Mansion in the Decembrist period.
Bart Benedict
Richmond, California

Decembrist wives/Mabel Luhan

Dear Sir: While complimenting you for deciding to include Ruth Daniloff's article, I would like to ask you to think twice before including one such as Mabel Dodge Luhan, by Jake Page.

Mrs. Daniloff supports the realities of the selfless sacrifices that true love and honor bring. Mr. Page glamorizes the realities of the selfish and the sycophantic that sybaritic self-centeredness brings. Mrs. Daniloff's heroines "abandoned everything . . . in the name of the highest moral duty" and "placed the in-

FIRST CLASS HEROES

No one can touch the heroics of our U.S. Olympians. And, as an American, it's a thrill to share in their glory. Now you can hold onto the action and excitement with five new Track and Field Olympic stamps that capture all the color and drama of competition. They're available at your post office. To order by mail, just call (816) 455-4880, or use this coupon. And be inspired by some of America's greatest heroes.

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE

OFFICIAL OLYMPIC SPONSOR

Send me my 40-stamp sheet of Track and Field Olympic stamps and commemorative saver page for $13.10 (includes 50¢ service charge). Offer expires 9/30/91.

Enclosed is my check payable to: U.S. Postal Service for_____orders ($13.10 per order). Total amount enclosed_____

Please bill my credit card ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Discover for_____orders.

Card #_____ Expires_____

Signature_____

Information which you provide will be protected and only disclosed in accordance with the Privacy Act of 1974

NAME

ADDRESS APT. NO.

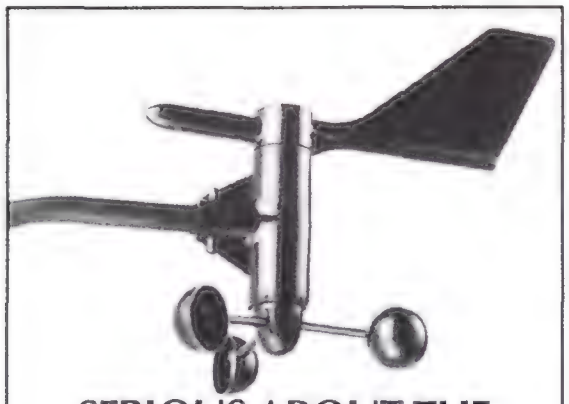
CITY STATE ZIP Code

Mail To: Track and Field Olympic Stamps Offer
Box 449997
Kansas City, MO 64144-9997

4424

© 1991 USPS
All rights reserved

36 USC 380



SERIOUS ABOUT THE WEATHER? NOW YOU CAN AFFORD A HOME WEATHER STATION.

With a new WeatherPro weather station, you and your family will have the local weather at your fingertips. Record the lowest temperature of the year, or the highest wind gust! Or check wind direction and speed on stormy days. Easy to install and simple to operate, includes a weather computer, remote precision wind direction vane, wind speed sensor, external temperature probe, mounting hardware and 40' of cable-**all for only $189!**

- WIND SPEED
- TEMPERATURE
- WIND DIRECTION
- TEMPERATURE HI/LO
- RAINFALL (OPTIONAL)*
- WIND GUST
- WIND CHILL
- TIME
- AUTO SCAN
- 1 YEAR WARRANTY
- 14-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

DIGITAR WEATHERPRO
WEATHER STATION: ONLY $189!
ORDER TODAY:1-800-678-3669, SM
M-F 7AM-5:30 PM Pacific Time

*Automatic-emptying electronic rain gauge-$49.95
Add $5.00 for shipping. CA residents add sales tax
Fax 1-415-732-9188 • M/C and VISA

DIGITAR®
3465 DIABLO AVE, HAYWARD, CA 94545

THE MULBERRY

A HISTORY BUFF'S GUIDE TO HISTORIC SAVANNAH

First, send for your complimentary copy of *"The Mulberry's Guide To Historic Savannah."* Then come and visit one of the South's most enchanting cities, with its cobblestone streets, ante-bellum townhouses and shady parks. Enjoy the best of Savannah from the city's most gracious point of view: The Mulberry, overlooking Washington Square in the heart of the country's largest National Historic Landmark District.

the Mulberry
A CHESTERTON INN

FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF "THE MULBERRY'S GUIDE TO HISTORIC SAVANNAH" PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-554-5544.

601 East Bay Street • Savannah, GA 31401

teresting of their menfolk above their own." Mr. Page's heroine "dominated those who met her needs" and sought power; to her, people were "bric-a-brac."
Catherine Clubb Foley
Tayler Lake Village, Texas

Mabel Dodge Luhan

Dear Sir: We understand that our house was the first professional work of Mabel's architect husband, Edwin Dodge, and was designed and built in 1903 for his cousin William. William's response to Mabel's fourth marriage, to New Mexican Indian Tony Luhan, is said to have been: "Poor Indian." Mabel Dodge Luhan may have had a profound, though indirect, influence on 20th-century American culture; but it seems that in this little corner of America, they were just glad she chose somewhere else to exercise it.
Melissa Day Vokey
Newburyport, Massachusetts

Dear Sir: There was one literary lion Mabel did *not* capture: Thomas Wolfe. On reading *Of Time and the River* Mrs. Luhan wrote an enthusiastic letter inviting him to visit her in Taos. He accepted. After too many celebratory drinks at luncheon in Santa Fe, Wolfe arrived in Taos drunk, many hours late for Mabel's party. When he found his hostess had gone to bed, he bellowed obscenities at her window. That ended Mabel's attempt to meet the man whose book she had called "the most American great piece of something in the language."
Eugene McNamara
Windsor, Ontario

Dear Sir: I am a member of Mabel Dodge Luhan's cult and have read extensively her memoirs, her novel and many books of her life in Taos. While Taos reflects the aspects of her life that were bizarre and ludicrous, it in no way diminishes her influence and the ripple effect her life may have on the future.
Goldie Ivener
Los Angeles

Eukie

Dear Sir: Out there in my pasture stands Ibn Luhain Tego, my enormous dapple-gray purebred Arabian horse. Right now Tego is neither flying, burping, being ridden, nor doing any of the other activities that are mentioned in Rudolph Chelminski's article. Nevertheless, he has been guilty of all of them.

In our household, it is my wife who mimics the author's stance. Fredrica is so good-natured about my lifelong affection and fascination for the equine set that, without her loyalty and support, I could never have the joys of this sport in my own backyard.

A big "thank you" to all spouses and relatives who put up with the horse widow/widower syndrome.
Howard Jacobson
Ormond Beach, Florida

Dear Sir: My wife also recently acquired a horse, and I have dutifully learned the vocabulary and some of the more mundane skills of horse maintenance. I would like to offer Mr. Chelminski one hint: considering what Eukie deposits beneath your word processor, if you are ever required to pick out his hoofs, do yourself a favor and keep your mouth closed. Else you might get a taste of horsemanship you would rather miss!
Richard Nance
Park City, Utah

Dear Sir: Small wonder Eukie exploded [page 120]. *I* would have gone up in the air, teeth bared, looking for the guy who nailed *my* shoes on backward!
Helen E. Shelton
Sonora, California

Too many books

Dear Sir: We have lived in our house for 43 years, with books in the bedrooms, the living room and the cellar.

My heart ached when I thought of giving my favorite memories to Goodwill or the church. But surely the books in the cellar would be easy to discard. So, one morning at 9 I attacked the cellar, armed with a large box. Suddenly the clock was striking noon—and in my box was one book.
Margery E. Griswold
Hamden, Connecticut

Mannequins

Dear Sir: In your recent story, your picture caption said that our mannequin, shown with model Rosemary McCarthy, was made of fiberglass. In fact, the mannequin, named "Ramsey" and made by our company, E. T. Cranston—Almax U.S.A., is made of polystyrene, as are all our mannequins.
E. T. Cranston, President
New York City

PLANET EARTH
A COMMEMORATIVE EARTH DAY POSTER FROM THE APRIL 1990 SMITHSONIAN

The Poster measures 21¾" x 28¾"
Printed on Recycled Paper
Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

Send $5.00 with address to:
Smithsonian Magazine, P.O. Box 23624,
Washington, D.C. 20026-0624

© 1991 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

"AFTER AN hour in the WATER we all get the BENDS."

ROBERT SIBLE, *Torrance, California*

WHAT, NO THUMPING DISCO BEAT?

Not a muscle shirt or skimpy leotard in sight?

What sort of exercise class is this?

Well, it's called "Twinges in the Hinges," a class devoted to improving the flexibility of arthritis sufferers. And it's putting a spring into many a step thanks to the Arthritis Foundation of Southern California and the YMCA who, together, developed this program.

At 7:30 AM sharp, four mornings a week, a sprightly 72-year-old Peggy Snow leads her class into the Torrance-South Bay YMCA pool for an hour's "watercise."

An arthritis sufferer herself, she found the program so beneficial she volunteered to teach it to others.

And in 5 years, Peggy's never missed a class.

"Some of my regulars, like Robert here, have been coming for years. We really care for and support each other. We'd bend over backwards for one another, if we could," she laughs.

"Twinges in the Hinges" is just one of many health and fitness programs the YMCA provides for the community.

It also offers parent-child programs that strengthen families. Youth and teen programs that build self-esteem. As well as being the largest provider of child care in the nation.

But are we talking about the same YMCA, the gathering point for happy campers and many a tireless basketballer, we hear you ask?

None other.

However, what's not widely known is that the YMCA has for many years embraced all comers regardless of age, sex (almost half its members are female), religion or ethnic origin.

"Aren't we all one family?" asks Dave Cason, Torrance's director. "You bet. The way we see it, we're the Family Y, and we've a couple of hundred million or so people to reach out and care for."

It's this concept of community that prompted Toyota to help fund the construction of the teaching pool back in 1985. And to continue our support of the exciting new projects underway this year.

But why the Y?

Because we know of no other 147-year-old that's so healthy and flexible.

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

Around the Mall and beyond

The Mall was swept over by two invasions early this summer. One was American—a great gathering of troops and weapons back from Iraq. Trundling through the capital's streets and descending from its skies with thundering power, the mighty vehicles and aircraft of modern warfare appropriated the Mall for a few days and sat upon it in sobering confidence. And thousands of people swarmed through the serried display of might to see, at last, all those things we've been buying, and for which we are still—and perhaps forever will be—paying.

The second invasion was Indonesian, and it was pretty powerful, too, but in a subtler way. It started last spring with openings of two major exhibitions, "Court Arts of Indonesia" at the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery and "Beyond the Java Sea: Art of Indonesia's Outer Islands," at the National Museum of Natural History (see *Highlights continued*, June 1991). Then, at the end of June, the Folklife Festival featured an all-night shadow-puppet show. All are part of the Festival of Indonesia, which continues through early next year in 50 cities across the country.

I sampled a little of it on a warm morning when the constant, underground temperature of the Sackler felt very civilized. The court arts, beautifully displayed, wiped me out—along with everyone else—with their richness of detail and their intricate symbolism.

De Gaulle once complained that only the threat of danger could ever unify France, "a country that has 265 kinds of cheese." Indonesian culture is similarly complex, springing from peoples who speak some 300 languages and live on more than 13,000 islands, stretching across an area of Southeast Asia that's as wide as our contiguous United States. No wonder this court art, from some 20 different dynasties, is far too bewildering for me to even begin to describe in a few pages. You still have a month to see for yourself.

You'll find that the Sackler show makes a lot of sense out of such diversity, and as you get used to this feast of riches, you'll have trouble tearing yourself away. A superb book written by curator Helen Jessup for the exhibition enumerates the themes that you'll see symbolized in the art: mountains, rice, snakes, ships and "Trees of Life." These themes appear in the puppets that play such a large part in Indonesian tradition; they're in the krises, the daggers that are the most important objects in Indonesian mythology (p. 22); and they're in all the figures and fabrics.

I arrived that morning early enough to look at the court objects before

AN AMAZING PAIR OF
BERMUDA SHORTS

SIT ON A BLANKET OF PINK SAND.
Our famous pink beaches just happen to be next to our brilliant azure seas. Call it luck.
NEED WE SAY MORE?
Our quiet little towns, winding lanes and sleepy shores make a Bermudian holiday, well, read it for yourself.
Call your travel agent or: 1-800-BERMUDA.

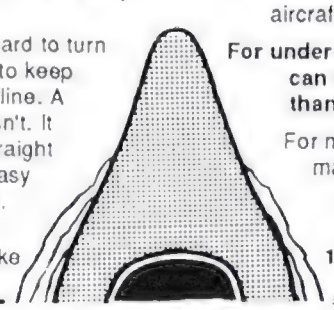
BERMUDA. A SHORT TRIP TO THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.

A canoe is tippy. A Poke Boat isn't. It's remarkably stable.

A canoe is hard to turn and difficult to keep in a straight line. A Poke Boat isn't. It stays in a straight line, yet is easy to maneuver.

A canoe is heavy. A Poke Boat isn't.



It **weighs only 28 pounds** - built with aircraft strength.

For under $800 you can buy more than a canoe.

For more information, give us a call.

Toll free 1-800-354-0190.

Free Catalog

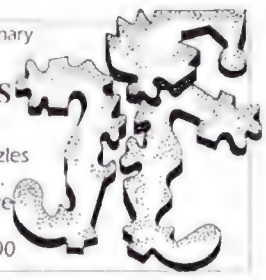
SUNDIALS
WEATHERVANES
WEATHER INSTRUMENTS

Wind & Weather

(707) 937-0323

P.O. Box 2320-SM, Mendocino, CA 95460

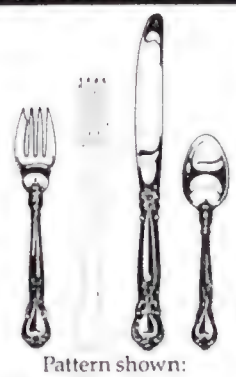
Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles



Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $190 - $2000. Call or write for 36-page catalogue
Stave Puzzles, Box 329H,
Norwich, VT 05055 802-295-5200

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over a thousand patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling. *(We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*



Pattern shown:
Chantilly by Gorham

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd. NE, Dept. SM
Phone (404) 261-4009

Atlanta, GA 30305
Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

WOLF PUP PIN

Endearing young wolf, beautifully detailed. #P-17, sterling: $28 ppd. 14K: $265 ppd. Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST. **1⅝" high**
Catalog upon request.

TORYS

106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

watching the puppet show. Here were boats with snake heads, marvelous gold headdresses and earrings, one snaky-looking kris after another, all bejeweled. The mountain shape appeared on many items—an abrupt spearhead, pointed like a Gothic arch. It's the shape of ancient Javanese or Balinese temples. And it triggered an old memory.

Flying over the tiny, scattered islands of what was then Dutch New Guinea, during World War II, I used to see that shape. The tropical sea seemed always to be half-veiled by small storm cells—a few acres of downpour that endlessly swept below our planes. And sometimes these little storms would arrange themselves to open like a curtain and offer a narrow vista. Often, within this corridor of clear air, a tiny green islet would be revealed—abrupt, pointed, steep-walled, thrusting out of the sea like the head of a spear.

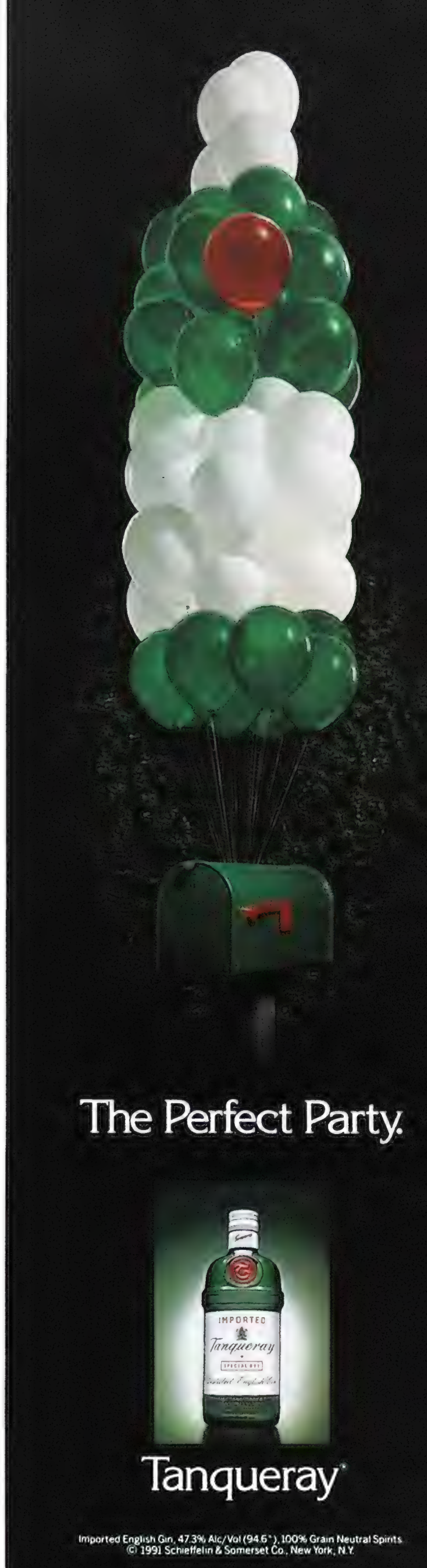
Indonesia's islands form a long arc in what volcanologists call the "Ring of Fire," that belt of volcanism that encircles the Pacific. (As I write this, Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines is blowing its stack.) Little wonder that this upthrust shape is a common theme in Indonesian art. The other themes are similarly logical in a tropical region of rich rain forests (the Trees of Life), where people eat rice, travel from island to island by boat and treat snakes with great respect.

The exhibition had no sooner rung these bells in me, when melodious chiming drew me to an open area where a translucent white screen stood on a small stage. Behind it, musicians were kneeling, sitting on their heels—a position I can't manage for more than four seconds these days—tapping inverted bronze bowls of various sizes to produce sounds both wistful and serene.

"This is great," I said to a curatorial fellow listener. Music often makes me talk to strangers.

"It's a real gamelan, a good one," she answered. I realized that once again I'd blundered into one of those "of-course-you-know" situations that one must be wary of at the Smithsonian, where one is supposed to know lots of things that one often doesn't.

Paying close attention to the proceedings and the placards on the walls, I gathered that a gamelan is an Indonesian orchestra made up of these tuneful potlike gongs—as well as other percussion, string and wind instruments. The

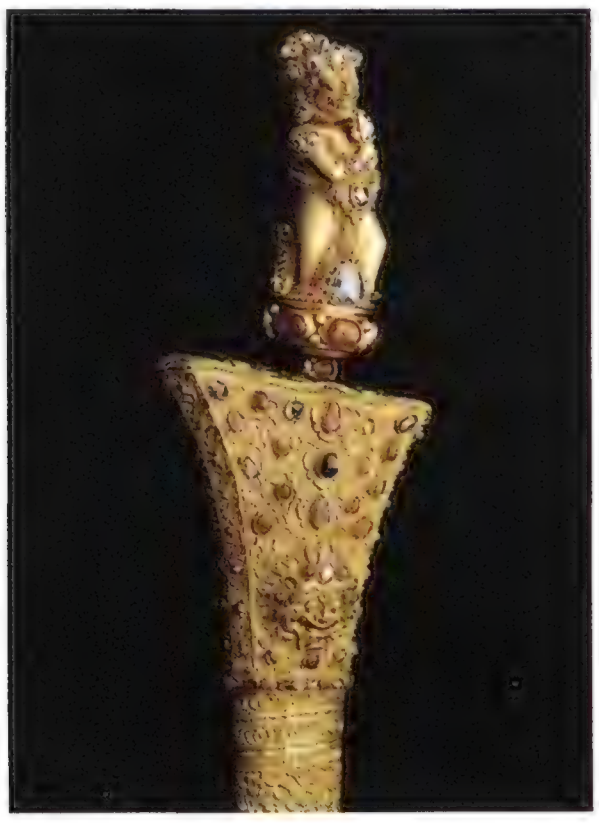

The Perfect Party.
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
Tanqueray®
Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.
© 1991 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

gongs are tapped, usually on ceremonial occasions, by berobed men and women with impassive faces who sit on their heels for long periods of time without squirming around. The word *gamel* means "strike," and the percussionists in the group do so with different kinds of muffled sticks.

Of course you know that some of the smaller pots are called *bonang*. These have to get struck often enough to keep their players busy. The big bass pots—the *kenong*, as of course you know—need be smitten only at intervals, and the people who play them spend a long time waiting for their big chance, as still as statues. The intricate bonging, which is often held together by a singer's wailing voice, results in dreamy, eerily moving melodies.

After a while, the puppet show started. Lights came on behind the screen. With much sound and sense of magic, a puppeteer maneuvered his hand-held figures, beautifully fashioned from buffalo-hide parchment, through what first appeared to be a simple Punch-and-Judy drama of good guys versus bad guys. I later learned that the plays are highly sophisticated in plot and metaphor.

Like the gamelan, Indonesian puppetry must be experienced live. It can be. Until the Sackler exhibition closes next month, there will be daily performances, Wednesday through Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. and 2 P.M. Visitors can come and go as they wish, but allow a couple of hours so you'll get to understand the nuances of these wonderful sights and sounds and can be the first on your block with a few "of-course-you-knows" about Indonesia.



Demon on hilt and monster on sheath of a Balinese kris help ward off evil.

"Beyond the Java Sea" has moved on to San Francisco, and you can no longer see the Festival of Indonesia dancing that took place at Natural History. Pity. Nothing could better demonstrate the wide cultural variety of this country. The gamelan players and puppet masters over at the Sackler are mostly from Bali and Java; the dancers came from Irian Jaya, the western half of New Guinea, the world's second-largest island after Greenland. Half a century ago it was a colony of the Netherlands—Dutch New Guinea—and soon after Pearl Harbor the Japanese seized it. Three years later the fortunes of war changed. Allied troops gradually recaptured this mysterious land of soaring mountains—some unmapped—and almost untouched jungle. That was the land that I flew over, back then.

And these dancers could well have been the sons and daughters of the people who lived in the lands below my wings. Now I was close up, no longer isolated by 20,000 feet and 2,000 horsepower.

Distant chanting set the stage while the lights were still up. Then the theater darkened. As the audience fell silent, a shrill jungle call echoed startlingly, and there were the dancers, legs painted in white splotches, long spears in hand, feathered headdresses bobbing.

Hopping, circling, twisting among one another, a different group of dancers chanted in falsetto tones that mimicked night calls of forest birds. A wild, rhythmic display, these dances of the Asmat and the Dani. I remembered those names from long ago when these peoples seemed fiercely unknowable to me. This boistrous dancing was the flip side of Indonesia's cultural coin, the antithesis of the stately gamelan and the delicate puppetry at the Sackler, a clear reminder of this nation's diversity.

A very different kind of cultural experience is available at the National Portrait Gallery these days. This little show is called "Group Portrait: The First American Avant-Garde," and it's a pleasant, amusing look at the bohemian lives of American artists and writers of the early 20th century who set out to break with traditions of painting and writing, to espouse new styles and new forms, and even to adopt the new freedoms into their everyday living.

It's a small exhibit: four rooms, two on each side of the NPG's long first-floor corridor. Each room is devoted to one key figure of this experimental era. First, Alfred Stieglitz. He used his camera as an artist's canvas and set up his own New York gallery, 291, as a showplace for American "moderns." In his room are sketches, oils, prints and sculptures as well as photographs, all mementos of Stieglitz and his friends: photographer Edward Steichen, collector Mrs. Eugene Meyer jr., and of course artist Georgia O'Keeffe, whom Stieglitz later married.

Similarly, there are rooms for Marcel Duchamp, expatriate French painter, and for American writers Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. Counting all their associates, you get a look at about 40 notable poets, writers, artists, photographers, collectors, critics, backers and artistic entrepreneurs of the time, with a lot of juicy insights into who was intimately involved with whom. The catalog, *Strange Bedfellows* by Steven Watson, explains the intricacies.

Many of the names don't mean much to us today, and the naughtiness seems trivial in this age of permissiveness. But they all were part of that age when the old ceilings were raised, when Man first flew, when anything seemed possible in technology or creativity, when, as historian Barbara Tuchman noted, "The time vibrated with a search for new forms and new realms . . . a wiping out of frontiers."

Edwards Park

Picture credits

Cover Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts/Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; 20 John Gollings; 24 Carl C. Hansen/Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute; 30-39 Phil Schofield; 42-51 Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; 54,55 Kay Chernush; 56 Kay Chernush; 56,57 John Deere & Company; 57 Kay Chernush; 58 Layne Kennedy; 58-59 Kay Chernush; 60 Ralph W. Sanders, David Arnold; 61 Ralph W. Sanders (top 3), David Arnold, Ralph W. Sanders, Randy Leffingwell, Ralph W. Sanders; 62 Randy Leffingwell; 64,65 Richard Hamilton Smith; 68-77 William Bramhall/Riley Illustration; 80 George Silk/*Life* Magazine © Time Warner Inc.; 81 John Livzey/Outline; 82-84 Lee L. Lefebvre; 85 UPI/Bettmann; 86 Lee L. Lefebvre, John Livzey; 87-89 John Livzey; 90 Institute of Texan Cultures, courtesy Agnes Shields Payne; 91-92 Robb Kendrick; 93 Institute of Texan Cultures, Robb Kendrick; 94 Granger Collection; 95 Charles H. Phillips; 96 Institute of Texan Cultures; 98-101 Robb Kendrick; 102-11 Wayne Sorce; 112-13 William Burt; 114 Gordon Rodda/Arizona Cooperative, Fish and Wildlife Research Unit; 115-19 William Burt; 129 Jessie Cohen/National Zoological Park; 132 Wally Neibart

WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THIS KINGDOM'S COMING TO.

Tune in to "National Audubon Society Specials" on PBS, for a fascinating look at the world around us. This award-winning series is made possible through a grant from the people of GE.

NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY SPECIALS. TUESDAYS AT 9PM ON PBS STARTING JULY 9.

NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

Check your local listing for details. Coproduced by Audubon, Turner Broadcasting and WETA-TV. Look for the companion book, "Audubon Perspectives: Fight for Survival."

We bring good things to life.

1989 CARTWHEELS

NEVER BEFORE – has pure gold been added to perhaps the most beautiful of all United States silver coins – **The Walking Liberty** half dollar.

Our bi-tone process by which 24k gold is applied to coins with **extreme precision,** creates a magnificent two tone of precious metals. These high **quality** silver and gold coins are fashioned by and are available only through Cartwheels.

Our exclusive coin cover, Lenscote II, permanently seals and protects these authentic coins. The necklace, complete with a 14k gold filled 24" chain is $139. If possible, we would like to send a date meaningful to you between the years 1936 and 1947.

The money clip at $79. is generously covered with pure 24k gold. A numbered Certificate of Authenticity comes with each piece and all are gift wrapped. We guarantee a full refund, if on receipt, you are not completely delighted. Price is subject to change.

OVERNIGHT DELIVERY AVAILABLE

CARTWHEELS
6160 N. Cicero Ave.
Chicago, IL 60646

Order TOLL FREE
24 HOURS–7 DAYS
1-800-441-7666

Send _____Necklace(s) Date(s)_____ Money Clip(s)_____

Check Enclosed $_____ Charge AX, MC, VISA $_____
Add $3.00 for UPS shipping and insurance ($5.00 Air–$14.00 overnight)
(Illinois residents add 8% sales tax)

Card No. _____

Exp.Date_____Telephone No. (____)_____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phenomena, comment and notes

Oil-coated wrack washes up after the spill near the Galeta lab in 1986.

Five years after a disastrous oil spill, scientists' findings contradict what we thought we knew of oil's effects

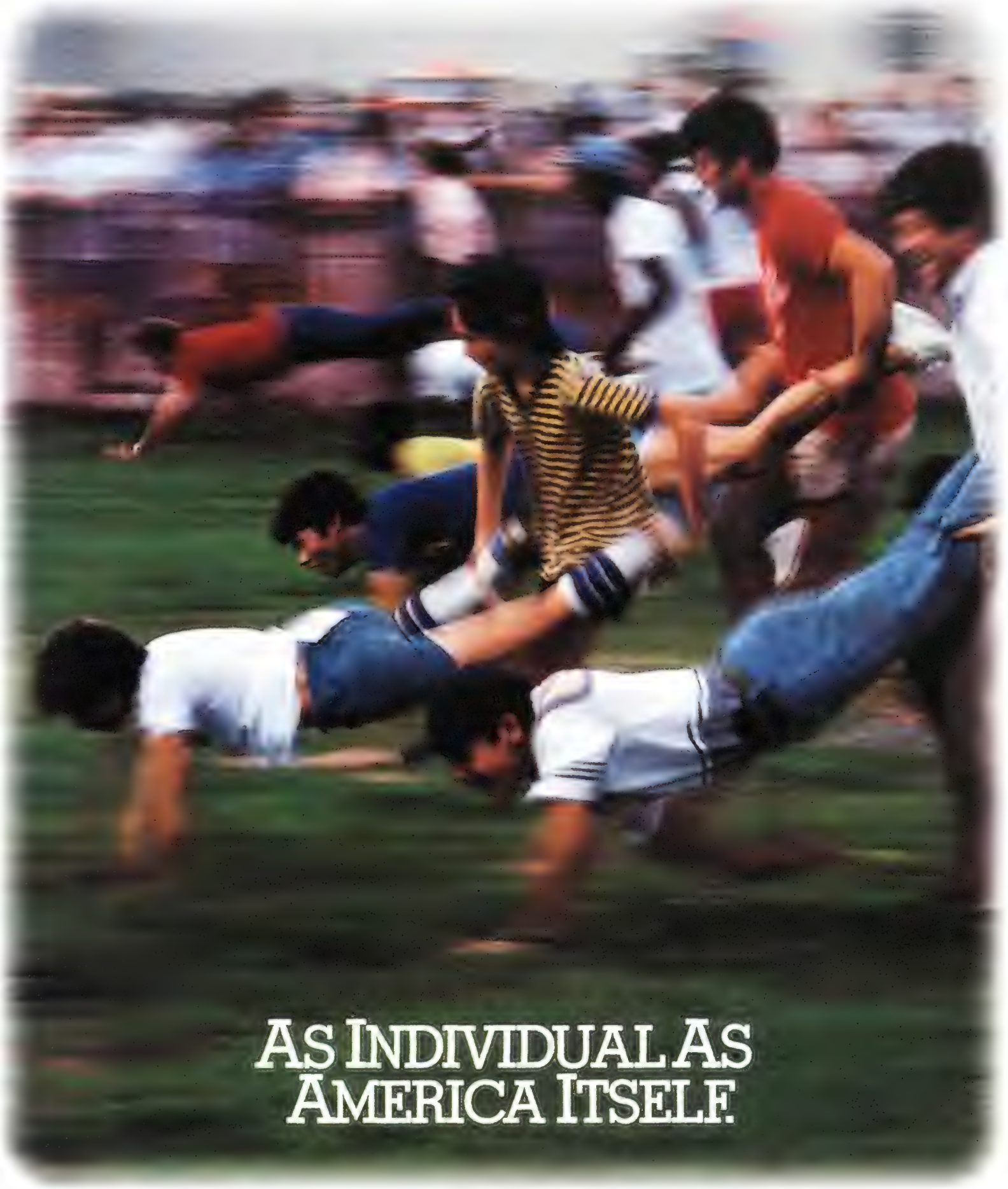
Suppose the whole world were wired, and each of us could sit at a giant control panel, like those at electric utilities and nuclear power plants, and watch what is happening to our planet. Facing acres of screens, lights and dials we would quickly become overwhelmed. The orange light on the central panel that flashed every time a species went extinct would quickly become part of the unseen background. We almost certainly would not notice screens that had gone blank, lights that were no longer lit, even if we had been briefed that no news could be bad news. We might be like the cub reporter of legend who was sent out to cover a town board meeting and returned to report that there was no story because the board had not met. Only when the city editor asked why, did the novice mention that the town hall had burned down.

Or imagine a miner alarmed that his canary has died. He returns to the surface only to be told that all the canaries in their cages in houses around town have died, too, and that therefore there is nothing wrong down in the mine. He could be excused for thinking that something is wrong everywhere.

Large oil spills in the ocean light up our environmental instrument panels. The *Amoco Cadiz*, the *Argo Merchant*, the *Exxon Valdez* all made the front pages of our newspapers. The worst spill of all time may be that still going on in the Persian Gulf. Yet we often do not learn for years, if ever, just how much damage to the ecosystems was really done. This happens because our knowledge of what was there before the spill is almost always incomplete, and because we do not know what other harmful forces are simultaneously at work. Some of the biological studies are of the unrefereed kind known as "gray literature," and some are kept secret pending the outcome of lawsuits. We see lots of pictures of oiled birds and sea otters, but we never quite get the big picture.

Thus for ecologists one of the most interesting spills of recent years was one that occurred on the coast of Panama five years ago. On April 27, 1986, a storage tank at a refinery on Payardi Island failed, spilling more than 50,000 barrels of medium-weight crude oil into the Caribbean. For the first six days, onshore winds pushed the oil into an adjacent bay. On May 4 rainfall and shifting winds pushed the oil out to sea, where it could not be controlled. In the following weeks more onshore winds distributed the oil along the coast and into bays and estuaries.

The spill occurred about three miles east of the Galeta Marine Laboratory of the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute (STRI), which in turn is only about three miles east of the Caribbean entrance to the Panama Canal. What made this spill unique was that STRI biologists and visiting scientists had been studying the reefs, algal flats, seagrass



From the wheelbarrow races at Deerfield's Fourth of July celebration, to New York's Shakespeare In The Park, to the Gilroy Garlic Festival, no place in the world offers the diversity of America. And no other hotel chain allows you to enjoy that diversity like Best Western.

Because each of the over 3300 Best Westerns worldwide is individually owned and operated, they reflect the pride of the cities they call home. Call 1-800-528-1234 for your free Best Western Road Atlas & Travel Guide or see your travel agent for reservations. So you can fully enjoy the individuality of America.
AS INDIVIDUAL AS AMERICA ITSELF

For your free Road Atlas & Travel Guide, call 1-800-528-1234.

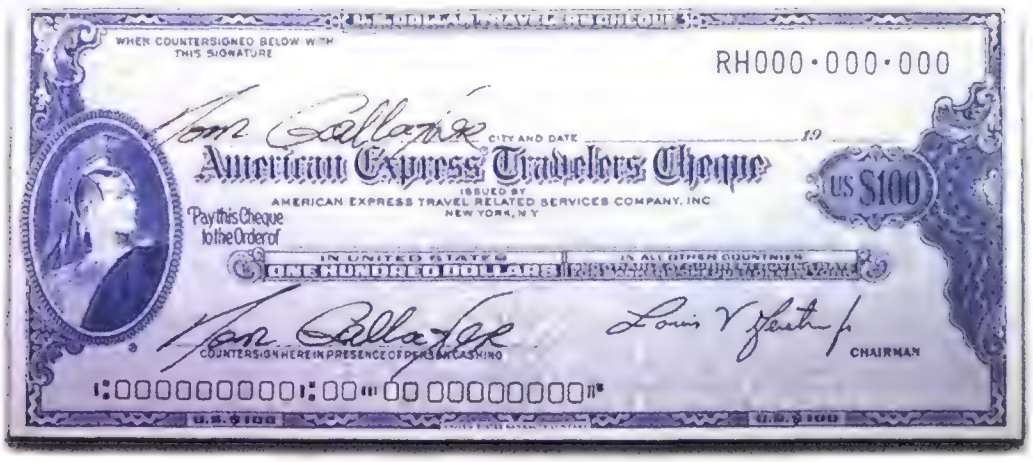
beds, mangrove forests, estuaries and sand beaches on just this stretch of coast for 15 years before the spill. They were there when the oil came ashore, and they have been doing meticulous studies ever since. What makes it news is that their findings to date contradict much of what we thought we knew about spills. In a review of the situation published in *Science* in 1989, the 18-person team concluded:

". . . other results were not expected, and in some cases contradict widely held views about the effects of oil spills and the ways they are studied. First, extensive mortality of subtidal corals and infauna of seagrasses had not been demonstrated before and contradicts undocumented assertions that these organisms are not affected by oil spills. . . . Second, the magnitude of subtidal coral mortality and injury . . . is in striking contrast to findings of no lasting change in coral condition or growth after exposure to oil . . . in small-scale experiments. . . . Third, sublethal effects are extensive and may be more important in the long term than initial mortality."

The severity of the damage is all the more remarkable, they point out, because the area has long been under environmental assault: "Much of Bahia las Minas has been subjected to human disturbance, beginning with decades of excavation, dredging, and landfilling for the construction of the Panama Canal and the City of Colón, drainage and spraying of mangroves for mosquito control, construction of the refinery and a large cement plant on landfill, a major oil spill in 1968 [the wreck of the *Witwater*], and unknown amounts of chronic oil pollution from the refinery and ships passing to and from the Canal. It is a measure of the severity of the 1986 oil spill that the biological consequences were so detectable despite this history of environmental abuse."

Last April I visited Galeta with Brian Keller, manager of the oil spill project. We drove from the Pacific to the Caribbean, onto the grounds of the U.S. Naval Security Activity Group at Galeta (the Navy provided the laboratory building for STRI). I saw biologists working a transect on a reef flat at extreme low tide, carefully censusing the sea urchins in square-meter plots. A boat brought divers back from their morning's work. No oil was to be seen along the reef, in the wrack at the water's edge or in the mangroves we walked along. Egrets were fishing in the mangrove channels; a shark cruised the shallow bay next to the station. If someone hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known that anything was wrong.

Keller told me that about 180 acres of mangroves had been killed, mostly in strips along the water's edge. They will probably recover in 20 to 30 years. But 5 years after the spill the reefs show no sign of recovery. Atlantic reefs reproduce slowly even in the best of circumstances, he said, and coral heads grow around 5 millimeters a year. On the Panama coast, even outside the area of the oil spill, they are doing poorly. Before the spill a good reef was about 30 percent living coral. Those adjoining the spill site have only about 10 percent. So there is little chance that the nearly bare areas inside the spill area will be recolonized anytime soon. This failure



1. Worldwide Acceptance.
2. Hand-Delivered Refunds.

to recover is not simply a direct result of the spill but of the widespread decline of Caribbean reefs. All the canaries are dying.

The contract for the oil spill study, from the Minerals Management Service of the Department of the Interior, expires next March. Right now there is no funding to make this a truly long-range study. But nothing less will do, it seems to me. A government report issued last April, for example, on the damage to Alaska's Prince William Sound from the *Exxon Valdez* spill two years earlier said that far more wildlife had been killed and the environmental damage would last much longer than scientists had originally thought. Some of the damage will be permanent. We should go back in 5, 10 and even 50 years so we will really know.

To call for better understanding of just how damaging oil spills really are is not to declare open season on oil companies. We may indeed need to do more with dikes around oil tanks and double bottoms for tankers, even if the latter not only raise the cost of ships 15 percent but also present their own problems. Shipowners argue that when a double-hull tanker runs aground, explosive fumes might accumulate in the space between the hulls. Or water might accumulate there, causing the ship to sink lower into the sea and leak more oil or even, in the worst-case scenario, capsize. Legislation passed by Congress last year requires double hulls by 2010, however; several of the major oil companies are now building such ships.

As long as Americans choose to consume 17 million barrels of oil a day, mostly by burning it, tankers will sail the seas and mistakes will happen. (Our descendants may shake their heads at the thought of us simply burning the stuff when it is far more valuable as feedstock for the plastics and miracle materials we so dote on.) From the house I grew up in on the island of Aruba, you could see an oil tank farm to the north, the refinery to the west and an anchorage to the south. Children swimming in the lagoon would stop to watch as an oceangoing tanker came around the point and ghosted west just outside the reef, its great curved bow high out of the water, the rapidity of its flashing-light query for berthing instructions setting off the enormous power of its kinetic energy palpable even at dead slow. We traveled by tanker then, meeting sailors who had had three ships torpedoed out from under them, who knew all about being oiled. Even in peacetime, large ships carrying toxic, inflammable cargoes are inherently dangerous. Tankermen are careful for the same reason airline pilots are.

Oil tankers will sail the seas, in good weather and bad, breaking apart in storms, catching fire, running aground, as long as we keep burning the stuff. My favorite antiautomobile advocacy ad after the *Valdez* grounding was the one that featured a picture of the captain and a headline that ran: "It was not his driving that caused the spill; it was ours." I wonder how complacent we would be if there were a light for each of us on that mythical control panel, whose color indicated our personal impact on Earth.

John P. Wiley jr.

1. Worldwide Acceptance.
2. Hand-Delivered Refunds.

3. Supports the U.S. Olympic Team.

On the face of it, Visa Travelers Cheques and the travelers cheques from American Express appear to be the same.

But the reality is, whenever you buy Visa Travelers Cheques, we'll make a donation to the U.S. Olympic Team. So not only can you feel confident about the cheques you carry, you'll also have helped our Olympic athletes in their bid for victory in '92.

So now that you see these travelers cheques for what they really are, your choice should be clear.

VISA
WORLDWIDE SPONSOR
1992 OLYMPIC GAMES

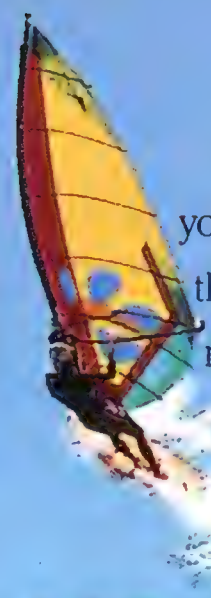
Visa has guaranteed a minimum total contribution of $2,000,000 in relation to sales through August 31, 1992. © Visa U.S.A. Inc. 1991. 36 USC 380

When you settle in at a typical Caribbean resort, you're settling for just a small slice of the Caribbean.

But when you take a Royal Caribbean vacation, you enter a world of bewitching islands, bustling markets, ancient ruins, vivid gardens and, of course, your choice of the most beautiful beaches in the world.

In fact, we give you twenty enchanting Caribbean ports. Like Martinique, St.Thomas, Grand Cayman, and Labadee, our own private paradise, in 7, 8 and 10-night itineraries.

Of course, the only thing that can equal the splendor of our Caribbean destinations is the gleaming ship that carries you there. We give you an option of six of the most luxurious in the world.



Perhaps you'd like to hone your golf swing? You'll find the tee on the sun deck. A massage, you say? The masseuse is waiting for you in the fitness center.

THE ONLY
THAT COMES

Did you greet the dawn in our disco? We will be happy to serve you breakfast in bed.

Prices for our Caribbean vacations, including airfare, start as low as $1,095*, with departures from Miami and San Juan year-round. Book 6 months in advance and save up to 15%. For details, see your travel agent.

Have a wonderful vacation.

ALASKA
BAHAMAS
BERMUDA
CARIBBEAN
MEDITERRANEAN
MEXICO
RUSSIA
SCANDINAVIA

CARIBBEAN RESORT WITH 622 BEACHES.

ROYAL CARIBBEAN

THE GRAND RESORTS OF THE SEVEN SEAS℠

*Rate is per person, double occupancy, for economy season sailings. Ships of Norwegian, Liberian and Bahamian Registry. © 1991 RCCL.

By Nancy Shute

From Unalaska to Petropavlovsk: warm welcomes amid geysers and snow

On snowy night, Russians, many in folk dress, greet Alaskans at airport with traditional bread and salt.

Americans fly to the once-forbidden Soviet Far East and find long-lost kinsmen, new friendships—and niches for free enterprise

The wheels of our chartered Aeroflot TU154 bounced onto the runway. I looked out the window for my first glimpse of Petropavlovsk-Kamchatskiy, the supersecret city and submarine port on Siberia's Kamchatka Peninsula, but saw only swirling snow and darkness. Two hundred fifty years ago Vitus Bering had set sail from Petropavlovsk to discover Alaska. Now we were returning the favor, helping to reunite a region long sundered by politics.

It was midnight and I strained to see anything—a truck, a hangar—that would hint at the shape of this strange new world. Suddenly the snow parted, revealing a breath-catching sight: hundreds of people standing on the tarmac, many in fur hats or embroidered headdresses and holding the traditional Russian welcome of bread and salt. I walked down the steps and was mobbed by smiling, staring Russians. Someone laid cellophane-wrapped red carnations in my arms; television cameras zeroed in, lights blazing.

The beginnings of a Bering thaw

Even a very few years ago, this trip would have been impossible; the border between mainland Siberia and Alaska, only 57 miles apart at the Bering Strait, had been frozen by the Cold War since 1948. Not until the *glasnost* of the late 1980s did the two neighbors begin to think they could be more than mysteries on the horizon. Tentative messages began to flow in 1987; the thaw officially started in June 1988 when a planeload of officials and Alaska natives flew from Nome to Provideniya, across the strait, for a one-day visit.

Since then the subarctic flirtation has blossomed into a serious romance, with small but steadily increasing numbers of businessmen, bureaucrats, scientists and ordinary people making their way across the icy waters, despite difficulties of communication and transportation, and the Soviets' lack of hard currency. The Bering Sea thaw is more than just a local phenomenon. Last year, President George Bush and President Mikhail Gorbachev signed an agreement to create Beringian Heritage International Park, which spans the ancient land bridge between Asia and America; it will be the Soviets' first shared park. The region that for most of this century had been the backwater of two continents has become, almost overnight, a hotbed of exploration, research and entrepreneurism.

In June 1990, I had joined a half-dozen Alaskans scouting sea kayak routes along the coast of the Chukotskiy Peninsula, Russia's easternmost reach, and despite storms, logistical snafus and walrus stew, I fell for the Soviet Far East—the formal designation for Russia's easternmost provinces—in a big way. (That kind of adventure tourism may substantially increase cross-strait traffic.) When I heard that the citizens of

Photographs by Phil Schofield

Anonymous Petropavlovsk graffitist left a friendly, if misspelled, hello for members of American delegation.

A gift of tea was all that was needed for Unalaskan Carol Sturgulewski to win the heart of snow shoveler.

Unalaska, an island in the Aleutian chain, planned to pay a call on Petropavlovsk, the administrative center of Kamchatka, and ask it to become its sister city, I knew I wanted to be on that plane.

Saturday, April 13. The 94 travelers chatted in a departure lounge of the Anchorage airport, hardly looking delegational, tending more toward jeans and Patagonia jackets than diplomatic pinstripes. Some were there for the adventure. But most had a mission beyond peace, love and understanding: to bring capitalism to the former Evil Empire. American traders were cut off from the Bering Sea trade when the Soviets gained control of the Far East in 1922.

Today's would-be Bering Sea traders came in many stripes. A cadre of commercial fishermen and seafood processors were angling for lucrative joint ventures with the Soviet fleet; two wilderness guides planned to scope out tourism possibilities at Kamchatka's famed geysers. Alaska's state director of economic development had scheduled talks on direct communications links (telephone calls and mail now go the long way around, via Moscow) and a commodity bank to trade crab or gold in lieu of "worthless" rubles. Throw in doctors and nurses, a volcanologist, most of the Unalaska City Council, Aleut natives seeking long-lost relatives, a welder, an artist and a TV crew from Unalaska's Channel 8, and the mix was complete. The selection process had been decidedly democratic: if you had $1,500 and wanted to spend it on five days in Kamchatka, you went.

Peter, Paul and a forbidden land

"Petropavlovsk is the number one fishing port in the Soviet Union, and Dutch Harbor [Unalaska's port] is the number one port for the United States," explained Paul Fuhs, the former mayor of Unalaska who led the delegation. The two towns share historical ties. Bering spent years in Kamchatka preparing for the expedition, and Petropavlovsk was named after the explorer's ships, *St. Peter* and *St. Paul.* A visit to Petropavlovsk (pop. 350,000) from Unalaska (pop. 3,089) seemed the perfect way to commemorate the 250th anniversary.

Making the visit was not so simple. Since the 1930s, Kamchatka has been off-limits to outsiders—Soviets and foreigners alike: Petropavlovsk harbors the Soviet Pacific submarine fleet, as well as a major naval base; and the Kamchatka Peninsula, 750 miles long and the size of Colorado, harbors intermediate-range nuclear missiles, air bases, air-defense radar and, rumor had it, the hunting lodges of top Communist officials. Our flight would follow the same path as that of the Korean Air Lines jet that was shot down by the Soviets just eight years ago, with a loss of 269 civilians.

Paul Fuhs and the other organizers had lobbied the

Lenin still stands tall in the far reaches of the Soviet world, as this statue in downtown Petropavlovsk attests. With a population of 350,000, the city is the largest in Kamchatka and is a major port for Far East Russia.

Soviets for two years for permission to visit Petropavlovsk, but were unsure, even on departure day, if we would make it that far. Just days before, the admiral of the Soviet Far Eastern fleet had suddenly vetoed the trip; desperate calls to Moscow saved it. The excitement in the voices of the crowd at the Anchorage airport was heightened by more than a bit of apprehension.

"I don't know what kind of food we're going to have," Hilda Berikoff said as she dragged on another cigarette. The gray-haired Aleut woman remembered speaking Russian with her relatives as a child; now, at 81, she was one of five Aleut elders from Unalaska dispatched to meet representatives of the last remaining Aleuts in the Soviet Union, whose ancestors had been removed from the Aleutians by Russian fur traders in the 1820s and resettled on the remote Commander Islands. There had been no direct contact between the Russian and Alaskan Aleuts for more than a hundred years.

The Rev. Tim Perry looked to be a most unorthodox Russian Orthodox priest, with black Levi's and Reeboks that protruded from the hem of his cassock. The bearded 38-year-old manages a shipping terminal in Unalaska and serves as the community's priest on the side; his 320 parishioners, almost all Aleut natives, live on five islands across 800 miles. It takes Perry a week to visit his farthest-flung flock, but he figures that's not too bad. Father Ioann Veniaminov, Unalaska's first priest, who arrived in the 1820s and later returned to Russia, took six months to make his rounds. He was canonized as Saint Innocent Veniaminov in 1977.

Our Aeroflot charter was late leaving the USSR; we waited four hours for it to arrive, then three more while the crew was ferried to a fast-food eatery and a discount store, an inviolate ritual for Soviet crews. We had expected to fly directly to Petropavlovsk, a three-hour hop, but once en route found that we were detoured 600 miles northwest to the former gulag town of Magadan, where we waited on board a few hours more; the admiral was allegedly nervous about having us fly over his submarine base in daylight.

When we finally landed, my anticipation had succumbed to too many hours in an Aeroflot seat. But the university students who steered us into the warmth of waiting buses were still bright-eyed. "We have been waiting since 1 o'clock," said a blonde in a red miniskirt. "But we are very happy to see you. You are the first Americans we have ever seen."

A Washington, D.C. freelance writer, Nancy Shute likes to kayak and play poker, but she still draws the line at having vodka and caviar for breakfast.

American schoolboys Matthew Taylor (left) and Eric Zentner (right) play an arcade basketball game with new Russian friend, Kostya Frolov.

Melissa Owens, Jane MacKinnon, Donna Detweiler and Grace Schaible prepare 250 pounds of crab for party Alaskans threw for Russian hosts.

"We are sorry for some inconvenience," another student said, grinning. "It is Russian tradition."

Monday, April 15. We lost Sunday when we crossed the international date line. It was Monday morning in Petropavlovsk; a blizzard rendered the city all but invisible, revealing only outlines of buildings and a massive figure of Lenin flaunting a snowy cape, outside municipal headquarters. Our hotel was old but clean, with brand-new towels, and refrigerators stocked with beer and mineral water. In the confusion of the lobby, I found four of the American Aleut elders trading glances with a stout Soviet woman who had blue, almond-shaped eyes and a halo of permed red hair. "*Unangan,*" someone said—the Aleut word for "Aleut." The Americans and the Soviet alike started; they all knew that word. The red-haired woman began to speak, her mouth shaping an ancient language only a handful of people in the world still command. Irene Makarin, an Unalaska Aleut, leaned close and offered a few words in reply. "I don't know what I said!" Makarin cried. "They don't understand me. It's a really different dialect. But that lady—I can understand her most of the time."

After lunch—fish salad, soup and patties tasting of liver (organ meats aren't rationed)—a local troupe performed dances of Kamchatka's 10,000 natives: Koryak, Even and Itelmen. The pantomimed hunters, ducks and dogs were so saucy even the tired Americans laughed. At the end, the dancers waved the audience onstage. Irene Makarin leaped up and danced, light as a girl; the Kamchatkans in their reindeer-hide tunics bobbed and whirled around her. Back in her chair, Irene sat, silent, then reached up to brush away tears.

Tuesday, April 16. After breakfast, Glenn Reed, the assistant city manager of Unalaska, read off the official schedule: a visit to the hospital, a visit to school No. 39, a visit to a school of art, a meeting with a regional tourism club, a meeting with an Esperanto group, a discussion of fisheries science, a trip to an airport to survey runway construction.

Outside, the storm had broken, revealing row after row of drab concrete apartment blocks that marched up the steep hills. I followed six American teenagers onto the bus to school No. 39; the concrete building had been erected 4 years ago, but that could have as easily been 50. The boys wore jackets and ties; the girls, their best dresses. We were led through classroom after classroom while the students sat and smiled; we stood and smiled back. There was tea and cookies, and a pageant in the auditorium, complete with a chaste rendition of the lambada.

Out in the hall it was another story. "Address friend? Address friend?" the Russian girls asked, mobbing any American ten-deep. It was hard to breathe, much less move; the students stuffed our pockets with books, letters, pictures, pins, pens, tiny bottles of perfume. We retreated with difficulty, followed to the bus by a herd of young admirers.

That afternoon, I boarded a bus with the Soviet and American Aleuts. We drove north; the procession

Alaskan Aleut Irene Makarin (right) mixes with members of a native Kamchatkan dance group as fellow Aleut Eva Tcheripanoff looks on.

of cookie-cutter apartment buildings ended abruptly to reveal gently rolling fields punctuated by villages of traditional wooden houses and, on the horizon, gleaming white volcanoes. The bus turned into an industrial section and pulled up next to a big orange Aeroflot helicopter. We boarded and rose, over the valley and into the foothills, until we flew over only snow. The craft rattled and shook; each face aboard paled until we landed in the snow, on a spot patted down by a snowmobile. We were in a forest of stone birch with a cottage in its midst. A man in a fur hat walked out, followed by two bounding dogs. He was a trapper and this was his lodge. Our hosts had thought it was something we might like to see.

"What do you think about it way out here, a house like this?" asked John Tcheripanoff, a wry, wiry Unalaska Aleut. The house was papered in birch-bark diamonds and hung with antlers; a teakettle steamed on the old-fashioned clay stove, straight out of a Siberian fairy tale. Tcheripanoff examined the sealskin-bottomed skis propped in the entry. "I used to make 'em back home, you know," the retired carpenter said. "You go really fast."

The helicopter lifted us up and away, over birch forests and grazing reindeer. As evening fell, the journey ended at a log house on a river, the clubhouse of a hunters' association. A dozen Russian Aleuts sat on one side of the small room, a half-dozen American Aleuts on the other. Both sides bore Russian names, the legacy of the Cossacks and *promyshlenniki*, freelance hunters and traders who subdued Kamchatka in the 17th century and then journeyed east to seek their fortunes in the New World.

In the Aleutians, they found not only a wealth of sea otters and seals but also the Aleuts, formidable hunters who could be pressed into service harvesting furs. But the Aleuts, including those of Unalaska, resisted; between 1763 and 1766 they managed to hold the interlopers at bay, destroying Russian ships and killing their crews. Eventually the Russians crushed the Aleut resistance, took control of the Alaskan coast and later ranged as far south as California.

The Russian-American Company, a monopoly granted by the czar in 1799, controlled Alaska for the next 63 years. With time, the company's rule became more benevolent: churches and schools that taught in native languages were built, and Alaska natives were granted the same civil status as free peasants in the empire. There was no question of who was in charge, however; in 1832, when the company packed up a boatload of Aleuts to move them to the Commanders to hunt and glean new profits for the czar, they went.

The Commander Aleuts lost contact with Alaska in 1871; it was descendants of these Aleuts who had traveled from the village of Nikol'skoye, three hours by plane, to come here and meet their relations. They had lost the ability to write in Aleut and, with only 300 Aleuts left in all of the USSR, saw the rest of their culture disappearing too. They hoped the Americans would help bring it back. "We think that our problems

Warm welcomes in an icy land

With crowns held above them, couple listens as Father Levko recites the Russian Orthodox nuptial service.

are not only of our country but of yours," said Valya Stus, a tall, blue-eyed Nikol'skoye Aleut who had studied in Leningrad and was now back, trying to preserve native traditions. "Having the contact with you will do a lot for our people on both sides."

Vladimir Dobrinin, president of the Soviet Aleuts' association, spoke and introduced his countrymen. It took me more than a few minutes to realize that, although we had been here for two days, the two groups of natives had not been introduced. They had somehow slipped through the cracks. After the Russians sang an Aleut song, old, slow and sad, the groups sat in silence. What could be said to bridge 120 years?

Two of the Unalaska women pulled out handfuls of wild rye beach grass, used for making traditional twined Aleut baskets. The silence shattered; the Nikol'skoye women rushed across the room to the Americans, fingering the fiber and asking a hundred questions. "You start with four," Shawn Dickson explained to Valya Stus and Yvgenia Petrovna, counting the strands out. "Then one goes over here . . ."

Valentina Kiayikina, the red-haired woman from the hotel lobby, sat hip-to-hip on the sofa with Eva Tcheripanoff, the Unalaska housewife in sweatpants, both chattering in Aleut and laughing as they tried to untangle basket beginnings. Kiayikina said, "We have forgotten how to make these."

Russian capitalism on the make

I returned from the Aleuts' meeting to find a sleek blonde in a silk dress standing in the hotel lobby with two Americans—an engineer and a city council member; all three were grinning.

"We've been to Marina's ski hill," the councilman declared, "and we've got it all figured out!"

"Time-shares," said the engineer. "We did the financials and it pencils out. At 5 rubles a day to ski . . ."

"Excellent skiing," offered the councilman, his face aglow with sunburn and vodka.

". . . we ship in prefabricated units and sell the time-shares!"

"That is a brilliant concept," said Marina, smiling.

"We've been talking about business for the last four hours: macro and microeconomics, condos and time-shares and . . ."

"What next?" I asked, grappling with the vision of Aspen on the Bering Sea. "Dancing," they said and sailed out the door.

Wednesday, April 17. "You have the same number of people in Anchorage as in Petropavlovsk, and you have 250 doctors?" asked Oskar Ziganshin, director of the Children's Polyclinic, shaking his silver-haired head. Ziganshin had 150 doctors just for the 4,400 children served by his clinic, which is probably the largest in the

Ti Dushkin (right) of Unalaska chats over tea, sweets and gifts with young Russian woman at school No. 39.

Shawn Dickson (right) teaches traditional Aleut grass weaving to Valya Stus as Yvgenia Petrovna watches.

Soviet Far East. "We have quite a different system," Dr. Matison White, a bearded Anchorage family practitioner, promptly explained. "Our system is based on the individual choosing a doctor."

The Russian doctors and nurses, garbed in white jackets and starched white hats that looked for all the world like chef's toques, murmured among themselves: unbelievable. They quickly moved to less murky waters, shoptalk of immunizations and mortality rates and epidemiology. The Polyclinic was big and clean, with lace curtains at the windows and potted plants in the examining rooms, but the doctors' equipment looked like leftovers from a 1950s yard sale; a Frankenstein x-ray machine and, in the maternity hospital, a creaking sterilizer the size of a Volkswagen.

White saw technicians resharpening disposable needles and cleaning disposable syringes, and cringed. "I haven't seen a single computer," he said, dumbfounded; his private office in Anchorage had far more advanced hardware than did this giant clinic. We watched while one doctor gently massaged an 8-year-old girl, and another doctor unbundled a baby wrapped so tightly it felt like a football. All they had to offer, it seemed, was a human touch.

Thursday, April 18. "You want to go see volcano?" an interpreter asked. Why not? We were soon aboard a 30-passenger Aeroflot jet, carving circles around the summits of the peninsula's 10,000-to-15,000-foot live volcanoes, with the USSR's chief volcanologist providing the play-by-play.

We had anticipated terrible food and ominous KGB operatives. Instead, the citizens of Petropavlovsk seemed determined to give their guests more thrills than a three-day pass at Disneyland. Americans would return with tales of joining with gaily-costumed folk dancers on the deck of a harbor cruise ship, of eating shashlik barbecue at a hot-springs resort, of a two-day trip to a fairy-tale village in the northern mountains, of helicoptering over giant Kamchatka brown bears and the Yellowstone-like Valley of the Geysers.

Yet in the midst of the meeting and greeting, and the touring of fish-processing plants, something else was happening: we Americans were no longer curiosities to be handled as gingerly as Fabergé eggs. We were becoming ordinary people and, quickly, friends being folded into Petropavlovsk as easily as if we had been there for four years instead of four days.

Beneath the lavish entertainments, the caviar sandwiches and 10 A.M. vodka toasts, however, there lurked a reality that was in troubling contrast to the Kamchatkans' enthusiasm and eagerness to embrace the outside world. The butter spread so lavishly on our sandwiches was rationed, at one-quarter pound per person per month. Matches were rationed, too, at eight per month. Warm clothes were hard to come by; women's underwear, impossible. One of our translators, Tania Vorobyevoe, flashed me a worried glance when I tried on a 750-ruble fur hat; it was less than $30 for me, but almost two years' rent for her.

Friday, April 19. Yesterday's blue sky and spring breeze had been erased by another blizzard, its fierce winds bowing the citizens trudging to work. Terrible weather for flying, I thought; maybe terrible enough to delay our departure tomorrow. But it was lovely weather for a wedding.

Father Perry had found not only a church but Father Levko, a Russian Orthodox priest who had come from a Ukrainian seminary 6 years ago to bring the

Guests flown to Valley of the Geysers got to peek into Kamchatka's "Yellowstone," a sight few Russians see.

church back to Kamchatka after 60 years. Since then, he had baptized 16,000 people. Today Father Levko was performing a wedding, and we were invited.

"*Gospodin*," the priest intoned in a clear baritone, singing the ancient Slavonic liturgy. "*Gospodin*"—"Lord." Lord, hear our prayers. Nick Lekanoff, and Eva and John Tcheripanoff, three Unalaska Aleuts, nodded with his cadence, smiles of recognition on their faces; it was the same service as in their own weddings.

Our last day in Petropavlovsk ended like the first, at the state theater, with speeches, handshakes and 300 dozen cookies baked by volunteers in Unalaska. But where five days ago I had felt like a prize exhibition, today I felt as if I was at my tenth high school reunion. I stood with a half-dozen thirtyish women like myself, teachers and journalists and historians. In five days our conversation had segued from "How much is your rent?" to the really crucial data: men, children, life and love. "Russian men—lazy," Valya, the Nikol'skoye Aleut, moaned, pouring more champagne. "Russian women—workhorse," Tania, the translator, agreed.

The women suddenly began to sing "We Shall Overcome," in perfect English. "Do you know what this song means?" I asked, astonished. "Oh, yes," they replied. "It is very important song of civil rights. We know it well." We slipped our arms around one another's waists and sang again.

The first Unalaskan delegation to Kamchatka ended its visit with a chaotic midnight scramble to the airport: the admiral had decreed that we were leaving that night instead of the next afternoon, and Glen Reed screamed himself hoarse trying to herd 93 vodka-fueled, obstreperous Americans onto buses. The best man at the wedding suddenly appeared and gave me an armload of presents and a kiss—and I was gone.

The reopening of the Bering Sea has been felt even by those who live far from its shores. Scientists from the Smithsonian, the National Science Foundation and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service have begun research projects with their Soviet counterparts, and the National Park Service is finalizing logistics for the Beringian Heritage International Park. William W. Fitzhugh, director of the Arctic Studies Center at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, curated the "Crossroads of Continents" exhibition on Bering Straits cultures (SMITHSONIAN, October 1988). He is adding a Soviet ethnologist to his staff and creating "mini-Crossroads" exhibits to carry the region's cultural and biological heritage back to the source.

The Alaskans and Siberians are steaming ahead as if the Bering Sea renaissance were a sure thing. Aeroflot and Alaska Airlines have begun regular service; a search-and-rescue exercise with the Soviet and U.S. militaries was on tap for this summer; wilderness outfitters are offering forays to Chukotskiy and Kamchatka; and more exchanges of teachers, students and scientists are planned than anyone can count.

The Unalaskans are staging an international history symposium in their village this month and have invited the people of Petropavlovsk to visit them in the fall. Glen Reed is planning to quit his job and move to Petropavlovsk to represent Alaskan businesses. Several fishermen are sending boats to Kamchatka in joint ventures. When Russian sailors showed up in Unalaska trying to buy syringes for a children's hospital in Sakhalin, Matison White rounded up medical supplies in Anchorage and air-freighted them to Unalaska, where residents loaded them aboard Russian ships. Father Perry has already forwarded Russian Bibles to Father Levko. "Every time I go to church I think of Father Levko with 350,000 people and that teeny, teeny church," Perry said.

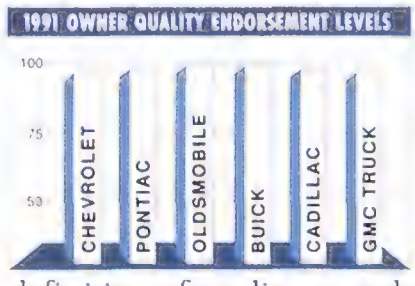
The Unalaskans were surprised to find that five days in Petropavlovsk had brought changes to their town, too. The Aleut elders spoke up more in meetings; people who hadn't nodded to one another on the street had started to chat. "It's going to be a bond for us for the rest of our lives," added Marti Norton Murray, an Unalaskan city council member who had accompanied the Aleut elders. "There's not going to be another separation, even if there is a cold war. We're always going to be together now."

Off the snowy Kamchatka coast, Scott Dattan steps lightly as his brillantly clad Russian partner twirls.

"AT GM, WE'RE GETTING HIGH MARKS IN QUALITY FROM THE PEOPLE WE CARE ABOUT MOST."

Our customers are the people we care about most.

So it's very gratifying to learn that after thousands of miles of driving, 95% of our newest customers would recommend a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac or GMC Truck to a friend.[1]



Since satisfying our customers is GM's very definition of quality, we take this as a sure sign we're delivering it.

QUALITY PAYS

We've learned over the years that the more quality we deliver to our customers, the more satisfied they become.

That's borne out by the results of our national customer satisfaction study.

In the past six years, as we introduced more and more new cars and trucks redesigned and engineered for quality, our customer satisfaction steadily increased.

Today, 95% of our new owners would recommend a GM car or truck to a friend.

Today, GM has 99 new redesigned and engineered models.

That's more than 80% of our cars and 50% of our trucks. No wonder our customer satisfaction ratings are now the highest in our history.

And this year, we'll bring out more new models than Ford, Chrysler and Toyota combined.

That's not just new looks. That's new substance.

Quality from the inside out.

In engines. Transmissions. Electrical systems. Braking systems. Emission controls.

And we don't ever plan to stop, because the heart of quality is *continuous* improvement.

ENGINES YOU CAN COUNT ON

Our 3800 V-6 engine balances power, emission control and fuel economy with technological advances such as counter-rotating balanced shafts, electronic engine controls and sequential-port fuel injection.

Result: No U.S. carmaker builds better six-cylinder engines than the 3800 V-6 offered in many popular Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Buick models.

The 4.9-liter V-8 engine in

Cadillac is unsurpassed in customer satisfaction compared with any European or domestic luxury nameplate.[1]

CLEANER AIR

Today, it's not good enough to build strong performing engines that are reliable and dependable.

Today, they must also be *clean.*

EVERYONE AT GM IS WORKING TOGETHER TO PUT QUALITY ON THE ROAD

GM continues to work vigorously to minimize emissions in all of our vehicles.

So it's not surprising that GM has the lowest average emissions of all American carmakers.[2]

In fact, it takes twenty-five 1991 GM models to produce the same amount of emissions as it took *one* model to produce 21 years ago.

In air quality, it's clear, GM has come of age.

TRANSMISSIONS: TOUGH, SMART AND SMOOTH

If you have to think about your transmission, something's wrong.

With GM's automatic transmissions, there's little to think about. Millions of drivers have found them to be of better quality and more trouble-free than all domestics and many imports, such as Honda and Mazda.[1]

And GM's state-of-the-art electronically controlled transmissions have proven to be just as smooth after 100,000 miles of grueling taxi-fleet testing as when they were new.

TRANSMISSION ENDURANCE TEST

These electronic wizards monitor a dozen different car and atmospheric conditions to perform quick, smooth shifts with maximum efficiency and utmost reliability—whether you're driving up snow-packed peaks or through heat-baked deserts.

A SURE START

The first sign of quality is a sure start.

As thousands of tests have proved, our starting power is 99.9% sure every time you turn the key on your new GM car.

So it doesn't matter if you're in Maine or Mexico, in January or June, your new GM car or truck *will* start.

A SAFE STOP

We are the only U.S. carmaker to design, test and manufacture brakes.

We design and test brakes to high standards for lining wear and fade-resistance.

As a result, owners of 1991 GM cars report fewer problems with their brakes than owners of Ford, Chrysler, Nissan, Mazda or Volvo.[1]

And GM offers more cars and trucks with anti-lock brakes as standard equipment than any other manufacturer in the world.

ALL PICKUPS: REAR ANTI-LOCK BRAKES

Today, GM offers an Anti-lock Braking System on all new pickups.

In panic stops, this patented GM system modulates the braking action to stop you faster and help prevent your pickup from skidding out of control—even when unloaded.

It's another reason why no American full-size pickup truck is more problem-free than full-size pickups from GMC Truck.

VALUE DOWN THE ROAD

Today, you're probably planning to keep your car or truck longer than you did in the past.

That makes long-term reliability and dependability more important to you than ever.

According to thousands of consumers, no U.S. carmaker has built more dependable cars over the past five years than GM.[1]

In addition, the cars and trucks built by General Motors have kept more of their original value, on average, than cars and trucks made by any other U.S. maker.[3]

WE CARE ABOUT YOU

Today, there's a new commitment to quality in everything we do at GM. It's a genuine caring for you and a spirit of teamwork that pervades our company—from the people who design our cars and trucks to the people who build them.

TRUCK DURABILITY TEST

We invite you to see for yourself at a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac or GMC Truck dealer.

UAW URW IUE
GM'S PARTNERS IN QUALITY

1. 1991 GM Customer Satisfaction Survey
2. Based on Mobile Exhaust Emissions Standards for passenger vehicles
3. Based on National Automotive Research Black Book for ten most recent available calendar years

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac and GMC Truck are trademarks of the General Motors Corporation

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

PUTTING QUALITY ON THE ROAD

Chevrolet Pontiac Oldsmobile Buick Cadillac GMC Truck

By Stanley Meisler

Long live Paris, with her pleasures and complexities

As an exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston shows us, the queen of cities was definitely the place to be at the fin de siècle

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

France lay near the nadir of its fortunes during the 1870s. By all logic, the times should have left the French dormant with pain, coarse with self-pity, barren with bitterness. A chastened Paris should have forgone its pleasures. Yet Paris did not. Paris embarked instead on four decades of entertainments and luxury and spectacle and world's fairs and games and sins, all celebrated or dissected in some of the finest art and literature of modern history.

The traumas should have seared France. Germany defeated the prideful French in 1870, captured and humiliated the aging and sick Emperor Napoleon III, annexed most of Alsace and Lorraine, occupied the east for two years and Paris for one day, and imposed a massive indemnity of 2 billion francs. Paris soon suffered through civil war. In the aftermath of the defeat by the Germans, revolutionaries calling themselves "the Commune" ruled Paris for two months, burning the Tuileries Palace, assassinating the archbishop and massing barricades in the streets. After the army's brutal suppression of the Commune, a witch-hunt corralled thousands of Communard sympathizers and packed them off to cruel and debilitating exile in the remotest of tropical French colonies.

Yet France not only survived these traumas, it prospered. By 1874, the government, having raised the funds through public loans, paid the hated Germans the entire indemnity. Bereft of the mines and industries of southern Lorraine, France industrialized elsewhere. Disappointed with schools that had left them so far behind the Germans in science and technology, the French modernized them. And the nation embarked on a democratic, republican system of government that would last in some form—save for the terrible hiatus of Vichy fascism during World War II—until this day.

Singer Yvette Guilbert awaits cue at Ambassadeurs café on Théophile-Alexandre Steinlen's poster.

Private collection

Amid the continual bustle of carriages, Paris' fashionable crowd strolls, shops and buys theater tickets in Jean Béraud's painting *On the Boulevard Montmartre, in Front of the Théâtre des Variétés.*

Some of France's most momentous works of art, music and literature came to life during this era between the Franco-Prussian War and World War I. While the state and the bourgeoisie lavished their funds on a classical, academic art that seems moribund today, there was still enough interest and support in a prosperous France for the Impressionists to exhibit work that revolutionized painting then and still stirs both specialists and ordinary museumgoers today. Georges Bizet's *Carmen* premiered in 1875, ushering in an era of French music that would soon be dominated by Claude Debussy. Literature flourished. Emile Zola promoted the new naturalism in a host of best-selling novels. Guy de Maupassant turned out skillful, artistic gems in a marvel of tight novels and short stories. J. K. Huysmans wrote his decadent novels, and Paul Verlaine his Symbolist poetry. While future Nobel Prize winners Anatole France and André Gide turned out their early novels, all the fissures of the prosperous, smug society were set down quietly in excruciating, often comic detail by Marcel Proust in what is probably the greatest of French novels, *A la recherche du temps perdu* (*Remembrance of Things Past*).

Drawing on its own resources and those of other institutions in the Northeast, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston has created its own sumptuous chronicle, "Pleasures of Paris: Daumier to Picasso," a visual record of how Paris behaved and misbehaved in those heady decades between two wars. The show, which opened in June, closes in Boston on September 1; it will then be at the IBM Gallery of Science and Art in New York from October 15 to December 28. Put together by associate curator Barbara Stern Shapiro, "Pleasures of Paris" displays more than 200 paintings, drawings, prints, posters and photographs by Honoré Daumier, Edouard Manet, Edgar Degas, Pierre Auguste Renoir, Mary Cassatt, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, John Singer Sargent and many others to show how Parisians sported themselves at cafés, cabarets, racetracks, parks, circuses, theaters, the opera, world's fairs, museums and brothels—and on the boulevards.

For most of us, the sidewalk cafés and the indoor cabarets, garish with dancers, symbolize the life of Paris in that epoch. By the turn of the century, France had the highest per-capita consumption of alcohol in the world. So ubiquitous were the 30,000 cafés in Paris that many of them hired musicians to outdraw the competition. At first, governments were troubled by the politics of these cafés. Those frequented by laborers frightened officials as cauldrons of radicalism. Novelist

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Less-wealthy Parisians laze in the sunlight in Paul Cézanne's *On the Banks of the Pond*, from early 1870s.

Honoré de Balzac, after all, had called them the "parliaments of the people." Later, the livelier cafés and cabarets seemed more sinful than political. In some of them, waitresses, paid a pittance or even charged for the privilege of waiting on tables, earned their living through prostitution. The Paris police raided 48 notorious brasseries on one May night in 1887.

It was an era of spectacle. Half a million Parisians bought tickets to the theater once a week during the 1880s and '90s. Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* opened three days after Christmas in 1897, its verses already ripe for generations of pupils to commit to memory. Audiences wanted their plays grandiose, colorful, ostentatious. The opulent Paris Opéra, designed by Charles Garnier, the architect of the casino at Monte Carlo as well, opened in 1875. Opera lovers came as much to spy on others as to take in the music; as much, in fact, to stroll the building's wondrous foyer and ascend its grand staircase. Circus was in fashion, attracting Parisians, as Phillip Dennis Cate puts it in the Museum of Fine Arts catalog, because of "its next-to-impossible quality, its unreality."

Paris created the greatest spectacles of all in its world's fairs of science and industry. For the 1889 fair, the city planted upon itself a massive iron structure that has since become the symbol of Paris. For the French, David P. Billington, a professor of civil engineering at Princeton University, has said, "the Eiffel Tower was a way of recovering their country's self-image as a great industrial nation after the ignominious defeat by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War." Before the Eiffel Tower went up, a band of intellectuals, including Maupassant, Alexandre Dumas, Garnier and Charles Gounod, protested the erection of so "useless and monstrous" a structure. After it became the sensation of Paris, a stubborn and unconverted Maupassant insisted that he ate lunch in a restaurant on the Eiffel Tower as often as he could because "it's the only place in Paris where I don't have to see it."

A gnawing rot set in among these pleasures. Some writers and artists dwelled on the decadence during this strange era that many French called *fin de siècle*, "end of the century." "Yes, there is no doubt about it," Edmond de Goncourt wrote in his journal in 1895. "This is an age which has a liking for unsavory conduct." The idea of decadence obsessed intellectual critics, some of whom even founded a journal called

Stanley Meisler is the former Paris correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. *He last wrote in these pages about the National Cathedral, in June 1990.*

On Sundays with good weather, it was customary for families to flock to rural areas to "take the air."

Le Décadent. The rot finally rent society during the infamous Dreyfus Affair.

In 1894, Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, the first Jewish officer on the French Army General Staff, was falsely accused—and found guilty—of delivering military secrets to Germany. When evidence mounted of Dreyfus' innocence, the army's commanders closed ranks and reaffirmed his guilt. The army's honor counted far more than the unwarranted degradation and imprisonment on Devil's Island of a single officer, especially a Jewish officer. The rot within the army and the injustice against Dreyfus were laid out in thundering detail by Emile Zola in his open letter to the French president; it took up the front page of the newspaper *L'Aurore* in 1898 under the headline "*J'Accuse!*" A court found Zola guilty of libel for his attack, but in the end, Zola and the Dreyfusards triumphed. Dreyfus was pardoned in 1899 and finally reinstated in the army by the French Parliament in 1906.

For almost a decade, Paris political circles and literary salons talked of little else than the Dreyfus Affair. The case reflected the great divisions that had riven French society since the French Revolution and continued to sunder the French until recent times. These divisions could not be masked for very long, even by a society pursuing its pleasures.

The new Paris enraged Henry James

The pleasures of Paris were played out upon a setting fashioned by the most extensive and lavish reconstruction of a European city during the 19th century. Napoleon III had charged the Prefect of the Seine, Baron Georges-Eugène Haussmann, with making Paris "the most beautiful city in the world." The key to this was a modernization that would accommodate an expanding population, ease choking horse-and-wagon traffic, clear away darkened slums filthy with disease, and lay down wide boulevards for troops in case of the need to suppress radical uprisings. Baron Haussmann set upon his task with a zeal probably unmatched by any public builder until the era of Robert Moses in New York. As the demolished slums allowed sunlight into old neighborhoods, a Daumier character exclaimed, "Ah, my flowerpot is going to have some sun. I will finally know if it is a rose or a carnation." The new look of Paris infuriated Henry James. "The deadly monotony of the Paris that M. Haussmann called into being—its huge, blank, pompous, featureless sameness—sometimes comes over the wandering stranger with a force that leads him to devote the author of these miles of architectural commonplace to execration," he wrote in 1877.

Yet this "architectural commonplace" is the facade of the magnificent city of Paris that we admire and cherish today. Paris has really not changed very much since the era celebrated by the Museum of Fine Arts exhibition. "In central Paris most streets could still serve as a setting for a story by Balzac or Victor Hugo, and Maupassant would certainly be able to find his way unerringly there," British historian Anthony Sutcliffe wrote in 1971. A modern visitor easily feels that all the pleasures of Paris of a hundred years ago must still lie behind the facade. That is partly, but only partly, an illusion. To anyone who knows Paris well, the works of art chronicling that era between two wars with Germany still rustle with freshness and romance.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

JARDIN [DE] PARIS
1901
Pablo Picasso

"The dance had begun. . . . I backed up against the wall of the temple, and waited. Twenty sets formed, the music struck up, and then—I placed my hands before my face for very shame. But I looked through my fingers. They were dancing the renowned *'Can-can'*."
—Mark Twain, *The Innocents Abroad*

Metropolitan Museum of Art

PONT DE PASSY AND THE EIFFEL TOWER
1911
Marc Chagall

"This evening I dined on the Platform of the Eiffel Tower. . . . Going up in the lift, I had a feeling in the pit of my stomach as if I were on a ship at sea, but no dizziness. Up there, we were afforded a realization, beyond anything imaginable on ground level, of the greatness, the extent, the Babylonian immensity of Paris. . . ."
—Edmond de Goncourt, *Pages From the Goncourt Journal*

Jane Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum, Rutgers, State University of New Jersey

THE FINISH
1894
Louis Anquetin

"At Longchamp . . . many chroniclers . . . want to be all over the place. . . . Horse and dress, jockey and coiffure, petty gossip and big bets—all this swarms confusingly in their paragraphs.
—La Vie parisienne

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS
1873
Félix Bracquemond

"I would lead Françoise to the Bois de Boulogne. It was to me like one of those zoological gardens in which one sees assembled together a variety of flora and contrasted landscapes, where from a hill one passes to a grotto, a meadow, rocks, a stream, a pit, another hill, a marsh, but knows that they are there only to enable the hippopotamus, zebra, crocodile, rabbit, bear and heron to disport themselves in a natural or a picturesque setting; it, the Bois, equally complex, uniting a multitude of little worlds, distinct and separate, . . . was the Garden of Woman."

—Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*

Private collection

THE POND IN THE TUILERIES
1898
Auguste Lepère

"Mme Daudet told me that Mémé, playing in the Tuileries Gardens . . . had seen Zola pass so close that she had felt obliged to say: 'Good day, Monsieur Zola!' Now Zola was not alone; he had a young woman on his arm and was followed by two children escorted by a maid. Yes, he was walking his second family round the most public place in Paris!"
—Edmond de Goncourt, *Pages From the Goncourt Journal*

Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts

LE CIRQUE CORVI
ca. 1893
Georges de Feure

"Long live the Circus with its sandy ring, its prideless palfreys, its jovial clowns, its gracefulness, its robustness, its mockery, its rides, its mimicry, its trapeze at the top, its carpet at the bottom, its somersaults, its gibberish, its acrobatic prowess and the mystery of its morals."
—*Le Courrier français*

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

A Visit to the Museum
ca. 1885
Edgar Degas

"I fell into the ranks of a dense, but most orderly throng, who were scaling the grand staircase of the Museum. I found the due contingent of civil and attentive guardians, in their traditional cocked hats; but I was pleased to see that under a Republican *régime* the sovereign people were no longer deprived of their sticks and umbrellas at the door. And on Palm Sunday afternoon the incomparably magnificent art-galleries of the Louvre were thronged by a vast multitude of Frenchmen who knew how to behave themselves, and did so most scrupulously."

—George Augustus Sala, *Paris Herself Again in 1878-9*

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

FLYING KITES, MONTMARTRE
1906
William Glackens

"I have never seen Paris more Parisian, in the pleasantest sense of the word; better humoured, more open-windowed, more naturally entertaining. A radiant September helps the case. . . ."
–Henry James, *The Art of Travel*

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."
–Thomas Gold Appleton, 19th-century travel writer

It's time for a change to Gallo.

© E. & J. Gallo Winery, Modesto, CA.

By Carl Hoffman

At work or play, a tractor's life is one big drag

The machine that sparked a revolution on the American farm is always pulling something, even when it's supposed to be having fun

Welcome to the Anne Arundel County, Maryland, fairgrounds. More than 2,000 people are gathered here on this late-summer evening to watch tractors at play. Families sit on the grass munching picnic suppers; young couples hold hands and line up for barbecued ribs and chicken. Suddenly the national anthem booms through the PA system. Everyone stands, their hands placed over their hearts.

Then it's showtime—time for each of the 50 or so modified tractors standing by in the surrounding fields, waiting for their turn to hook up to a high-tech "weight-transfer sled" and spend maybe eight seconds dragging 15 tons of steel as far as they can down a 300-foot-long dirt track. With every quick and violent demonstration of power the men, women and children cry for more.

After 15 "hooks," it's Gary Mills' turn. The green flag drops. The big rear tires bite into the track, and tractor and sled surge forward. The roar of the 2,800-horsepower jet engine is the loudest sound I've ever heard. With every foot gained, a concrete-filled box moves up the sled, transferring its weight from the rear wheels to a flat skid just behind the tractor, thus making the pull increasingly difficult. As the tractor's forward momentum slows, the engine screams even

Wheels lift as modified tractor "Hot Damn" hauls "Blue Stinger" weight sled in contest at Maryland fair.

Conventional Farmall tractor, competing in a class for antiques, rears as it approaches end of its "hook."

It took three kinds of "power" to thresh wheat on a Midwestern farm in 1920s: tractor, horse and man.

louder. Soon after the front wheels leave the ground the tractor is going nowhere fast; at a dead stop, the rear tires are spinning at up to 100 miles per hour. Mills' hook is finished. The crowd is roaring; he has beaten the nearest competitor by 30 feet. Moments later a child barely half the height of a tractor tire asks Mills, a part-time farmer, for his autograph.

Tractor purists would take one look at Mills' dirt-churning monster and cry "Blasphemy!" And it's true—the machine is practically useless. It can't cultivate corn, plow a furrow or even bush-hog a field, yet it nevertheless epitomizes the essence of its utilitarian ancestors. It is built for traction and power.

A tractor's primary job is to pull things. There is nothing romantic about that. But when the first engine-powered contraptions replaced the horse, the ox and the mule as American agriculture's principal beasts of burden, they captured a special place in people's hearts and minds. "If you grew up on a farm, you worked from sunup to sundown as soon as you were old enough," says Pat Ertel, who did grow up on a farm, in west-central Ohio, and now publishes *Antique Power* magazine. "Anything that came along to make your life easier, as tractors did, left you with very, very fond feelings for it." Even today the tractor is the thing that keeps nearly every farm working, and because of that its power alone is enough to create respect. When I ask Ray Albrecht, a farmer and tractor collector from Marion, South Dakota, to describe his most memorable tractor moment, he tells me about the time he and a host of other aficionados lined up dozens of machines, representing every year from 1919 to 1979, in the town square during a centennial celebration. "At 12 noon we cranked them all up. And boy, that was a thrill. That ground just shook."

This quest for power began in the 1830s when American farmers embarked on a mad rush to increase their productivity. The first horse-powered steel plows appeared in 1837. Soon after, farmers added wheels, seats, even a second plow pulled by a second team of horses. Horse-powered threshers and cultivators came next. And then there arrived on the scene a new beast altogether, the steam engine.

Steam engines evolved from the original stationary units, to wheel-mounted models pulled by horses, to machines that were self-propelled. By 1900 there were 30 manufacturers producing 5,000 steam "traction engines" a year. Those clanking, smoking behemoths were used to run other machinery, like threshers. As power sources, they operated chiefly by means of huge belts that connected the flywheels of the traction engines to the drive pulleys of the threshers or corn grinders or

Carl Hoffman lives in Washington, D.C., but he still visits the North Dakota farm homesteaded by his great-great-grandfather Fountain Land Thompson.

John Deere Model D ran a belt that operated thresher. Horses delivered the wheat, and men unloaded it.

Flames belch from exhaust as Gary Mills gets "One to Go" ready to compete. He enters 100 meets a year.

even water pumps and sawmills. They required constant loads of water and wood or coal, and sparks from the flue meant an omnipresent danger of fire. They sometimes broke down and required skilled operators. Although cumbersome, they were used for plowing. Farmers positioned two engines at each end of a field and pulled plows up and down between them by cables. At their peak in 1910, steam traction engines accounted for less than 20 percent of the power being generated on American farms. By then, their days were already numbered because of John Froelich's invention 18 years earlier.

Froelich, a farm-machinery dealer from Froelich, Iowa, built the first mechanically successful internal-combustion tractor. He mounted it on a wood-and-steel frame and took it to Langford, South Dakota, to thresh grain. It weighed 9,000 pounds, generated 20 horsepower and threshed 62,000 bushels in 50 days. "The engine has pulled the separator over all kinds of ground, and in temperature varying from 100 degrees to three degrees below zero," reported the December 8, 1892, issue of *Farm Implement News*. "It is much easier understood than a steam engine, and runs with less than half the care and attention, entirely free from danger to life."

But it took the company Froelich formed 20 years to produce commercially viable tractors. By then, the field was dominated by other, faster-moving entrepreneurs. Two students at the University of Wisconsin, Charles Hart and Charles Parr, had begun making stationary gasoline engines in 1897. Four years later they moved back to Hart's hometown of Charles City, Iowa, and started building gasoline traction engines that did everything their steam cousins could do but with a lot less maintenance and danger. The Hart-Parr weighed 20,000 pounds and sported an enormous radiator and flywheel—but it worked without breaking down, which made it better than most other tractors. By 1906, there were 600 gasoline tractors in the United States and a third of them were Hart-Parrs.

The Hart-Parr's success inspired frantic competition. By 1909 *Farm Implement News* reported 31 different companies each producing 2,000 tractors annually. Many were little more than Rube Goldberg-like contraptions. A Minneapolis company hired a nobody named Paul Ford just so they could use his name on their tractor and capitalize on Henry Ford's recent automotive success. With two huge steel wheels in front and one tiny one in the rear, the Ford looked like a gigantic wheelchair going backward and worked just about as well. The Redden Truck Tractor Company built a two-in-one device it called the "Farmer-Tractor-Truck." It had a top speed of 2½ mph, and a 24-foot turning radius.

So bad were so many of the early tractors that in 1919 the Nebraska State Legislature took the matter in

Youngster at Maryland meet takes a refresher under the bed of his dad's four-wheel-drive pulling truck.

South Dakota farmer Ray Albrecht and his son, Kevin, proudly display their gleaming John Deere Model D.

hand. Before any tractor could be sold in their state, the lawmakers decreed, it had to be tested at the University of Nebraska for reliability, efficiency, endurance, operating ease and horsepower. Of the first 103 tractors submitted, only 39 passed. The tests did what they were intended to do. Almost immediately the number of crazy, useless tractors declined, and manufacturers toned down their extravagant claims.

Among the successful tractors were the Rumely Oil Pull (the tractor first designed expressly to burn kerosene) and the Waterloo Boy (the first to pass the Nebraska tests). Like most of the early internal-combustion tractors, these were modeled on their steam forebears, with ponderous frames, open gears that clogged with dust and dirt, and widely spaced front wheels. They operated equipment via the same belt-and-drawbar system as steam traction engines and they were expensive—from $700 to $900. Still, in 1917 nearly 50,000 American farmers had bought tractors.

Ray Albrecht, 64, farms the same land his father purchased in Marion, South Dakota, in 1914. When he was a boy, his family still farmed with horses. "They were really miserable to work with," he recalls. "In the summer, for instance, the flies would drive them crazy. You could get a lot more work out of a tractor for very few dollars. Fuel was only 5 cents a gallon, and in the winter you could turn a tractor off and it wouldn't keep on eating oats like your horses."

But Terry Sharrer, curator of agriculture and natural resources at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History, believes that, except for deep plowing, "horses were superior to or no worse" than

Two modified-tractor buffs from Virginia confer on a trailer at the county fairgrounds before offloading a wicked hybrid powered by three "big block" Ford engines.

the early tractors. "The main reason farmers got tractors was to hold on to their sons," Sharrer says. "Around the turn of the century, the migration of people off the farm was becoming a great concern, and farm boys were going to the city to get new opportunities. Daddy had always farmed with horses, but his son was mechanically inclined and was not the least bit interested in horses. He was going off to get a factory job. So daddy went out and bought a tractor and let the son drive it, take care of it, master it."

As a boy, Henry Ford was mesmerized by a steam traction engine. In 1905 he began trying to apply his assembly-line automotive methods to building tractors, but it wasn't until 1917 that he brought out the Fordson, so named to differentiate it from the disastrous "Ford" of 1909. It was the Model T of tractors. Frameless, it weighed substantially less than its competitors. Its drivetrain was sealed in oil and thus protected. Mass-produced on an assembly line, it cost only $395—less, Ford boasted, than a good team of horses and their harnesses. And because Ford already had an extensive network of auto dealers, parts and service were readily available. The Fordson had some serious shortcomings (among them was a tendency to flip over backward), but farmers bought it anyway. It boosted overall tractor purchases to more than 160,000 annually by 1920. Between 1923 and '25, more Fordsons were sold than all other tractors combined.

Until 1924, however, tractors still couldn't be used for the more intricate job of cultivating—the all-important task of weeding between the rows. The widely spaced front wheels, their wide turning radius and the cumbersome belts that operated machinery all interfered with the need to avoid the tender and narrowly planted young crops. "Among themselves, farmers argued that if the tractor can't cultivate, and you still have to have horses for that, why not just do all of your farm work with horses?" remembers Lester Larsen, professor emeritus at the University of Nebraska, and the engineer in charge of the Nebraska tractor tests for 30 years, until his retirement in 1975. International Harvester solved the problem in 1924 with its Farmall tractor, which created what Larsen calls "a new era in power farming."

The Farmall's front wheels, instead of being widely spaced like those on most tractors, were set only inches apart, allowing them to fit between the rows of a growing crop and make tight turns at the end of the rows. Instead of the traditional side-mounted flywheel, to which a belt could be attached to run machinery, the Farmall had what became known as a "power takeoff"—a drive shaft that stuck out of the back of the tractor and could be linked directly to power any machinery. Soon Farmall was one of the most popular brands, and nearly all other tractors followed its innovations.

But even though more than a million farmers owned tractors by 1932, the machines wouldn't outnumber horses until 1955. That was because a farmer seldom got rid of his horses when he invested in a tractor. Lester Larsen remembers when his father bought his first tractor in 1918. "I was just a little shaver, and I came home and there was that Moline Universal sitting out under a locust tree. Boy, that was really something!" It wasn't long, however, before the exciting new Moline

broke down in the middle of the harvest. "Dad wasn't one to wait. He got me on a pony and said, 'Round up the horses.' I brought them in and away we went. The tractor sat out there in the field for three weeks waiting for the new part. Dad took a lot of ribbing about that from the neighbors."

In the 1930s other features critical to the evolution of the modern tractor emerged, such as the three-point hitch (it allowed the ever-growing variety of implements to be easily and quickly attached and detached), diesel engines, and air-filled rubber tires instead of the customary lugged steel wheels. Farmers were suspicious of the new tires. Some put their tractors up on blocks every evening because they feared the rubber tires would quickly go bad with the tractor sitting still. In 1934 the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company hired the famous race-car driver Barney Oldfield to promote rubber tires by speeding around dirt tracks at county fairs on a tractor equipped with them. To this day no one has driven a tractor faster; Oldfield holds the world speed record for farm tractors, at 64 mph.

Despite a certain amount of consumer resistance initially, the tractor's impact was enormous, for it abetted a fundamental change in American society. In addition to increasing the individual farmer's productivity, mechanization also made it possible to cultivate marginal land that previously had been left idle or used as pasturage. The average size of farms nearly quadrupled, from fewer than 140 acres around 1910 to about 460 today. The flip side of this is that legions of people were tractored off the land into cities and factories. In 1920, nearly half of the population lived in rural areas; 60 years later, that segment of our society was down to 26 percent.

"The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud"

"The tractors came over the roads and into the fields, . . . having the incredible strength of insects," John Steinbeck wrote in *The Grapes of Wrath*. "Behind the tractor rolled the shining disks, cutting the earth with blades—not plowing but surgery. . . . The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not will, proud of the tractor he did not own or love, proud of the power he could not control. . . . 'Times are changing, mister, don't you know?' the driver says to one of the poor tenants watching with fear and awe. 'Can't make a living on the land unless you've got two, five, ten thousand acres and a tractor. Crop land isn't for little guys like us any more.' "

For those who were able to stay on their land, the tractor became the preeminent power supply. And ironically, it evolved from a mere tool to become a nearly mythic symbol of the very thing it had helped to change—the family farm. In 1979, when farmers felt

Oliver 70, made in 1937, features lugged steel wheels that were once standard on tractors.

Steam traction engine from the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Co. burns wood or coal.

Cab on Minneapolis-Moline's 1938 UDLX is fully enclosed.

Farmall Regular was designed to cultivate between rows.

Hart-Parr 12-24, made in 1925 by founders of the farm-tractor industry, runs on kerosene.

Minneapolis threshing-machine steamer, dating from 1907, is sole survivor of the seven that were built.

Fordson has a 20-horsepower engine with a crank start. It was priced at only $400 in 1923.

Waterloo Boy, Type N, was the first tractor to pass a test designed to weed out inferior contraptions.

This 1939 Ford-Ferguson has a three-point hitch that makes it easy to hook up different kinds of equipment.

Wisconsin farmer Norbert Schwabenlander pulls plow behind International Harvester he bought in 1955.

their way of life threatened by President Jimmy Carter's agricultural policies, they didn't protest by marching around the White House with signs, they drove their tractors by the thousands to Washington. In poems like "Landscape with Tractor" and "Wineberries," the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Henry Taylor presents images of tractors that symbolize the opposite of Steinbeck's dehumanizing industrialization. Tractors, Taylor says, "take me back to a simpler, youthful time." Terry Sharrer says: "When you see an old tractor, it isn't just a mechanical wonder, it's a souvenir that represents in a lot of people's minds some of the values of, say, 1913 on an Iowa farm."

Given that sentimental impulse, it was only natural that farmers (and others) began to collect and restore tractors. No one knows exactly how many collectors are out there, but a total of 18 magazines and newsletters cater to tractor buffs. Most are published by an ever-growing number of clubs like the International Cockshutt Club, the J. I. Case Collectors' Association and the International Harvester Collectors Club. *Gas Engine* magazine, founded in 1966, reports 22,000 subscribers, double what it was ten years ago. Stemgas Publishing's 1990 *Steam and Gas Show Directory* lists 580 farm-machine owners' and threshermen's reunions, most of which are built around displays of old tractors. The association of John Deere collectors—the biggest club by far—called the Two-Cylinder Club (until 1960 all John Deere tractors had just two cylinders) was founded in 1981. Today it has more than 20,000 members throughout the world.

A decade or so ago, you could buy a Waterloo Boy for scrap prices—a few dollars a pound. In those days collectors bought tractors because they loved them; then they showed them off at local parades or at small, mostly local, machinery shows. Recently, however, the picture began to change. Collectors started to join new clubs that focused exclusively on one kind of tractor. Farmers who survived the hard times of the early 1980s suddenly had more money to spend. Competing for a limited resource, they drove prices up. As prices spiraled, speculators began looking for ever rarer tractors—not to keep and show, but to resell quickly for a fast profit.

Today a nicely restored Waterloo Boy is worth $20,000, and there are now several people with collections numbering in the hundreds; I was told of one John Deere fanatic who has 700 tractors. Instead of small, local shows featuring all sorts of tractors, there is currently a trend toward national extravaganzas focusing on just one or two brands.

Curious about such shows, I traveled to Waterloo, Iowa, last summer to attend the Two-Cylinder Club's second, semiannual expo. Just past the gates of the Waterloo airport, thousands of the faithful were boarding shuttle buses for the short ride to what the president of Deere & Company would call in his welcoming speech that morning a "field of dreams." Filling the field surrounded by endless vistas of corn were 500 gleaming yellow-and-green John Deere tractors. Grouped by model, there were Waterloo Boys, Model Ds, Ls, AOs, GPs, Ms, Bs. There were also Caterpillar tractors, even kids' pedal tractors and one rare tractor converted into a cotton picker. The owners kept busy lovingly wiping off the lightest accumulation of dust and talking tractor talk.

"I've got a 39B on full steel," said one. "And at home I've got a 35B, a 36B and a 38G."

"Oh, that's similar to this G," replied another. "Is yours a low radiator or high?"

"I love to hear that sound"

An owner decided to start his beast. A crowd gathered as he ceremoniously whipped out a little can of gasoline, opened the compression valve and turned over the big, heavy flywheel. When the two-cylinder engine sputtered, coughed and popped to life, the onlookers cheered. They cheered not because there was any doubt that the old engine would start (for a tractor to appear at the show it has to run), but simply because of its sound. "I love to hear that sound," said Richard Haskett, a part-time Christmas-tree farmer from New Brighton, Minnesota. "When they're really well-tuned you can throttle them all the way back. You can almost count the revolutions." Haskett owns five old tractors. "For me they're important because these are some of

To the birds, it matters very little that these boxes of recycled paper reflect a child's creativity and involvement.

But to the environmental education program that distributes these take-home nests, and Phillips Petroleum, who sponsors them, it matters a great deal.

Because as life unfolds inside these cardboard walls, so too does an enduring understanding and respect for the wonder of it all. Helping students realize a greater awareness and responsibility for the environment.

And confirming our belief that when you teach a child about nature, he learns facts about nature.

But bond a child with nature, and he learns to care.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY PHILLIPS 66

For more information about the Bird Box Program and what we are doing to protect our environment, write: Bird Box, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16C4 Phillips Building, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74004.

the last genuine machines. There's nothing high-tech about them. There is no part of these tractors that you can't take apart and see how it works. There are no black boxes, no mystery places, no computers."

Not far from where Haskett stood admiring the popping Deere (they used to be called "Johnny-poppers") stood Ray Albrecht and the 1926 D that he had brought 340 miles from South Dakota. He first started collecting and restoring tractors 20 years ago, during a long, wet spring when he couldn't plow. Today he isn't sure exactly how many he has or what they're worth. But he does know that his collection includes a Waterloo Boy and several Model Ds from 1925 through '31. The most valuable one, he thinks, is the 1926 D. Originally, Albrecht said, he bought it because "I was born in 1926 and I wanted one for the year I was born." At the time, around 1975, he didn't know how special it was. "We paid an arm and a leg for it. But later, when we found out what we had, it healed a lot of hurts." Albrecht figures that he and his 22-year-old son Kevin spent 30 days attending tractor shows last year, in addition to participating in "umpteen" parades. Why does he do it? "I guess part of the reason is, I grew up with John Deeres."

"I wanted to drive it myself"

Tractors do seem to have a powerful impact on children. Linda Sharron, whose family publishes *Gas Engine* magazine and the annual Steam and Gas Show directory in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has a farm, three tractors and four children. One of her son's first words was "tractor." In my family photograph album are pictures of me as a 3-year-old sitting on my grandfather's tractor in North Dakota. When I visited him again several years later, I didn't want to just ride his tractor; I wanted to drive it myself, and I did. At Waterloo, children swarmed over the tractors as if they were jungle gyms. And no wonder. For as utilitarian as they may be, tractors still look like big toys. And for many adults the ultimate example of tractor as "toy" is the tractor-pulling contest.

No one knows exactly when the first tractor pull took place, but farmers held horse-pulling competitions for years. Les Larsen doesn't remember hearing about them in Nebraska until the 1940s. David Schreier, president and executive director of the National Tractor Pulling Association (NTPA), believes the first pulls took place "on a very local, farmer-to-farmer basis, in the 1940s, with each farmer saying my tractor can pull more than your tractor."

In the 1950s, pulls started to become a feature at county fairs. Schreier, born and raised on a farm near Norwalk, Wisconsin, began competing in pulls in 1965 on a John Deere whose only modification was a special hitch to hook to the sled. Back then, tractors pulled a sled piled with sandbags down a marked track. "They would position a man every ten feet on each side of the track. When the sled came to them, they would step on it. I remember there would be the point down the track when one guy would just put his foot against the front of the sled and stop the whole operation." As pulling became more popular, and farmers started to travel more, the NTPA was formed to establish uniform rules throughout the country.

Today, there are five divisions of tractor pulling: pro and super stocks, which are required to look like stock farm tractors even if their engines generate 1,200 horsepower; modified, which means machines like

Gary Mills' that can carry up to seven V-8 engines or multiple turbine engines generating as much as 12,000 horsepower; minis, which are based on modified garden tractors; and antiques, some of which may be slightly spruced up.

In 1989 tractor pulling attracted nearly two million spectators to the NTPA's 400 sanctioned pulls, where competitors competed for $761,000 in prize money. Schreier guesses that there were an additional 800 to 1,000 unsanctioned pulls around the country. The bulk of the prize money is in the top-of-the-line Grand National circuit, but it's the hundreds of small, local pulls that remain the heart of the sport.

Don Peterson won the 1989 Iowa state championship in the 5,000-pound antique class with his 1937 John Deere Model A, which he calls "Papa's Putt-putt." The main challenge, he goes on to explain, "is combining the amount of power you have with the way you have your tractor balanced, so that you can get the power to the ground."

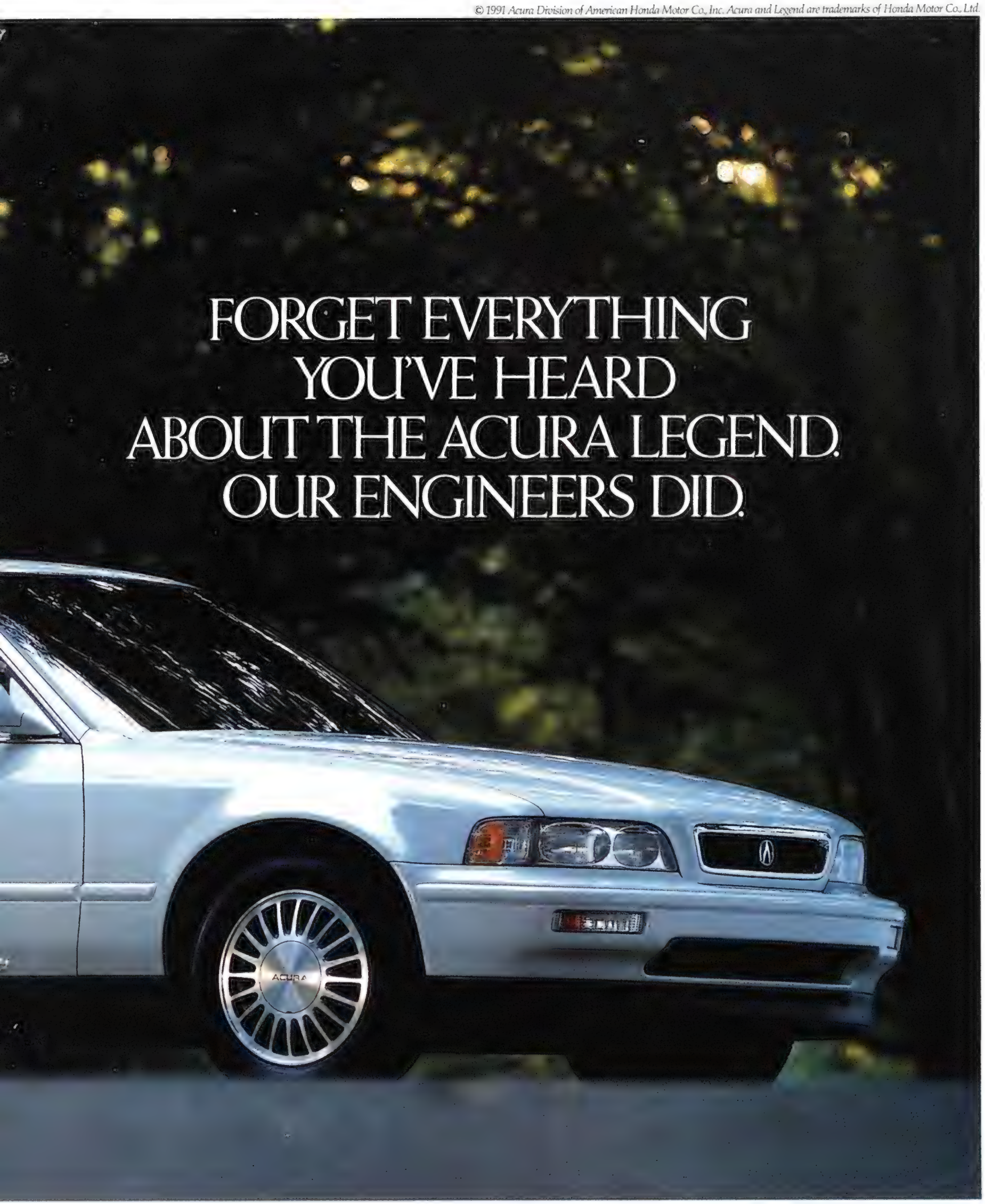
Peterson works for Deere & Company, as did his father and grandfather. Pulling, he says, "is part of people's heritage. You know, in this part of the country, farming is the way the majority of the people make their living. Without a tractor, they couldn't farm. As soon as farmers get their crops in the ground and their workload backs off a little bit, they're ready to play with their tractors."

Behind the wheel of a modern tractor, a farmer in Idaho plants potatoes. Once viewed as a threat to the family farm, tractors have increased productivity and reduced work. Is it any wonder farmers love them?

Being an Acura engineer requires a very strong mind. A very vivid imagination. And, perhaps most important, a very short memory. After all, had our engineers dwelled on all the praise given to the first-generation Legend—making *Car and Driver's* Ten Best list three straight years and being named *Motor Trend's* 1987 Import Car of the Year—they might have been content to give the 1991 Legend just a few minor improvements. Instead, they started from scratch. And gave

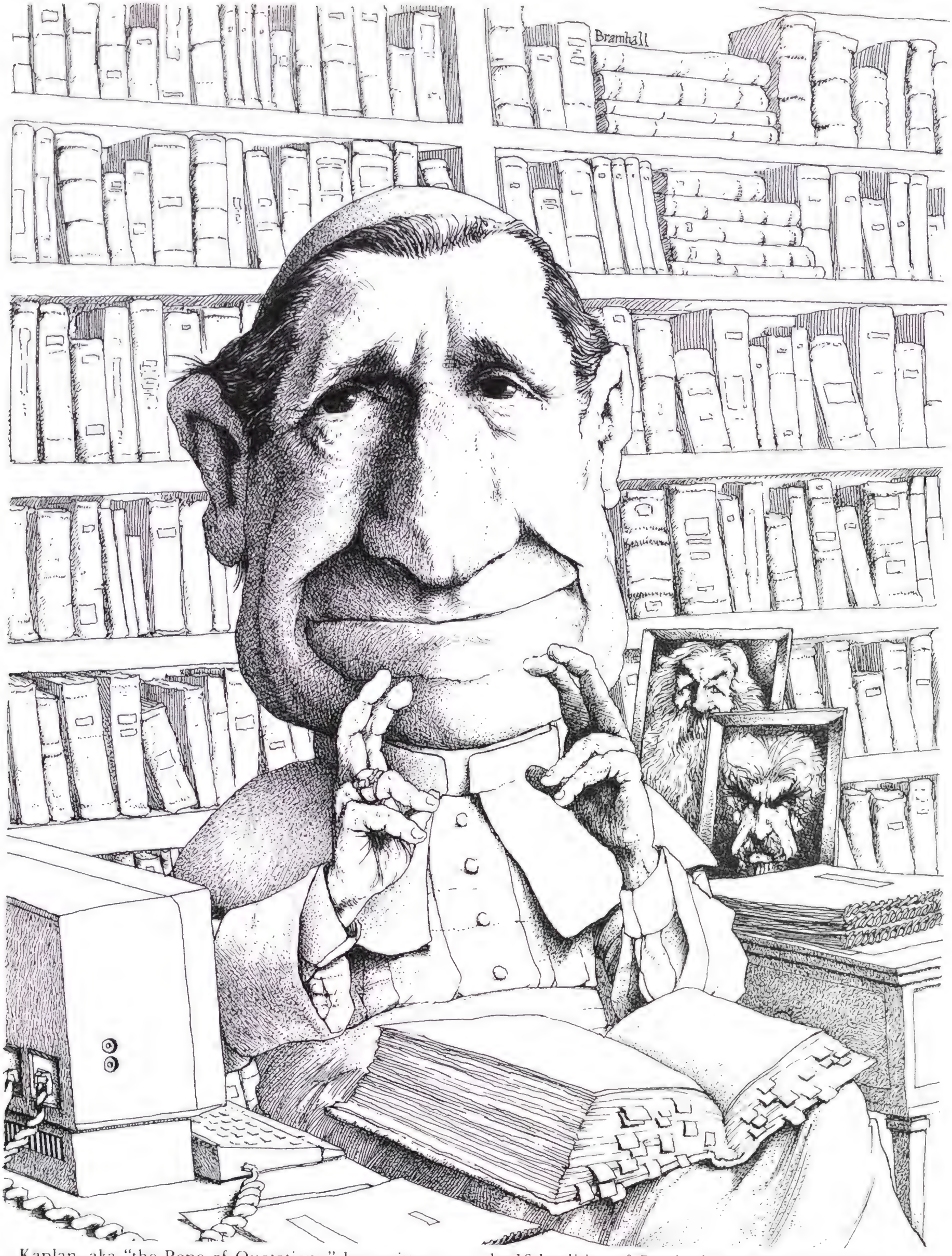
© 1991 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Legend are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd.

FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE ACURA LEGEND. OUR ENGINEERS DID.



the new Legend a longitudinally mounted, 200-horsepower, 3.2-liter V-6. A redesigned double-wishbone suspension that improves handling and road feel. And a more ergonomic interior, with driver's side and available passenger's side air bags. Improvements that, along with hundreds of others, make the new Legend more memorable than ever. Call 1-800-TO-ACURA for more information and the nearest dealer.

ACURA
PRECISION CRAFTED PERFORMANCE



Kaplan, aka "the Pope of Quotations," has written distinguished biographies of Twain and Whitman. In the 16th edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* he bestows his blessings on hundreds of new voices.

By Ralph Graves

The 'Pope' who is revising our bible of sayings

Writer Justin Kaplan has made a career out of quoting famous people. Now he's editing the reference book that does the same thing

In the spring of 1988 William D. Phillips, editor in chief of Little, Brown, had a heavy problem. The time had come, as it does every decade or so, to create a brand-new edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.* This 146-year-old book, first published by a Cambridge, Massachusetts, bookstore owner, is not only popular and profitable but actually beloved. It is one of the few reference books people read for enjoyment. Phillips calls it Little, Brown's "jewel in the crown."

This time around, for the 16th edition, Phillips wanted not just an update but a genuine, full-scale revision. This had not been done since 1937 when editors Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett got their hands on the famous volume. Phillips had to find a distinguished new editor for this mammoth task, so he started calling friends, asking for nominations.

One of the friends he called was Justin Kaplan, biographer of Mark Twain, Walt Whitman and Lincoln Steffens. Did Kaplan have any ideas for an editor? Kaplan's answer was prompt and brief: "Yes, me."

"It never occurred to me that he would be interested," Phillips says, "but the instant he said this, I knew he would fit perfectly. His breadth of interests and knowledge, his fascination with contemporary society as well as classical literature—he was the ideal person." Phillips no longer had a problem.

The problem now belonged to Kaplan, but he did not view it as one. "Everybody says, 'My God, what a horribly daunting job this must be,' and I sort of smirk at them. Imagine being paid to do what is pure fun!"

He is a husky man, just under six feet, with horn-rimmed glasses, a widow's peak in his dark hair, a strong, thrusting nose. His dress is Cambridge casual. His voice, which is light and precise, appears to be incapable of uttering a dull sentence.

Now 65, Kaplan has been reading *Bartlett's* for pleasure "since I was 10 or 11." He combines this long, loving experience with a prodigious verbal memory. His wife, Anne Bernays, herself the author of nine books, calls him "the Pope of Quotations."

His first act as editor of the 16th edition was to read all 25,000 quotations in the 15th edition, "marking certain cuts that I thought were obligatory. I've cut a fair amount of Victorian poetry. The romantic poets were badly represented—there was simply a lot of garbage that an editor at the turn of the century had put in. I don't care for withered flowers of poesy. I'm not tolerant of platitudes, empty pieties, self-evident propositions, commencement oratory and anything that sounds as though it might have come from the insides of a fortune cookie."

Kaplan deleted some 300 authors and sources altogether and made severe cuts in many others. "I also got rid of a lot of lumber—unnecessary footnotes and unnecessary cross-references. There was an awful lot of Mickey Mouse junk in this book."

He's adding Mailer, Roth and Jong

But at the same time that he was slashing, he was making lists of authors and quotations that he wanted to add, especially in contemporary American and European literature. "I had a checklist of hundreds and hundreds of names. I was surprised that there was no Norman Mailer, no Philip Roth." He has also added, for the first time, some 300 other authors such as Nelson Algren, Russell Baker, Günter Grass, Michael Herr, Erica Jong, Bernard Malamud. He estimates that 15 percent of his edition will be new material. Even Vice President Dan Quayle has made *Bartlett's,* in a footnote to the United Negro College Fund's slogan "A mind is a terrible thing to waste." In what Kaplan calls Quayle's "inspired mangling," this became "What a waste it is to lose one's mind."

Once Kaplan's editorship was announced, he began to receive a great deal of mail recommending quotations that should be included. "About 60 percent of the correspondents suggested their own work. Some of them were very sneaky. They offered half a dozen legitimate quotations and then slipped in their own."

He also gets calls or letters asking him for the source of something that is not in *Bartlett's.* "People assume I'm running a public quotation research service." But he doesn't mind this. "I wouldn't have taken this on in the first place if I hadn't found the whole thing such

Illustrations by William Bramhall

fun, including hunting for quotations. There's the weird joy that you get when you're able to identify a quotation. And this is a game I've been playing ever since I learned how to read."

He does not know absolutely every quotation. He was asked to identify this ancient bit of misogyny: "Choosing a wife is like putting your hand into a sack containing twenty-four snakes and one eel. If you are very fortunate, you may not get a snake. But then what have you got?" Kaplan had to admit he had never heard of it, but not wanting to disappoint, he offered this substitute quotation: "I never knew what real happiness was until I got married. And by then it was too late."

The most radical departure in Kaplan's edition is a strong emphasis on politics, movies and pop and rock lyrics, because he thinks they truly reflect our contemporary culture. He has added about 50 new movie quotations, including a good deal of Woody Allen. He cites Allen's "It's not that I'm afraid to die, I just don't want to be around when it happens," and Allen's comment on sex: "It's the most fun I've ever had without laughing." In music Kaplan has added lyrics from Elvis Presley, Michael Jackson, Jimi Hendrix and others.

He wanted to include television. "Given the amount of time we spend watching television, you'd expect many quotations to come from it, but you would be dead wrong. Television is not even vaguely comparable to the movies in the public memory." He thinks this may be because television writing is poor, or it may be because people watching television are often distracted—"running a vacuum cleaner."

In a small survey he conducted, by far the most popular television quotation came from a T-shirt exploitation of *Star Trek*: "Beam me up, Scotty, there's no intelligent life down here." A distant second was Jackie Gleason in *The Honeymooners*: "One of these days, Alice, pow! Right in the kisser!" Neither made the cut.

"You will observe a vast wasteland"

"Theoretically I'm not passing judgment," Kaplan says, "but every once in a while something strikes me as so repellent that I can do without it." He has no such objection to *Monty Python*, which he has cheerfully included, but the most durable quotation about television, he thinks, came from Newton Minow, who was head of the Federal Communications Commission in the mid-1960s. He said, "When television is bad, nothing is worse. You will observe a vast wasteland."

Since Kaplan does not consider himself an expert on the movies or rock lyrics, he asked friends to help him. He also got important help in other specialized areas. "Fifteen or 20 people really did systematic work for me, and then 50 or 75 others responded to queries in a generous way. Not for pay but for love."

Not everyone responded. Because he wanted the new *Bartlett's* to represent the women's movement, he wrote letters to Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem and Barbara Ehrenreich, asking them for nominations and even inviting them to suggest quotations from their own work. To his astonishment, none of the three even answered his letter, much less offered quotations.

One of the major challenges in editing *Bartlett's* is to pin down quotations that may be spurious. Among the most problematic sources are Samuel Goldwyn and Yogi Berra, many of whose best "quotations" were the work of press agents and sportswriters. Goldwyn is credited with such gems as "Anybody who sees a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined," and "If I entered into an agreement with that man, I would be sticking my head in a moose." Yogi Berra has "It ain't over till it's over," and "You can observe a lot by watching." But some Yogi Berra-isms are clearly apocryphal. Kaplan is certain Yogi never said, "It's déjà vu all over again," and he only wishes he could believe Yogi said, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it."

Plainly Justin Kaplan has a far richer sense of humor

Yogi Berra's familiar "It ain't over till it's over" helped get the clown prince of baseball into new *Bartlett's*.

Woody Allen made it for "It's not that I'm afraid to die, I just don't want to be around when it happens."

than *Bartlett's* has exhibited in the past. Perhaps this is because, despite all the highly respected books he has written or edited, he does not consider himself a true academic. Although he did all the course work for a PhD at Harvard, he dropped out before getting a degree. "I'm just a civilian," he claims.

He does hope that the new *Bartlett's* will be more amusing than former editions. "I happened to think it was time for it to be a little less heavy. Humor is tragically underrated. People tend not to take it seriously enough." He wishes he could include some of Groucho Marx's ad libs but feels it takes too long to explain the context. For this reason he will not be able to put in a Groucho interview of which he is especially fond. Talking with a woman who had nine children, Groucho asked why she had so many. She answered, "Well, I like children." Groucho's reply: "I like a cigar, too, but every once in a while I take it out of my mouth."

Kaplan owes much of his success—and perhaps much of his humor—to Mark Twain. During the 1960s he was senior editor and assistant to the chairman at Simon & Schuster. "I had an office with my own bathroom and a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink." He was, however, restless as an editor of other people's books. One day at the end of a very long publishing lunch, a friend asked, "Why don't you write a biography of Mark Twain?"

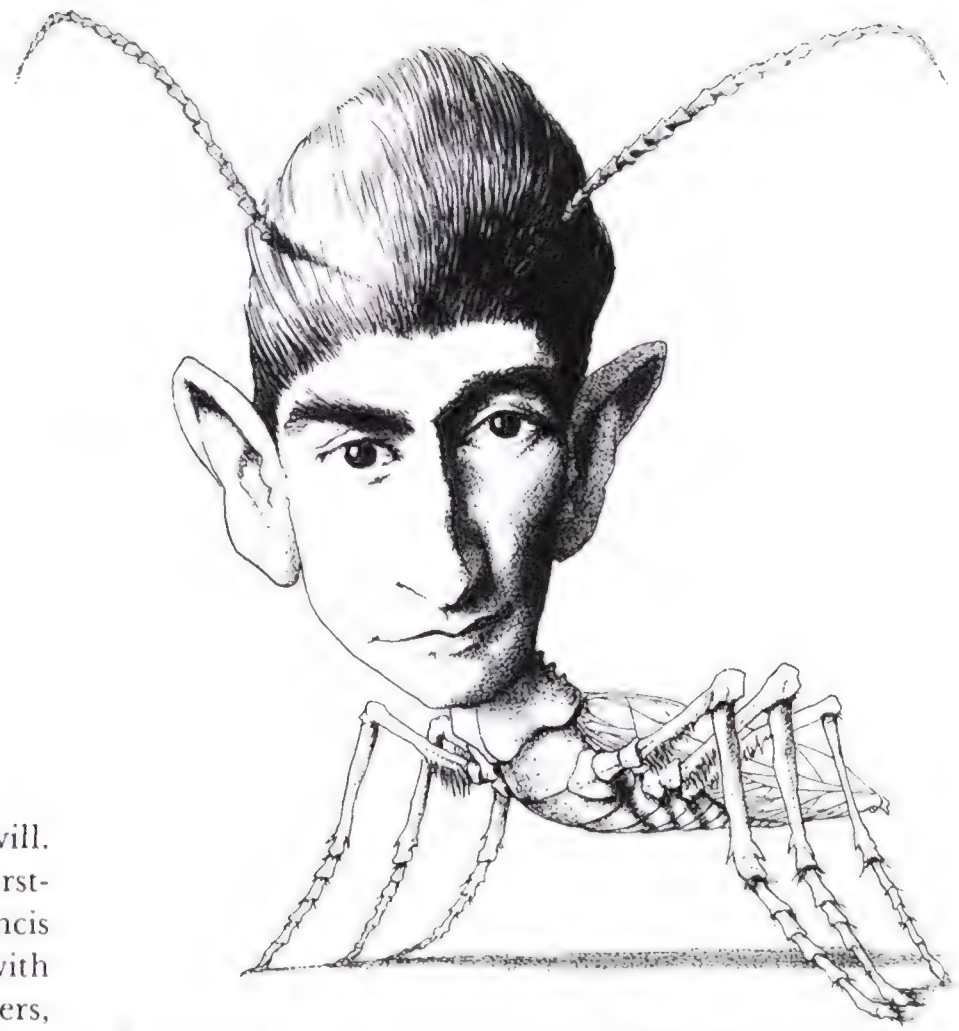
So he did. In 1967 *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* won the Pulitzer Prize for biography and the National Book Award in Arts and Letters. "In many ways I'm sorry that I ever wrote that book, because I don't think I will ever again find anyone as good to write about." A startling innovation was that his book begins when Mark Twain is already 31 years old. "This is one of my few contributions to the art of biography. I find books that start not just at birth but with genealogy extremely boring." His Whitman biography, published in 1980, begins when the poet was 60. He wants to get back to literary biography once he finishes *Bartlett's*, but hasn't yet decided on a subject.

Since Kaplan's breakthrough, it has become a common biographical device to start somewhere in the middle. Edmund Morris began *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt* with the President's New Year's Day reception in the White House, and William Manchester opened *American Caesar* with a full-blown character sketch of the mature Douglas MacArthur.

In the past, Kaplan has flirted with biographies of Charlie Chaplin and Irving Berlin. His publisher has tried to persuade him to do Leonard Bernstein. But, says Kaplan, "I really hate show biz."

It is easy to imagine the scene of Kaplan at work on such a complex literary task as a complete revision of *Bartlett's*. Surely there are batteries of computers and busy researchers. Surely many copies of the 15th edition have been torn apart and scissored into

The Honeymooners' Jackie Gleason was considered for "One of these days, Alice, pow! Right in the kisser!"



Franz Kafka is cited for opening of *The Metamorphosis*, in which a person wakes up as an enormous insect.

handy little scraps of paper that can be shifted at will.

Actually Kaplan works entirely alone in his first-floor office in his big old 1906 frame house on Francis Avenue in Cambridge. The office walls are lined with reference books, but there are no banks of computers, no phalanxes of in-house researchers. He has defaced only a single copy of the 15th edition, which is still intact although heavily marked up by his penciled deletions. All his new quotations are contained, one to a page, in 15 red loose-leaf notebooks neatly piled on a nearby table. He uses a word processor like an electric typewriter, "just a handy way to prepare copy," but it is not connected to any data base. He has "personally keystroked" every word of every new quotation and has devised a numbering system of which he is childishly proud. He is a word man, not a numbers man, but "It worked out quite well, to my surprise."

For example, new quotation No. 719:17001 is this from H. G. Wells: "A novel by Henry James is like a church, lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an eggshell, a bit of string." The number 719 refers to the page number in the 15th edition, and 17001 means that this new quotation will be the first to be inserted after the 17th quotation on that page.

He asked his wife Anne to read and vote on every new quotation he has proposed. "If he's the Pope of Quotations," she says, "I'm the Popette." The final say is, of course, Kaplan's, and this comes down to the personal taste of the editor.

To make room for all he wants to add—"This box will hold only so many marbles"—Kaplan says he has "eliminated a number of quotations that rather too parochially reflect the traditional New England, Beacon Hill, Boston origins of *Bartlett's*. I don't think this book's worldview ought to be framed by the gates of the Harvard Yard, as attached as I am to those gates."

"*Bartlett's* is not like a dictionary or an encyclopedia," William Phillips explains. "It's not a technical task, it's a cultural task. Every editor brings a bias to the book; that's part of the fun."

Kaplan is firm and decisive about his deletions. "When you're dealing with 25,000 quotations, you can't spend half an hour scratching your head over whether or not to include one quotation or another." Nor does he do much head scratching over his additions. He considers it "absolutely essential" to include the opening passage of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, in which a man wakes up as a giant insect, and he seems shocked that it hasn't appeared in *Bartlett's* before now. His fierce feelings about his predecessors' omissions are not restricted to contemporary literature. He is just as exercised about the absence of a passage from the Venerable Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, "about the sparrow flying through the banqueting hall as a metaphor for human life. I thought that was absolutely obligatory." Bede died in the year 735. And Kaplan loves this alliterative line from the 14th-century poem *The Vision of Piers Plowman*: "A fair field full of folk found I there." As he says, "It's a matter of taste. You can't really justify what you put in a book like this."

Kaplan's nominations for best-known modern quotations? In the 1970s, he votes for Andy Warhol's "In

PREVIA

Tell that to your kid. Chances are, in the Toyota Previa, it's an assigned seat he won't mind taking.

Nor would his brothers and sisters, or Mom and Dad. Because the Previa seats a family of seven* comfortably with plenty of breathing room in any seat. While walk-through center aisles make it easy for the entire clan to hop in and out.

The Previa also has a load of acreage for skis, bicycles, or even a dog house. Just fold up the two rear seats and presto—instant wall-to-wall space.

Up front, the contoured instrument panel complements the unique interior design of the Previa. Its sculpted center console provides easy access to the optional CD player—a nine-speaker system that assures superlative sound quality, wherever you sit.

As you can see, the Previa was built with one objective in mind. Your family's comfort.

So the next time your kids tell you they need some space, give it to 'em.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

YOU ARE IN ROW 3, SEAT C.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer.
*Seven-passenger seating includes third row split folding seats, standard on Previa LE models; optional on other Previa models. Shown with optional Captain's Chairs, available on Previa LE models only. Get More From Life... Buckle Up! © 1990 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

Gloria Steinem (left) and her sister feminist Betty Friedan ignored invitations to suggest quotes from their own writings or to nominate the work of other authors involved in the women's movement.

the future, everyone will be world-famous for fifteen minutes." In the 1980s, his choice is "The opera ain't over till the fat lady sings." Not to be confused with Yogi Berra's "It ain't over till it's over," this quotation was traced to a sportswriter for a Texas newspaper, but then Kaplan took it a step further. It derives from Southern proverbial lore in a slightly different form: "Church ain't out till the fat lady sings."

As for great modern quoters, Kaplan says Ronald Reagan is hard to top. In a speech at the New York Public Library, Kaplan made the following comment on our former President's shrewd use of quotations: "I think I'm on safe ground in telling you that Ronald Reagan, the Great Communicator, was no Demosthenes. Nevertheless, it's difficult to think of another recent public figure who used quotations and allusions as effectively and as memorably as [he] did. Think of 'Go ahead, make my day,' 'Win one for the Gipper,' 'Where can I find men like that?' And 'Evil Empire,' which is a phrase that he picked up from the movie *Star Wars* in an address to a convention of Fundamentalist clergymen, and it stuck. But when the press soon after that labeled Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative 'Star Wars,' he said, 'You can't do that. This is serious stuff, it's not a movie.' "

In theory, Kaplan has finished with the manuscript. He has handed in to Little, Brown all his deletions and a complete set of his fat red notebooks crammed with new quotations. He now has more time to play Scrabble with his wife, who is a whiz at the game ("But sometimes I win"). They also photocopy the daily crossword puzzle from the *New York Times* so they can both do it—"We pretend it isn't a race," Anne says. With their three daughters grown and living elsewhere, Kaplan also has time to train their Cairn terrier puppy, Sadie. This project is going poorly. Kaplan is using up a lot of Tabasco to prevent Sadie from gnawing the legs of furniture, but you can't put Tabasco on couch cushions.

Since the new *Bartlett's* began going to the typesetter only in mid-March, for publication in the fall of 1992, the quotation door has remained open, and Kaplan has continued to shove new items through that door. (As of now, though, he's out of time.) In the letters column of the *New York Times* he recently encountered a quote attributed to the Czech novel *The Good Soldier Schweik*. Schweik agrees to meet a friend after the war is over: "After the war, then, at six in the evening." Kaplan wasn't able to verify it in time to meet deadlines. He also has to stay with the book through the proofreading stage until it finally goes to press. "There are a lot of teeny-weeny details that have to be handled. We're vigilant to the very end."

At Little, Brown headquarters on Beacon Street in Boston, a completely different operation is taking place. There Betsy Pitha, former manager of the copyediting department, is now consumed by *Bartlett's* as a special project. She and her assistant, Kate Schwartz,

Ralph Graves, former Editorial Director of Time Inc., is the author of the novels August People *and* Share of Honor, *and a longtime* Bartlett's *reader.*

WINGS OF GLORY

A historic sculpture in solid hot-cast bronze.

The preeminent artist Ronald Van Ruyckevelt honors the majesty of nature.

Shown smaller than actual size of 11½" tall. Wingspread 7" across.

Slicing the wind with its awesome strength and speed, a glorious Bald Eagle leaps skyward—determined to triumph despite all the forces that threaten its existence.

Crafted of solid hot-cast bronze, hand-rubbed to a fine patina and signed in the mould, this is the *first* bronze wildlife sculpture by Ronald Van Ruyckevelt, whose porcelain sculptures of majestic birds are prized around the world.

Just $195, payable in monthly installments.

THE TIMELESS SYMBOL OF OUR NATION'S IDEALS.

COMMISSION AUTHORIZATION

Please mail by August 31, 1991.

The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my commission for "Wings of Glory" by Ronald Van Ruyckevelt, to be individually crafted for me in imported hot-cast bronze.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed for my deposit of $39.* when this magnificent work of art is ready to be sent to me and for the balance, after shipment, in four equal monthly installments of $39.*

**Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $3 for shipping and handling*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL COMMISSIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

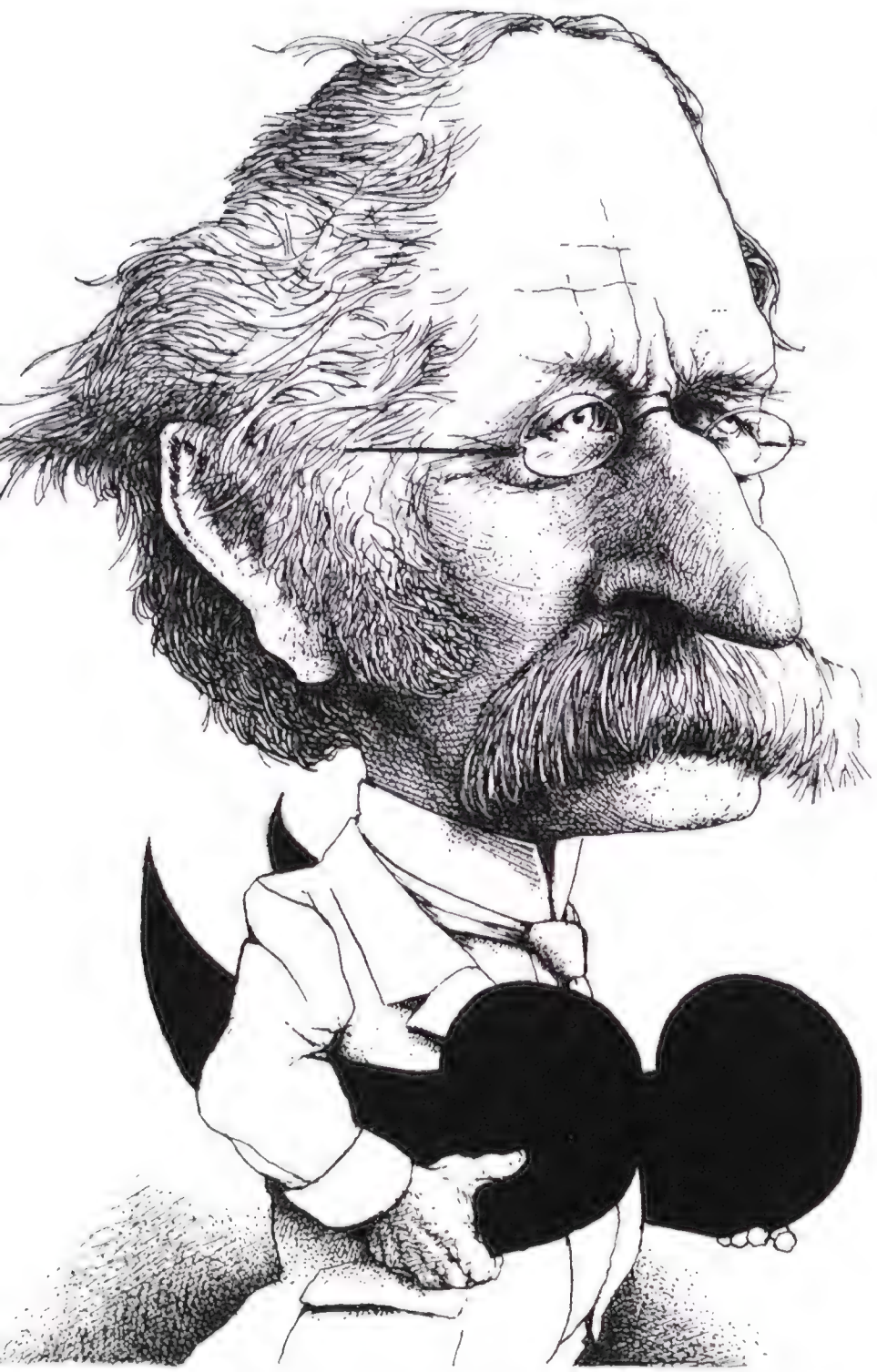
CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

*991 FM 14406-3

30 DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.



John Bartlett was a bookstore owner in Massachusetts when he issued his first collection of quotes in 1855.

are copyediting the new quotations, checking the footnotes and cross-references, and making sure each new quotation drops into the right place.

And very especially, Pitha is creating the new index. The 15th edition of *Bartlett's* had 600 pages of index, and there is no reason to think the 16th edition will have one whit fewer. "The idea," Pitha says, "is to put in any key word that anyone could conceivably come upon. 'To err is human, to forgive divine' is listed four times, under *err*, *human*, *forgive* and *divine*." So is the last line of Tennyson's *Ulysses*, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," which can be found under *strive*, *seek*, *find* and *yield*. Kaplan has added a new biblical quote, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Pitha will index it under *muzzle*, *ox*, *treadeth* and *corn*. Any reader of the 16th edition who thinketh of the word *treadeth* will be able to find this quotation.

Happily, the 15th edition, both quotations and index, is in a computer base. When Justin Kaplan deletes some "withered flower of poesy," the *Bartlett's* compositor can type the code for that particular quotation into the computer, strike the delete key and the quotation will disappear, along with all the index lines that referred to it. It was not like that in the olden days, when everything had to be done by hand.

The first edition—just 169 authors

The olden days. They are quite olden, although not so ancient as the Venerable Bede. John Bartlett, the proprietor of the University Book Store in Cambridge, published his first book of quotations in 1855. It was a relatively modest volume, about the size of one of today's paperbacks, with a mere 258 pages quoting just 169 authors, Shakespeare and the Bible taking up a third of the text. (The tradition endures: today there are approximately 2,000 quotes from Shakespeare and 1,500 from the Bible.)

An old photograph of John Bartlett shows a distinguished gentleman, very formally dressed and sporting tiny metal-rimmed spectacles and a giant walrus mustache. He looks like the kind of man with whom you would enjoy spending a cultural evening, while he did most of the talking. His book was an immediate success, and nine editions appeared before he died in 1905. In 1863, just in time for the 4th edition, Little, Brown had the foresight and business acumen to take both him and his little gold mine into the firm (no royalties!). The book has stayed there ever since. The 15th edition alone has sold more than half a million copies at $24.95, and the 16th edition should do at least as well, this time at a price of about $40 (still no royalties).

There are, of course, many other books of quotations. Kaplan thinks the best—after *Bartlett's*—is the

Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, but the New York Public Library has a thousand different quotation books, many of them highly specialized. *Bartlett's* has, however, no serious rival in America.

Everyone concerned, from Kaplan on down (including his daughter Hester, a writer and freelance researcher), takes enormous pains to insure that every word in the book will be accurate. The only place where accuracy collapses is in the title itself, *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*. Mr. Bartlett, of course, has no more to do with this edition than Mr. Webster has to do with the current dictionary. And only about 60 percent of the book consists of actual quotations. The rest is index, list of authors, and various bits of "front matter," such as a preface and a guide to usage.

But the truly inaccurate word is *Familiar*. In a recent experiment, a man who majored in English literature and who reads 40 to 50 books a year, including some poetry, took a random sampling of 1,000 quotations from the 15th edition. Only 280 were familiar. This does not bother Justin Kaplan in the least. "*Familiarity*," he says, "is a very difficult word to define. It can mean anything you want it to mean. It can mean genuinely familiar, or it can mean something that the editor quixotically thinks ought to be familiar, or ought to be preserved, or that might conceivably be of use to someone using a quotation book. And there's another category: an editor can make a quote familiar by putting it in a book of familiar quotations."

But then he smiles as he admits, "I think the whole *Bartlett's* use of the word *familiar* was sort of a mistake to begin with. But you've got to live with it."

Kaplan regrets omitting master ad-libber Groucho Marx's answer to a woman who told him she had nine kids because she liked children: "I like a cigar, too, but every once in a while I take it out of my mouth."

BRITTANY HAIFA LAHAINA WATERFORD BALI NICE SYDNEY TANGIER JUNEAU LENINGRAD NAWILIWILI LISBON VANCOUVER LIVORNO

After discussing world affairs, why not step into the world of music? Classical? Jazz? Or perhaps, the sound of Broadway, far from the traffic and crowds.

As far as we know, ours is the only university campus in the world with highly lauded cuisine, European staff and leisurely open seat dining.

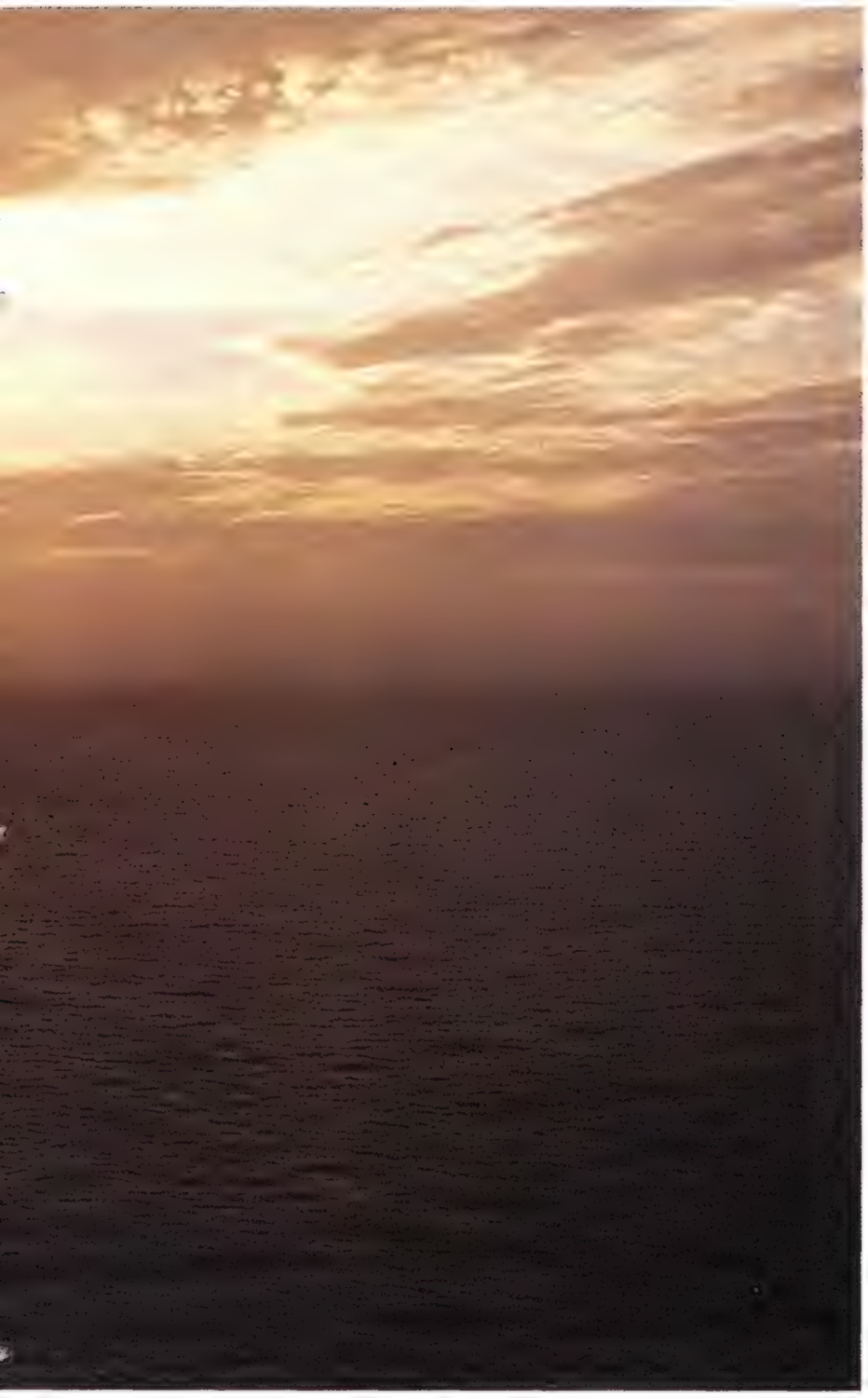
SEOUL CORFU STOCKHOLM AUCKLAND SYDNEY DUBLIN VENICE VILLEFRANCHE HALIFAX SAN FRANCISCO ACAPULCO BARCELONA AMSTERDAM ISTANBUL WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR

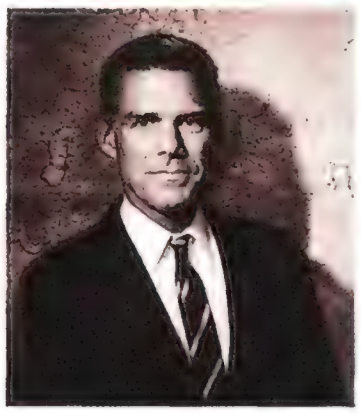
The Georgetown School Of Foreign Service Has Just Been Expanded By 140 Million Square Miles.

PLAYA DEL CARMEN NAPLES MANILA KETCHIKAN LAS PALMAS OCHO RIOS MELBOURNE PUERTO VALLARTA SHANGHAI CARTAGENA BRI

Bahamian Registry

Take part in a discussion of art or wine on board, then visit the Louvre or Chateau Lafite Rothschild to see and taste for yourself.





Peter F. Krogh, Dean of the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, and originator of the Royal Viking World Affairs Program.

The worldwide routes and ports of call chosen by Royal Viking Line have always been considered stunning and exotic. Lately, however, we've found a way to imbue them with a greater dimension of richness.

Welcome to Royal Viking Line's World Affairs Program, a pioneer series offered with the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University, widely appreciated as the premiere institution in the field.

Many of our 1992 sailings will include distinguished experts on board. Thus, as the tableau of New Zealand's alpine peaks and soft green meadows slips by, you might be drawn into a discussion of the influence of landscape on Maori art. Or you could attend a lecture on the possibilities of a United States of Europe on our way to Expo '92 in Seville.

The program is elective. So, if you complete it, you'll receive the official Certificate of Merit bearing the Georgetown seal. Though if you prefer to engage in our other non-academic activities (and gracious inactivities, let's not forget), who'll be the wiser?

ROYAL VIKING LINE
THE WORLD'S FINEST

All universities should be so broad-minded.

Please dial your travel professional or (800) 426-0821 for more information. As always, we look forward to seeing you on board.

© 1991 Royal Viking Line

George Silk

In a 1962 *Life* magazine picture, the offensive unit of Lombardi title team parodied photograph of 1880s Ivy League squad. Keeping straight faces were: in front, guards Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer; second row, halfback Paul Hornung, center Jim Ringo and quarterback Bart Starr; third row, tackles Bob Skoronski, Forrest Gregg, receivers Boyd Dowler, Max McGee; top, end Ron Kramer, fullback Jim Taylor.

By Jim Doherty

In chilly Green Bay, Curly's old team is still packing them in

Before Vince Lombardi took football's most unusual franchise to new heights in the 1960s, Curly Lambeau got it off the ground

It was just another wintry day in Wisconsin when Green Bay Packer fans filled Lambeau Field for a game last December against the Detroit Lions. Ski masks provided some protection against 30-below windchill.

Try picturing in your mind's eye the ideal all-Midwestern city and chances are you'll end up with something along the lines of Green Bay, Wisconsin. Surrounded by rolling farmland and brushy forests, Green Bay and its several suburbs nestle beside Lake Michigan at a point where the Fox River spills into the sparkling inlet from which the city takes its name. Its population is a little more than 95,000. Unlike most communities of that size, Green Bay is famous—not for its lovely parks, fine schools and busy port facilities, but because it's the home of the Green Bay Packers, one of the oldest teams in the National Football League (NFL) and the most unusual franchise in all of professional sport.

Naturally the people who live in Green Bay are proud of the Packers, but they are given to expressing their enthusiasm in refreshingly down-to-earth ways. If, for example, you drop by the practice field on South Oneida Street later this month, you will see a crowd of several hundred fans watching the squad work out. Afterward, as the players head across the street toward the stadium locker room, a curious spectacle unfolds. The team is besieged by an army of youngsters volunteering the use of their bicycles. One by one the sweaty giants wobble off, legs akimbo, while the kids trot along beside them carrying their helmets.

Recently, a shy, ponytailed girl made so bold as to

Color photographs by John Livzey

offer the grizzled lineman of her choice not a bike but a Day-Glo-orange scooter. He looked at it, scowled and muttered, "Killer!" Then he handed her his helmet and swung aboard. A bystander from Syracuse, New York, who witnessed the exchange shook her head in wonderment and remarked to her husband: "Only in Green Bay."

She had it right. Football is, and always has been, more than a game in Green Bay. The Packers aren't just the "pro team with the college spirit," as the sportswriters like to put it; they're an institution, the heart and soul of a community that extends well outside Green Bay to the farthest reaches of the Badger State, and beyond. They're also what you might call, for lack of a better term, a living artifact. As the last of the NFL's original town teams, they provide a unique window into the history of a pastime that many believe has supplanted baseball as the nation's favorite.

Less than a century ago, professional football was strictly a local proposition. There were hundreds of teams representing cities, towns, clubs and companies all over the East and Midwest. Scheduling was haphazard, crowds were sparse, the money was lousy and the contests often amounted to little more than brawls. From those beginnings, the sport has evolved into an enterprise employing 1,600 players and hundreds of other people, and entertaining on a typical Sunday a nationwide television audience of more than 75 million. The players are bigger, faster, stronger. The offenses and defenses are so complicated it takes a rocket scientist to figure them out. No matter how you look at it, it's a whole new ball game.

Except for one thing: the Packers. They're the sole surviving link between the big-time football organizations of today and the wacky sandlot clubs of the past. Consider. Of the 28 franchises in the NFL, 27 are located in major metropolitan areas, owned by private individuals or groups, and operated as profit-making enterprises. Only the Packers, situated in the middle of America's dairyland, are owned by their fans and run on a strictly nonprofit basis. The purpose of that extraordinary arrangement is simple: to make sure Green

Canny Red Dunn quarterbacked the Packers' first championship teams.

Johnny Blood was spectacular halfback (and cutup) from 1928 through 1936.

Dashing Lambeau excelled as a player and a coach.

Bay's cherished team stays right there in the place where it was born.

Vincent Thomas Lombardi, the individual most people automatically associate with the Packers, was not present at the creation. Earl Louis (Curly) Lambeau was. Lombardi was the gruff New Yorker who transformed Green Bay into the football powerhouse of the 1960s. But it was Lambeau, a Green Bay native, who founded the Packers back when the play-for-pay hotbeds were places like Decatur, Illinois, and Pottsville, Pennsylvania. He coached the team, played on it, got it into the NFL and forged it into a dynasty that dominated the league for the better part of three decades.

In the period that is sometimes referred to as the golden age of sport, Curly Lambeau was a bona fide big shot—one of the resourceful stalwarts who willed major-league football into existence. He won more than twice as many games as Lombardi and one more NFL championship (six in all). He pioneered the passing game and assembled many of the finest athletes ever to perform on what used to be called the gridiron. Seven of Curly's players are enshrined with him in the National Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, including Johnny Blood, the hell-raising "Vagabond Halfback"; Clarke Hinkle, the kamikaze fullback whose collisions with the Chicago Bears' Bronko Nagurski were felt round the league; and Don Hutson, one of the premier receivers of all time.

It's unlikely Lambeau's Packers could have outplayed today's teams, but they might have outlasted them, for those were the "iron man" days, when players stayed in a game for the full 60 minutes, or tried to. As rough as football is now, in some ways it was even rougher then. Crude padding (and not much of it) provided only a little protection. Some players used magazines as shin guards and didn't even bother with the flimsy contraptions that served as helmets. There were no huddles and few restraints on unsportsmanlike conduct.

Although their teams and times were vastly different, Lambeau and Lombardi had a lot in common. Both men were strict disciplinarians and fiery perfectionists who nagged and bullied their players until they got what they wanted. Like Lombardi, Lambeau was a "spirit guy," as the rah-rah type was known in those days. He, too, insisted that winning is the only thing.

By the time Curly was born in 1898, Green Bay, Wisconsin's oldest settlement, had become a robust commercial center populated by enterprising immigrant folk from northern Europe. Accessible by railroad and ship, it brought forth paper mills, breweries and cheese makers. When Curly was in high school, the town had fewer than 30,000 residents, but it boasted a symphony orchestra, a splendid beach pavilion, streetlamps and even a small fleet of trolley cars.

Curly, smashingly handsome and so heroic on the playing field, was a celebrity. Later, as a freshman at Notre Dame, he played on Knute Rockne's first team in the same backfield with an all-American halfback named George Gipp. Back in Green Bay, he took a job at a meat-packing plant and got involved with the local

Verne Lewellen became a star punter and runner.

Legendary end Don Hutson set records, 1935-45, that stand today.

Clarke Hinkle was not a big back but he held his own with Bronko Nagurski.

A flashy dresser, Lambeau had great charm but a terrible temper. He was called "the Bellicose Belgian."

football team. On his way to work every morning, he would stop outside the home of the lovely Marguerite Van Kessel, his high school sweetheart, and throw a pebble against her bedroom window. Then they would talk until his ride came along. She thought he should go back to Notre Dame, but he wanted to stay in Green Bay and get married. Curly usually got what he wanted. They were married that summer.

Green Bay had fielded a football team off and on for years. Nothing much came of it until Curly was elected captain. He talked his boss at the Indian Packing Company into contributing $500 toward the purchase of uniforms and equipment. He presided over three practice sessions a week and taught the players some of what he had learned from Rockne. Besides serving as coach and captain, he was also the team's star. George Calhoun, a wily, cigar-chewing newspaperman, served as unofficial business manager, flack and adviser.

That first season, in 1919, the newly named Packers played 11 teams from other towns in Wisconsin and Michigan. They won ten straight games before losing to the Beloit Fairies, 6 to 0, in a contest the Packers claimed was rigged. As for remuneration, a hat was passed at halftime during the games, and at the end of the season the players split up the proceeds—$16.75 apiece. Each man had to pay his own doctor bills.

Playing in a downtown park that was little more than a vacant field, the Packers did well their second season, too. They were exciting to watch. At a time when everyone else was crashing the line, Lambeau threw the ball (which looked more like a watermelon than the sleek spheroid we know today) three plays out of four. He would pass on first down or last, from his own end zone or the other team's 5-yard line. Opponents did not appreciate the new look. Passing was for sissies. When Curly started throwing the ball against an aggregation of miners in Upper Michigan one afternoon, he had to run for his life. "Those miners were *tough*," he would later recall.

In 1921, Lambeau persuaded his boss to buy a franchise in the year-old American Professional Football Association (APFA). It cost $50. Their first season in the league, the Packers more than held their own against the likes of George Halas' team, which was then the Decatur Staleys, and others from such locales as Canton, Ohio; Evansville, Indiana; and Rock Island, Illinois. Curly got into trouble, however, for playing college students under assumed names. The Packers' franchise was revoked. Lambeau apologized and applied for a new one with $250 he borrowed from a friend. Once again Curly got what he wanted.

By then the APFA had become the NFL; Halas had renamed his team the Bears and moved to Chicago, and Lambeau realized he could no longer rely on local players. He began spending more and more time on the road, scouting. He had, it turned out, an uncanny eye for talent and a knack for convincing prospects that Green Bay was a terrific place to play football, and never mind the winters. One of his first out-of-state superstars was Verne Lewellen, a rangy, deadpan halfback and punter from Nebraska who aspired to become a lawyer and eventually did. Lambeau also signed up two former Marquette University players, Lavvie Dilweg, an indefatigable end who was likewise destined for a career in law, and Red Dunn, a small but gritty quarterback. There was a hint of things to come when the yokels from Wisconsin went up against Tim Mara's vaunted Giants on their first trip to the Polo Grounds in New York. Score: Yokels 7, Giants zip.

After Lambeau shrewdly acquired Johnny Blood and several other blue-chip veterans, there was no stopping the freewheeling roisterers from the Northland. With Dunn pitching bombs to Blood, Dilweg and Lewellen, the Packers surged to championships in

When the author was growing up in Wisconsin, his favorite Packers were quarterback Tobin Rote, end Bobby Mann and back Floyd (Breezy) Reid.

1929, '30 and '31, and barely missed in '32. Then, with Arnie Herber and Cecil Isbell throwing, Hutson catching, and Hinkle and Tony Canadeo running, they did it again, winning three division titles and three more NFL championships in a nine-year stretch. The folks back home were seized by a prolonged spasm of crazed devotion: torchlight celebrations, parades, the works.

Curly Lambeau could do no wrong. He was the dapper, exuberant genius who had given the league a shot in the arm by turning the improbable Packers into a tremendous attraction at the gate. Everywhere he went, people wanted to meet him or buy him a drink. He acquired a reputation as a ladies' man. He began using a cigarette holder.

If the press and public loved him, his players most assuredly did not. Lambeau was notorious for his temper. After a win, it was drinks all around. "The lid's off, boys," he would announce, "but stay out of jail." After a defeat, he was inconsolable; on the road, he would lock himself in his train compartment and seethe. During one game when he was still playing as well as coaching, his linemen finally got fed up with his tantrums. "Let's open the gates on Curly, fellows," said Cal Hubbard, an immense tackle who later became a major-league baseball umpire. When the ball was snapped, the Packer blockers stepped aside and the enemy tacklers hammered Lambeau into the turf.

One player Lambeau could never control—and he tried everything—was Blood, an epic carouser and flamboyant eccentric who has been called the most colorful character the NFL ever produced. A slashing runner and acrobatic pass catcher, he was the quintessential tramp athlete of the 1920s and '30s. Blood was a rich kid from a small town in western Wisconsin who didn't give a damn about anything but seemed to know something about everything. He recited Keats and Shakespeare, tended bar and rode the rails like a hobo. His real name was McNally. He changed it after he saw the title of a Rudolph Valentino film, *Blood and Sand*, on a marquee. He made $100 a week playing for Green Bay, not bad money then, and spent it on fast women, booze and dirty books; he was always broke. When he was through with football, he taught college economics and ran unsuccessfully for sheriff in St. Croix County on a platform of "honest wrestling."

Lambeau never knew what Blood would do in a game, and Blood didn't either. Curly would tell him to run the ball. Instead, Blood would order up a pass and catch it for a touchdown. Once Red Dunn tossed him a lateral, and Blood took it 50 yards for a score. It was too easy. Later Dunn called the same play. Blood hesitated with the ball, laughed and lateraled back to the flabbergasted quarterback.

Blood's extracurricular stunts were even crazier. When Lavvie Dilweg chased him down the aisle of a speeding train, Blood escaped by climbing atop the

Lombardi, a ferocious competitor, was all grins when his players lifted him to their shoulders after the Packers whipped the New York Giants in 1961 to earn the first of their five world titles under Coach Lombardi.

Lavvie Dilweg (left) was a Packer end, 1927-34, who excelled in defense. When his pro football days were over, he became a lawyer and then a Congressman. Grandson Anthony Dilweg (above) plays for Packers today.

caboose and scrambling along the lurching cars to the engine, where he spent the rest of the trip chatting with the crew. After a game in New York, when the hotel was slow in delivering ice to his room, he put on a suit and tie, left the building and returned an hour later, hauling a 100-pound block of ice through the lobby. Then there was the time the Packers were staying in a Los Angeles hostelry and Lambeau turned down Blood's request for an advance. Curly went up to his room on the eighth floor where, a few moments later, Blood presented himself outside the window. He had landed there after jumping across a six-foot air shaft from a ledge opposite Curly's room. Lambeau blanched, pulled Blood in, handed him a wad of bills and told him to get lost.

Unfortunately, life was not just one antic trip after another for Lambeau and his Packers. Not until the NFL started negotiating its lucrative television contracts in the late 1960s, in fact, did the team finally achieve financial stability. It survived until then because Green Bay wanted it to survive. When bad weather and poor attendance created a crisis in the 1920s, for example, a group of businessmen came to the rescue with a novel idea: make the club a nonprofit corporation and sell "stock" locally to keep it afloat. Plagued by debts in the '30s, the club went into receivership; backers again came to the rescue. After bankruptcy threatened in the late '40s, it took an old-timers' benefit game and a statewide stock sale to keep the wolf from the door. By then, however, Lambeau's own stock had begun to plummet.

The feeling in Green Bay was that Curly had gotten too big for his britches. He had "gone Hollywood," as the locals put it, and after allowing him free rein for nearly three decades, the Packers' directors began to look over his shoulder. They questioned his expenses, which by Green Bay standards seemed extravagant. They questioned his management style and even challenged his football judgment. They set up committees to oversee his work.

Lambeau had brought much of the trouble on himself. He was arrogant, he was spending less time scouting and less time in Green Bay, and he was always squabbling. Perhaps he had outgrown his hometown. Or maybe his need to dominate everyone and everything had led finally, inevitably, to his alienation.

He had alienated himself from Marguerite years earlier. She was a dutiful wife, as Curly and the times dictated, but he changed, and there were certain indiscretions up with which she would not put. As part of the divorce settlement, she kept their house. She got a job at a local department store, worked her way up the ladder and created a life for herself and their son, Don.

Curly became enamored of the good life in California, where he bought a home and a ranch. He remarried twice, both times to women the people in Green Bay called "starlet types," and was divorced twice again. His relations with his players worsened after World War II; many of them were returning servicemen who resented his lip. But the last straw came when he tried to engineer what amounted to a takeover of the Packer board. For once Curly did not get what

he wanted, and soon there came a parting of the ways.

With Lambeau gone, the Packers established a new tradition at Green Bay: losing. In 1958, they won just one game, and with that the stage was set for Lombardi. In his second season, Green Bay took the Western Division title. The year after that, it won the first of Lombardi's five NFL championships. Once again joy reigned supreme in Packerland.

"I am in complete command here"

It was not, however, unmitigated joy. If the Packers thought Lambeau had been high-handed, Lombardi taught them some new lessons in the meaning of the word. The day he arrived he informed the board of directors, "I want it understood that I am in complete command here," and from then on he was. "He treated us all alike," explained the hulking tackle Henry Jordan, "like dogs." (Another memorable Jordan line was, "When he says sit down, I don't even look for a chair.") Townsfolk still relish the story about the time Lombardi got home late from practice one night and slipped into bed beside his wife, Marie, who exclaimed, "God, your feet are cold!" "Marie," Lombardi replied, "you can call me Vincent when we're alone."

As Lambeau's teams had done several decades earlier, Lombardi and his men established a new standard of excellence. Even today the mere mention of the players he molded into greatness—Bart Starr, Paul Hornung, Jim Taylor, Boyd Dowler, Max McGee, Willie Wood, Herb Adderley and the rest—is sufficient to evoke something close to reverence not only in Wisconsin but also all over the country.

Lambeau, who attended the Packers' home games right up until his death from a heart attack in 1965, would be astonished if he could see his team today. Green Bay is having its ups and downs on the field, but the franchise that cost $50 in 1921 is now worth more than $125 million. Last year, the club received $25 million in television revenues and reported an overall "profit" (which must either be put in the bank or reinvested in the team) of around $2 million. The organization is managed not by an all-powerful czar but by a complement of executives (mostly from Wisconsin) and coaches quartered in a two-story office building next to the stadium. It's a sturdy operation that, as Packer board chairman Judge Robert Parins puts it, "can deal with the enormous complexities involved in running a professional football team. This year, next year and well into the future." The trick will be to continue doing that without losing the common touch that has made the team so much a part of the community.

In the beginning, of course, the Packers *were* the community. Tubby Bero, one of Lambeau's originals,

Marguerite Lambeau still lives in the same house she shared with Curly. It was built by his father, Marcel.

Board members cheering the team on are, from left, Jerry Atkinson, Tony Canadeo, Judge Robert Parins.

Ex-guard Fuzzy Thurston, still wearing number 63, greets customers at his tavern in downtown Green Bay.

Defensive back Ron Pitts, whose father, Elijah, carried the ball for Lombardi, signs autographs for his fans.

became chief of police; Dave Zuidmulder, a fireman. When many of the players lodged at the old Beaumont and Astor hotels downtown, they used to hang out in the same stores, restaurants and movie houses everyone else patronized. If Blood or Hinkle broke curfew at a tavern the night before a big game, Lambeau might get four or five phone calls at home.

Jim Ford, who hosted radio and television programs for years as "the Packer trivia king," remembers how the team used to run newspaper ads soliciting drivers and cars for road games. Volunteers would pick up the Packers at the hotels and take them to Milwaukee, or wherever. "When they got back, they would drive around town honking their horns," Ford says, "so their friends would see them with the players."

For a long time, people thought nothing of inviting the Packers to their homes for dinner or a swim. "They *adopted* us," says Bob Long, a receiver during the Lombardi years. Gary Knafelc, another receiver, was with the team both before and after Lombardi took over. Even when the Packers were terrible, he says, the fans were good. Once a mob carried him off the field after he caught a touchdown pass for a rare win. "This kid reached up and put something in my hand," he recalls. "I didn't realize what it was until I got to the locker room. He had given me 50 cents."

Green Bay has grown since then, and so have players' salaries. A receiver like Sterling Sharpe makes more per catch than Knafelc or Long made in a season. Sharpe and his teammates don't have to live in a hotel, eat at the YMCA or work at off-season jobs to make ends meet, and they are less likely than were their predecessors to end up working in Green Bay when their football days are over. But if the players aren't as chummy as they used to be, it doesn't make any difference. Packermania is as rampant as ever.

Some symptoms: all home games are sold-out (have been for years) and season tickets are passed on from one generation to the next like family heirlooms. Football weekends in town (the team also plays several games each season in Milwaukee) still begin, typically, on Thursday night, when revelers start arriving from all over. They end on Monday morning, when cleanup begins outside the huge green-and-gold stadium, which is surrounded on three sides by leafy residential neighborhoods. Nearly every tavern, filling station, store, motel and other business establishment prominently displays a team schedule, not to mention a seemingly infinite variety of other Packer paraphernalia. Some two dozen area businesses incorporate the Packer name into their own (e.g., Packer Realty, Packerland Glass Products Company), and Sam Halloin, the city's genial white-haired mayor, displays a replica of the Packer helmet on his business cards and stationery. The helmet is also emblazoned on the official city flag, along with a wedge of cheese, a roll of paper and a ship.

Does Titletown USA, as Green Bay was dubbed in the 1960s, still exhibit that old small-town feeling? Look at it this way. If you visit New York or Chicago or Los Angeles or some other NFL city, your chances of seeing a professional football player are zilch. If you're in Green Bay this month, you'll see Packers—maybe Sterling Sharpe tooling around town in his snazzy white car, maybe guard Billy Ard standing in line at a supermarket checkout ("I like it here, but sometimes you feel like you're living in a fishbowl," he says), maybe safety Mark Murphy signing autographs in the stadium parking lot after practice. Don't be surprised if you also encounter some or all of the following:

- Lindy Infante. He's the coach now. You might catch him strolling across the campus of St. Norbert College, in nearby West De Pere, the Packers' home base during training camp. If you wave and say "Hi, Coach," he'll give you a big smile and wave back.
- Ray Nitschke, Ron Kostelnik and Fuzzy Thurston. They're ex-Packers who, along with Knafelc, Long, Canadeo and a bunch of others, live in the Green Bay area or not far away. There are a lot of big guys in Green Bay. The ex-Packers are the ones who limp.
- Mike Cygan. He's a cop. He also works part-time for the Packers' equipment manager. Sometimes he directs traffic next to the practice field. He grew up with the Packers. He knows the players, the coaches, everyone. "This isn't just the biggest game in town," he'll tell you. "It's the *only* game in town and everybody wants to be a part of it."
- Paul Jungers. He works as an usher at the stadium. He got the job five years ago from his dad. His dad worked the same section on the 45-yard line with his

brother for 15 years. Paul hopes to pass it on to his son someday. Ask him about his special seat, a little stool with claws that grab on to the railing, and he'll tell you: "My dad built it."

• Vince Lombardi. He went to Washington, D.C. after the Packers won their second Super Bowl, and died shortly thereafter, but people still talk about him as if he'd never left. In some respects, he hasn't. Places in town are named after him, you can buy a sweatshirt with his face on it above the words "Saint Vince," and he's a powerful presence at the impressively refurbished Green Bay Packer Hall of Fame on Lombardi Avenue. "What in the hell's going on out there!" he bellows from the sidelines in a video presentation.

• Curly Lambeau. Although people don't talk much about him anymore, he, too, is an abiding presence at the hall of fame. The only thing in town that's named after him is the Packers' stadium but, hey, it's a pretty big thing.

• Marguerite Lambeau. You're likely to see her on the way to or from church. She's 92 but looks and acts 20 years younger. "Do you know what?" she asked two out-of-towners who stopped by her house not long ago. "That nice Anthony Dilweg wants to come over for a chat." She was referring to the Packers' young backup quarterback. "He wants to hear about his grandfather Lavvie."

Ah, yes. Only in Green Bay.

Reserve quarterback Blair Kiel pedals a boy's bike toward stadium locker room after a workout. Football has changed and Green Bay is changing, too, but the townsfolk are still committed to "their" Packers.

By Scott Thybony

Against all odds, Black Seminole won their freedom

From Florida to Texas, 19th-century black Indians used perseverance, courage and skill as weapons in a battle against slavery

Scouts Fay July (left) and William Shields, both born in Mexico, served U.S. Cavalry at Fort Clark, Texas.

Gravestones of Indian Scouts filled a clearing in the brush country of southwestern Texas. On some of the older ones, the words "Born in Florida" were carved beneath the names. The journey of these Black Seminole began in a land of slow-moving rivers, along the Apalachicola, the Suwannee and the Withlacoochee. It ended here, west of the dry Nueces River, not far from the Mexican border.

Each year descendants of the men who served as scouts for the U.S. Army gather at the cemetery to pay their respects. Folding chairs placed in the shade of a sweet-smelling huisache tree were filling with the early arrivals coming to this year's memorial service. All were African-Americans.

Before joining the others, Willie Warrior, 64 years old, walked between the rows of graves. Each headstone represented to him a page from the little-known history of his people, a band of black Indians who had escaped to Mexico to keep from being enslaved.

Dressed in a cowboy hat and boots—standard garb in these parts—Warrior wore the crossed-arrows insignia of the Seminole-Negro Indian Scouts pinned to his collar. "We were Indian," he said, explaining how the Black Seminole saw themselves. "It's like a white man who grows up in Mexico. He speaks their language, eats their food and thinks the way they do. He's Mexican; we're Indian."

As he passed his uncle's grave, Warrior remembered the times he had listened to the old scouts tell their stories at night, when the only light was the glow of a stovepipe. "Them suckers was tough," he said. He recounts the time when hostile Indians threw animal carcasses into the water holes to keep the scouts from tracking them across the desert. His uncle had to cover his mouth with a bandanna to keep from swallowing maggots. "Uncle Joe, you drink that dirty water?" asked a young Willie, unbelievingly. "You don't know how thirsty a man can get," the old scout answered. "You don't know what he'll do."

A cavalryman who had seen the Black Seminole in action called them the best trackers and Indian fighters ever engaged along the Mexican border. More than once these scouts followed the trail of raiding Indians for hundreds of miles across the desert, suffering extremes of heat and cold. They moved quickly, undetected by the enemy, and stayed in the field for months without support. Often outnumbered, they relied on surprise and bravado to defeat war parties of Apache and Comanche—among the best fighters in North America. Within an eight-year period of active campaigns against the Indians (from 1873 to 1881), Black Seminole scouts fought in 25 actions without a man killed or seriously wounded. Four of them received the Medal of Honor. Ironically, the same band of scouts that produced so many heroes once fought

Lily Mae and Louis Dimery visit the gravesite of his Indian Scout grandfather, John Shields (with wife in framed portrait). The Dimerys join other descendants at yearly memorial services held at scouts' cemetery.

Photographs by Robb Kendrick

At Seminole Day celebration, gravestones of Medal of Honor recipients flank local scout association flag.

Willie Warrior, whose uncle told him stories of Black Seminole feats, passes the oral history on to others.

against the Army in the Second Seminole War, the most costly Indian war in U.S. history.

At the cemetery, Willie Warrior paused for a moment before the grave of his relative John Ward. In 1875 Lt. John L. Bullis took Sergeant Ward and two other scouts to search for Comanche who were reportedly stealing horses from outlying ranches. A white officer highly regarded by the Seminole, Bullis commanded the scouts during the years they saw the most action. They discovered fresh tracks and followed the trail to the Pecos River, where they found 30 Comanche with a large herd of stolen horses. The officer and his men dismounted and crawled close enough to open fire.

The surprise attack threw the Comanche into confusion. "The scouts were firing from different angles to make it seem like there were more men," Warrior said, "but the Indians caught on." The Comanche began to encircle the scouts. The scouts reached their horses and rode clear of the attackers, but Bullis was cut off.

"His horse bolted," Warrior continued. "The Comanche were hollering and chomping down on them, but the scouts wouldn't leave Bullis. They thought the world of him. He was with them all the way—ate the same food, suffered just like they did."

The scouts turned around and charged back, under intense fire. Ward pulled Bullis up behind him on his horse. One bullet shattered Ward's carbine stock; another cut his rifle strap. The outnumbered scouts fought their way out a second time without losing a man. Sergeant Ward, Trumpeter Isaac Payne and Pvt. Pompey Factor received the Medal of Honor for extraordinary bravery under fire.

"It's just the type of people they were," said Texas Ranger Lee Roy Young jr., a Black Seminole related to many of the old scouts. "If the scouts had a job to do or a duty to accomplish, they would go out and do whatever was necessary at the risk of their own lives. You put them out on a battlefield and they didn't mind going out there, fighting. They were brave and fearsome." Young joined the Texas Rangers in 1988—the first black in the 168-year history of the force.

"It was all in a day's work," said Warrior, remembering how everyone took such stories for granted when he was a boy. "It's what they did to survive."

The survival of the Black Seminole has always hinged on daring moves and narrow escapes. It all began in the early 1800s, when many African descendants living outside the settlements of northern Florida

Scott Thybony followed one historical footnote to the next and ended up in West Texas doing the cakewalk with descendants of Florida's black Indians.

Black Indians respected leader Lt. John Bullis (above); saving his life won three scouts the Medal of Honor.

Texas Ranger Lee Roy Young jr. holds 1889 picture of scouts, including relatives Benjamin and John July.

had adopted an essentially Indian way of life. They recognized the authority of a local Seminole chief but lived in separate villages and fought under their own leaders. They were successful livestock herders and farmed their land communally like the Indians. Daily life revolved around the family. "We do not live for ourselves only," wrote a leader of the black Indians to an American general, "but for our wives and children, who are as dear to us as those of any other men."

Few soldiers or government officials had a clear understanding of the black Indians. Confusion over whether they were a free people or slaves remained a source of conflict until slavery itself was abolished.

A Black Seminole village contained both freemen and those whom the Indians claimed as slaves. Many of the Seminole blacks were former slaves from plantations in Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. Some had run away, others had been captured in battle or purchased by Seminole chiefs. One estimate put the number of Black Seminole at 1,400, but only 200 of these were claimed as slaves by the Indians.

Even those considered to be slaves were treated like members of the family, their Seminole owners refusing to sell them if the blacks were unwilling. Slaves lived much like their masters; they carried arms and grew their own food. "The negroes of the Seminole Indians are wholly independent. . . ." wrote an Indian agent, "and are slaves but in name."

This unusually mild form of slavery alarmed white slave owners. They saw the Black Seminole villages of northern Florida as a temptation to their own slaves and as a refuge for runaways. They wanted the villages destroyed and the black Indians returned to slavery. But the desire for freedom was too strong for the Black Seminole; they would never return without a fight.

The conflicts called the Second Seminole War occurred between 1835 and 1842, when the U.S. Army tried to break up Seminole villages and move in more white settlers. But the Indians and the blacks refused to move, and the hostilities proved deadly.

Stories abound of the courage and bravery among the Indians. For two years the Army had fought a guerrilla war in the swamps against the Seminole and their black allies. Thomas S. Jesup, the general who was commanding the American forces, had grown frustrated by his inability to defeat the greatly outnumbered Indians. In 1837, disregarding the rules of war, he had his men seize several Seminole leaders when they came in to parley under a flag of truce.

The Seminole war leader Coacoochee, known to the soldiers as Wild Cat, was among those captured. In years to come, the fate of the Black Seminole would be

During the Second Seminole War the Army fought a seven-year battle against a determined adversary.

This illustration from an 1836 pamphlet was intended to inflame white passions against the black Indians.

closely tied to his. Wild Cat was the son of a prominent chief and had an arresting effect on those he met. Handsome and charismatic, he could both charm the ladies with a graceful bow and effectively ambush a column of soldiers.

Wild Cat shared a taste for fine clothes and whisky with fellow prisoner John Horse, a Black Seminole leader noted for his valor and intelligence. In war, John Horse was coolheaded and deadly accurate with a rifle, while Wild Cat had the unsettling habit of breaking into laughter in the heat of battle. Although darker skinned and taller than the Indians, John Horse dressed like a Seminole.

Sitting in a prison cell at Fort Marion, betrayed and cut off from their people, John Horse, Wild Cat and the 18 other prisoners of war knew they had only one course of action. After darkness fell, one of them climbed to a high window, using handholds chipped in the cell wall. He worked loose a bar and squeezed through the narrow opening; the others followed, leaving behind scraped skin on the rough stone. They descended a makeshift rope to the moat below and escaped into the night.

That dramatic breakout encouraged many Seminole to continue the war. Wild Cat quickly gathered his followers to renew the fighting, and less than a month later, he and other war chiefs led Indian and black warriors in a major battle some 200 miles to the south.

The Seminole fought with desperation, but only postponed the inevitable. As casualties mounted, many Seminole surrendered rather than face starvation. Most Black Seminole resistance ended in 1838 when John Horse gave up. Three years later, U.S. Cavalry soldiers captured Wild Cat. After seven years of fighting, the Second Seminole War ended with a cost to the United States of $40 million and the lives of 1,500 soldiers.

As the Army transported the black Indians up the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers to Indian Territory, many of the captives still considered themselves free. General Jesup had pledged freedom to all who surrendered and settled in what is now Oklahoma. Unfortunately, that promise was never written down. Agents hired by slave owners were waiting to make their claims when the Black Seminole arrived at Fort Gibson.

Creek Indians, old enemies of the Seminole, and slave hunters kidnapped the black Indians and sold them into slavery. The government itself ruled that despite the Army's promise, those who had been slaves before the Second Seminole War remained slaves. The military turned over nearly 300 blacks to the Indians who claimed them. Most of these black Indians settled together in the village of Wewoka, under the leadership of John Horse. Despite their official status as slaves, they kept their weapons and planned to defend themselves if necessary. "The negroes well know what to expect after being deprived of their arms," wrote General Arbuckle, commanding officer of Fort Gibson, "and they are not disposed to yield peaceably to any."

His words proved true when a party of 200 Creek attacked the Black Seminole town. Promised a bounty of $100 a head by slave hunters, they seized a number of men, women and children. This blatant kidnapping convinced many Black Seminole that the time had come to escape.

During this period of unrest, many of the Seminole Indians had grown as desperate as the blacks. They had been promised their own land when they surrendered. But when they arrived in Indian Territory they discovered their allotment was located in the Creek nation. Realizing that their old enemies now had the upper hand, Wild Cat decided to act. He believed that the best hope for his followers, Indian and black, was to find a new homeland in Mexico.

In the fall of 1849 the Seminole broke free and

began their great trek. The more than 200 blacks and Indians left word that they would kill anyone who tried to stop them. John Horse led the Black Seminole contingent under the overall command of Wild Cat. They had left without permission from either the Army or the Indian agent in charge. Their future was uncertain: the Creek might pursue them, Plains Indians might attack them or Mexicans might turn them away.

During the next nine months, scattered reports of their whereabouts drifted back to the settlements. The Seminole had been spotted on the Texas prairie; they were encamped for the winter near the Brazos River; they were seen west of the Nueces River. The authorities were anxious; the fugitive band was considered dangerous. According to one account, during the summer of 1850 a large party of mounted Indians, with sun flashing off their weapons, suddenly appeared at Eagle Pass on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. The white settlers feared an attack until they spotted women and children riding among the Indians.

The Black Seminole arrived on "all manners and sizes of animals," wrote Jane Cazneau, who witnessed the event, "mounted by all ages, sexes and sizes of negroes, piled to a most bewildering height, and among such a promiscuous assemblage of blankets, cooking utensils, and savage traps." All the men wore brightly colored turbans. Wild Cat appeared in fringed deerskin leggings, crescent-shaped silver disks and a beaded neck collar. Cazneau admired his "proud, inflexible self-reliance" and reflected that it might help the settlers if the United States would use the Seminole as Indian rangers to patrol the border. Twenty years later the Army would reach the same conclusion.

Chief Coacoochee, called Wild Cat, led Seminole and black Indians during Florida war, exile in Mexico.

Protection in exchange for land

The Seminole leaders met with the Mexican authorities, offering to bring peace to the border if they were given sanctuary. They asked for land to farm and tools for planting crops in exchange for their skills as warriors. The Mexicans realized the advantage of having a colony of armed, aggressive fighters willing to protect them against the "wild" Indians who were overrunning the region. They readily agreed to the request.

Late that night Wild Cat and John Horse sat on their horses, watching the band of exiles cross the Rio Grande. Years later, a Black Seminole woman remembered the scene she witnessed as a young girl. "It was dark and about de middle of de night, so dat we had to be a hurrin' to get through wit crossin'," Becky Simmons told anthropologist Laurence Foster in a 1935 interview. "But dem hours look like a ten years . . . I neber would forgit dat time. Chilluns about to cry out 'cause dey is sleepy and de oluns scared dat dey is going to start aballin' out before we can git ober."

Black Seminole leader, John Horse, joined Wild Cat in helping his people to escape their many enemies.

Those who had gone with John Horse and Wild Cat had found a refuge. But other groups of Black Seminole who followed were not so fortunate. Before the end of the year, slave hunters and Creek overtook one large party of refugees. Some of the blacks escaped, but most were captured. Comanche Indians massacred a smaller party, sparing only two young girls. The warriors used knives to scrape through the girls' skin into their flesh, mutilating them to see how deep their black color went.

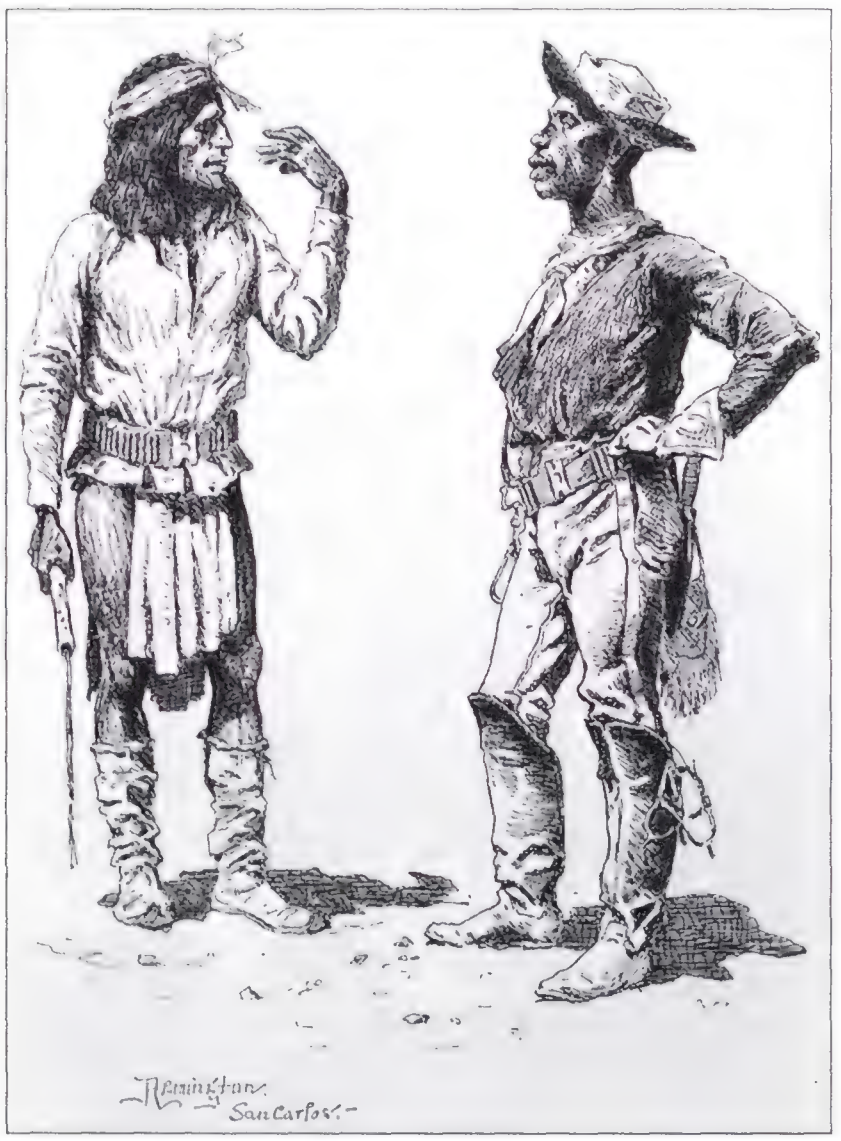
The Seminole who had escaped to Mexico settled near the Rio Grande. Over the years, many of their old customs slipped away. Seminole turbans gave way to campaign hats and cowboy garb. These people, whose villages once stood on hummocks in the Florida swamps, learned to build houses of sun-dried adobe in a land of little rain.

Using their colony as a base of operations, the exiles conducted dozens of military operations against hostile Indian tribes along the border. Within a few years, large areas had been made safe for settlement. But Indian raiders continued to be a threat to the Seminole colony, and like scavenging birds, slave hunters hovered nearby waiting for any opportunity. At a border-town fandango in 1852, a fight broke out and John Horse was shot. In the commotion, a slave trader handcuffed the wounded man and spirited him across the river to Texas. When word reached Wild Cat, he paid the $500 demanded to ransom his old friend. But as soon as the slaver counted the gold coins, he left town. The money was stained with blood—a clear warning.

Attempts to enslave the Seminole blacks continued to be serious. American mercenaries began making forays into Mexico. To discourage raids, the Seminole relocated farther south, building a new settlement at Nacimiento—unfortunately, still within striking distance. In 1855, a captain in the Texas Rangers named J. H. Callahan unofficially led a band of mercenaries on a slave raid into Mexico. With a force of more than 100 men he crossed the border at Eagle Pass; a smaller party headed directly for the Seminole village and rode straight into an ambush. Alerted by the Black Seminole, the Mexican forces were waiting. The Texans withdrew, setting fire to the border town of Piedras Negras as they escaped back across the river. After the dust had settled, Callahan was fired from the Texas Rangers for his role in the unauthorized expedition.

Less than two years later, Wild Cat was dead. He became sick after returning from a scouting expedition and never recovered. The great Seminole war leader died not in battle, but from smallpox. "We was all crying fur we done lost him," remembered a Black Seminole woman 70 years later. "He was so good."

After Wild Cat's death, the Seminole began to return to Indian Territory, where the tribe had been granted a separate reservation. With the threat of slavery still hanging over them, the Seminole blacks remained behind. John Horse refused to let his people fight in Mexico's chronic civil wars. "We are here," he said, "all living as in one house. When we came, fleeing slavery," he reminded them, "Mexicans spread out their arms to us."



Frederic Remington noted rapport between an Indian and a black U.S. cavalryman in *Sign Language*, 1888.

An opportunity for the exiles to return

With the end of the American Civil War and the abolishment of slavery, the Seminole blacks began looking for an opportunity to return to the United States. Based on interviews with surviving scouts in the 1930s, one chance came when a U.S. Army captain traveled to Mexico looking for help. The military needed men who knew the desert country, understood the ways of the Indians and spoke the border language. The officer guaranteed pay and rations for those who served as scouts. Many accepted the offer, and on July 4, 1870, a band of black Indians crossed the Rio Grande into Texas. The exiles had returned.

The exodus of the Black Seminole that began in Florida in the late 1830s ended in West Texas some 30 years later. Today, after more than a century has

Phyllis Robinson is living proof that NordicTrack can take weight off, and keep it off.

(And make you feel better about yourself than you have in years.)

Phyllis Robinson is all too familiar with the infamous "diet rollercoaster."

Over the span of 20 years she lost 1000 pounds, and gained 1042 back.

That was before she discovered NordicTrack.

Take weight off. Keep it off.

Diets alone don't work. The only sure way to take weight off and keep it off, is to incorporate regular aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack is the best way to get that exercise because it duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, the world's best aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack burns more calories in less time than any other exercise machine — up to 1,100 calories per hour, according to fitness experts.

And it's easy to use. Even if you've never cross-country skied.

NordicTrack. The time-efficient, total-body workout.

Unlike other aerobic exercisers, NordicTrack works all the major muscles in a smooth, natural way, and quickly elevates the heart rate to the fitness-building level.

It gives an effective upper-body, lower-body and cardiovascular workout in as little as 20 minutes a day, three times a week.

The closest thing you'll ever find to the fountain of youth.

NordicTrack provides other benefits as well.

Researchers are finding that it will retard the effects of aging — and actually reverse them to some degree.

By using NordicTrack regularly, you'll reduce your risk of cardiovascular disease, hypertension, diabetes and high cholesterol.

You'll also strengthen your bones and ligaments, which helps prevent stiffness, back pain, arthritis and osteoporosis.

And you'll improve your cardiovascular fitness — the key to maintaining the energy you need to do the things you love.

When you have your health, you have everything.

Improve the quality of your life. Call NordicTrack today.

NordicTrack®
A CML Company

"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser."™

Call or write for a FREE VIDEO & Brochure

1-800-328-5888 EXT 355H1

❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free videotape ❑ VHS ❑ Beta

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____

NordicTrack, Dept. #355H1,
141C Jonathan Blvd., N., Chaska, MN 55318

Gertrude Vasquez is one of the Indian Scouts' descendants who chose to remain in Mexico. After the cold-blooded murder of several scouts in Texas, some scouts followed Medal of Honor recipient Pompey Factor back to Nacimiento.

passed, their descendants still gather at the Seminole Indian Scouts Cemetery.

Willie Warrior joined his friends and relatives as the memorial service began. Miss Charles Emily Wilson, a Black Seminole in her late 70s, welcomed them, reminding them all that they had gathered to honor their fallen scouts. Many of those present once sat before her in a classroom in nearby Brackettville. Now retired, she taught for more than 40 years in a one-room schoolhouse for black children that was not fully desegregated until the early 1960s. Over the years she earned a master's degree in bilingual education, and the respect of the community.

After leading the group in singing a few spirituals, Miss Charles introduced Elder Curley Daniels. Surrounded by the graves of his own people, the 82-year-old churchman told the story of Ezekiel in the Valley of the Dry Bones. As the Old Testament prophet preached, Daniels told his listeners, the bones began to come to life. They were beginning to shake and move, but the prophet saw they were not breathing and called up a slow wind. At that precise moment during the sermon, a gust whipped across the cemetery.

"It's blowing on some of us now," cried Elder Daniels, clapping his hands. "Amen!" came a reply from the audience. The preacher gave a whoop and a shout of praise. "Hey, hey, hallelujah!" The wind unfurled a blue flag that bore the crossed-arrows insignia of the Seminole-Negro Indian Scouts. Warrior held his cowboy hat in his hand as he joined the others in singing a song of deliverance: "By and by when the morning come, / We will tell the story how we overcome, / And we'll understand it better by and by."

As the last notes of the old spiritual drifted across the mesquite thicket, the memorial-service audience began to break up. Willie Warrior climbed into his pickup; a rope and spurs hung from the gun rack. Other descendants piled into cars and trucks for the short drive to town, where the Seminole Day festivities were in full swing. Families were already gathered. The men were sitting at their domino boards; the women were setting out barbecue, tamales and empanadas. A blues tape played in the background.

This close-knit community of just a few hundred gets together twice a year: to honor its heritage on Seminole Day each fall, and in mid-June for Juneteenth, the day black Texans celebrate their emancipation. But Miss Charles emphasized that the Black Seminole observe the holiday only out of sympathy for "our brothers and sisters who were slaves." Her people had won their freedom long before.

As the others who attended the memorial service were leaving, Miss Charles walked into the graveyard, carrying yellow roses. "Everybody here is kin or cousin," Miss Charles said. Many once lived at the old Seminole camp along Las Moras Creek at nearby Fort Clark, now a retirement community. Miss Charles is one of the few left who was born in the old village. Life was happy there, she remembered. "They used the creek for everything. They'd wash clothes in the creek, bathe in it, swim in it. They used plants as medicine—cures for whatever complaints you had."

BM

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

With audio and video recordings by SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™— professors most admired by America's students.
Produced in cooperation with THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION Resident Associate Program.

A new venture, The Teaching Company, is searching America's leading colleges and universities for SuperStar Teachers™ — professors whose lecture courses are rated highest by the students themselves in independent course evaluation guidebooks — and recording their lectures for a wider audience.

In cooperation with The Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program, top-rated professors thus identified are being brought to Washington, D.C., where their famous lecture courses are delivered before rapt audiences and recorded in audio and video for the enjoyment of present and future generations everywhere.

Each taped lecture series is a condensed eight-lecture version of the professor's one-semester course in the subject. A copy of each recorded lecture is being donated to the Smithsonian Archives.

Audience reactions at the taping sessions have been ecstatic. Written evaluations included comments like, *"I didn't want it to end!"* and *"Had me on the edge of my seat!"*

Noted by Wall Street Journal: When *The Wall Street Journal* takes note of what a company is doing, that's news! And that's what happened in the April 16, 1991 issue, when *The Journal* ran a long story about us headed, "Tapes Take Top Teachers into Homes."

Here are the first courses now available — in audio, video, or both, as noted — for enjoyment in your living room or car, or with earphones while exercising, commuting, or taking your daily walk.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND: AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. One of Yale University's most dynamic and popular teachers uses enthusiasm, wit, and provocative examples to teach you how psychology governs the way we live and how the mechanisms of the human brain help shape that psychology. *"The man is incredible..."* — Yale University Student Evaluations.
Course No. RP-1639. Audio or Video.

POWER OVER PEOPLE: CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY. Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Prof. of Political Science, Barnard College/Columbia University. The impact on the world of Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Hitler, and Gandhi. The Columbia-Barnard Course Guide said about Professor Dalton's lectures: *"It's a good idea to arrive one-half hour early to get a seat. We're not joking."*
Course No. AI-1448. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MAN: A COMPARISON OF WORLD RELIGIONS. Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. When Dr. Oden taught this subject at Dartmouth, his course was invariably held at 8:00 A.M. in the dead of the New Hampshire winter — and was always full!
Course No. RP-1616. Audio or Video.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. As an accomplished actor as well as teacher, Professor Saccio has the rare ability to act out Shakespeare's lines with power and authority...and then to probe beneath the dazzling brilliance for the meanings often hidden to us by three centuries of changes in language and customs.
Course No. LI-1263. Audio or Video.

"In my eight years as Governor of South Carolina, my driving priority was to raise the level of quality of our people's education. This personal interest in education has caused me to pay special attention to worthwhile learning innovations...Thank you for making the real contribution of raising the level of quality of education for all who attend these lectures by video."
Richard W. Riley, Columbia, SC

POETRY: A BASIC COURSE. Allen Grossman, Ph.D., Paul E. Prosswimmer Professor of Poetry and General Education, Brandeis University. Honored in 1989 as a John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellow. If you have never had the experience of a brilliant teacher leading you into the shadowy depths of a great poem, this course will be a revelation. **Course No. LI-1270. Audio only.**

MUST HISTORY REPEAT THE GREAT CONFLICTS OF THIS CENTURY? Joseph S. Nye, Jr., Ph.D., Dillon Professor of International Affairs, Harvard University. What are the real origins of 20th century wars, and what role should America play now? Professor Nye's brilliance earned him *"a rating which sets him near the pinnacle of the professorial world"* in Harvard Crimson's Confidential Guide.
Course No. HP-1828. Audio only.

A MODERN LOOK AT ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION. Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Wesleyan University. A panoramic view of the art, history, and literature of the astonishing ancient civilization that has had such a profound effect on the development of the entire Western world. Student consensus in campus courses guidebook: *"Superlatives, superlatives, superlatives!"*
Course No. AI-1421. Video only.

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES. Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. A critical encounter with important views of the human condition as discussed in the works and lives of Socrates, Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Mill, Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud. *"It will change your life."* — Duke University Teacher/Course Evaluation Book.
Course No. AI-1469. Audio or Video.

Additional selections available:

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MIND. Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D., Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania.
Course No. AI-1453. Audio or Video.

DETECTIVE FICTION: THE KILLER, THE DETECTIVE, AND THEIR WORLD. Dennis Huston, Ph.D., Professor of English, Rice University. Honored as 1989 Professor of the Year.
Course No. LI-1284. Audio or Video.

THE AMERICAN MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN WORLD WAR II AND VIETNAM. Lt. Col. (Ret) Robert E. Morris, Ph.D., Professor of Military History, Defense Intelligence College.
Course No. HP-1815. Audio or Video.

THE GOOD KING: THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY SINCE THE DEPRESSION. Bruce Kuklick, Ph.D., Professor of History, University of Pennsylvania.
Course No. HP-1871. Audio only.

THE AMERICAN DREAM. John Roth, Ph.D., Pitzer Professor of Philosophy, Claremont McKenna College.
Course No. HP-1880. Audio only.

A HISTORY OF HITLER'S EMPIRE. Thomas Childers, Ph.D., Professor of History, University of Pennsylvania.
Course No. HP-1805. Audio only.

To order, mail coupon below or call

1-800-832-2421
(9:00 AM to 5:00 PM / EST)
Fax: 1-703-528-7510

THE TEACHING COMPANY
Dept. 161
P.O. Box 96870
Washington, DC 20090-6870

Please send me the following SuperStar Teachers College Lecture Course(s), each consisting of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome storage cases.

PRICES

VIDEO: One course, $149.95. Two courses, $129.95 each. Three or more courses, $109.95 each.
AUDIO: One course, $89.95. Two courses, $79.95 each. Three or more courses, $69.95 each.

COURSE NO.	AUDIO OR VIDEO?	PRICE
$5 per course, shipping & handling:		
Sales tax if in VA (4.5%):		
TOTAL:		

❑ Check enclosed (to The Teaching Company).
❑ Charge to my ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

CARD NO: ..... EXP DATE .....

SIGNATURE .....

NAME ..... PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS FOR UPS DELIVERY ..... PHONE .....

CITY & STATE ..... ZIP .....

❑ Check here if you're not ordering now but would like to receive a copy of our catalog with additional information on courses and about our Rental Option Program.

When she was a young girl living in the Seminole village, she heard the old people chanting. "It was like an Indian chant," she said. "De-hey, de-hey—like that. I couldn't understand them and asked my mother what they were saying. She didn't know either."

In 1976, University of Texas professor Ian Hancock went to Brackettville. He had heard a tape of a Black Seminole who spoke an unusual language. Hancock's inquiries led him to Miss Charles, who recalled his first words. "He asked me, 'Duh chrue seh hunnuh duh talk hunnuh yone weh?'

"I thought, Oh Lordy, children, well, why is he making fun of me? So I answered him, 'Well, huccum dish yuh man know how fuh talk Seminole?' And he answered right back." She laughs at her surprise at hearing an outsider speak her language. He told her that what they call "the Seminole" was actually very similar to a form of Gullah (Afro-English Creole language) spoken a century ago.

The language had been kept alive at the old Seminole camp—a place that, Miss Charles said, they had been told they would never have to leave. When the Indian scouts were disbanded in 1914, word came to pack their belongings. The Black Seminole had never received title to the land. The Army ordered the 52 resident families to abandon the village where they had lived for 40 years. "There was nowhere for us to live." Miss Charles was quiet for a while and then added, "The people were very dissatisfied, but what could you do?" They salvaged what they could of their homes and moved across the creek to Brackettville.

In the cemetery, which is located not far from the old camp, Miss Charles stood in front of the grave of her grandfather Sampson July, a scout born in Florida. Her people had left their homeland far behind, sacrificing everything to remain free. "We just broke loose," she said, "and walked for years and years."

The Black Seminole fought soldiers, slave hunters and other Indians to keep from being enslaved. But their struggle did not end when they returned to Texas. The teacher from the one-room school spent most of her life fighting ignorance and prejudice. Now she is determined to preserve the heritage of her people.

She thought for a moment about the old Seminole she had known and the source of their unusual bravery. "The older people were always humble," she said unexpectedly. "They were compassionate." Before returning to her car, Miss Charles walked over and placed roses on the graves of the Medal of Honor winners.

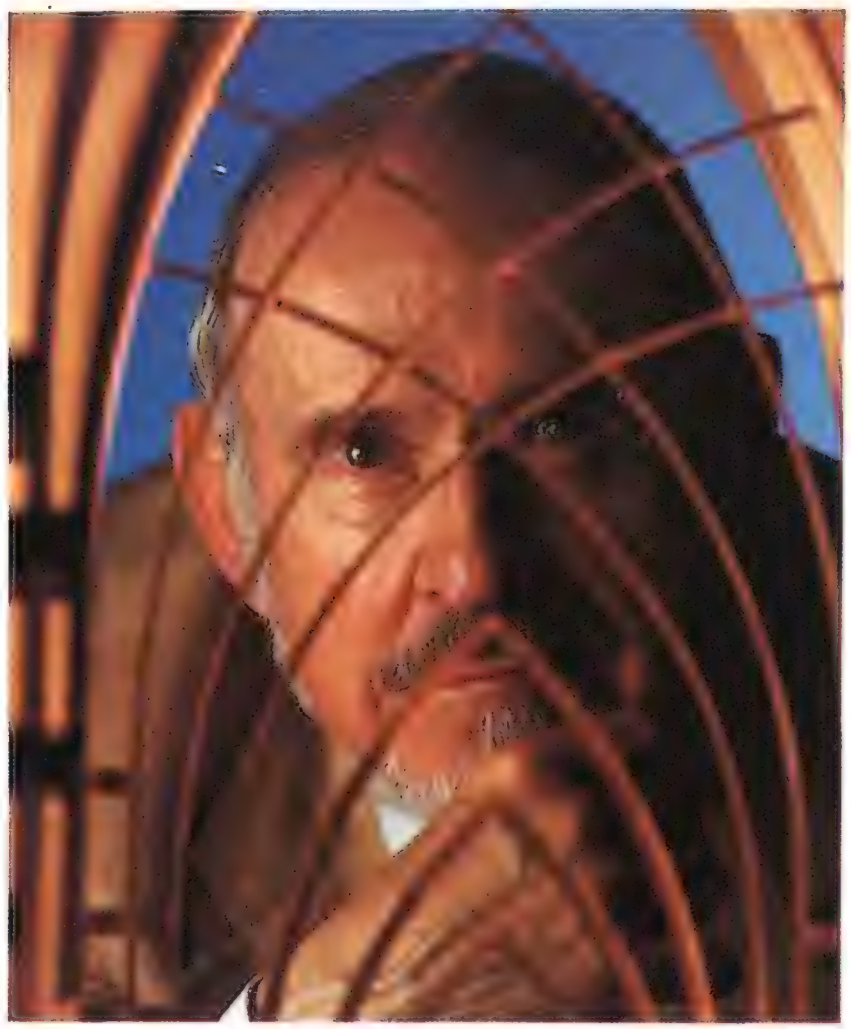
Elder Curley Daniels, with twin great-granddaughters, delivered rousing sermon at scouts' memorial service.

Miss Charles Emily Wilson, with a portrait of her father; he grew up among the scouts at Fort Clark.

By Andrea Oppenheimer Dean

The cathedral builder born 500 years too late

But architect Fay Jones hasn't let that stop him; besides private homes, he designs chapels that combine Ozark roots with Gothic grace



At the peak of his form, Jones is a recent recipient of the American Institute of Architects' Gold Medal.

The idea came to Jim Reed one day in the summer of 1977. Reed, a junior high school math teacher with a vacation home just outside Eureka Springs, Arkansas, was plagued by tourists who left their trash in his driveway. The main attraction of this gingerbread Victorian village in the Ozarks is a nightly passion play with full-size buildings, live camels and donkeys, chariots and 200 local performers. The travelers who turned off U.S. Highway 62 into Reed's driveway were drawn by the splendid mountain view and stayed to picnic.

"We talked about building a fence to keep them out," recalls Reed's widow, Dell. "Then one day Jim came in and said he wanted to open a road back into the property and build a quiet, glass chapel where people could feel like they were sitting on a tree stump in the middle of the woods. I was not pleased." Dell also recalls that a stranger, overhearing Reed complain to a local restaurant owner that he "despaired of ever finding a suitable architect in the whole state of Arkansas," directed Reed to E. Fay Jones of Fayetteville, 50 miles south of Eureka. The stranger may have seen Jones' design for a small vacation house on Greers Ferry Lake, Arkansas, in *Life* magazine back in 1966. He couldn't have known that Jones was also a "frustrated cathedral builder born 500 years too late, trying to get some little spiritual quality into my buildings," as Jones later admitted.

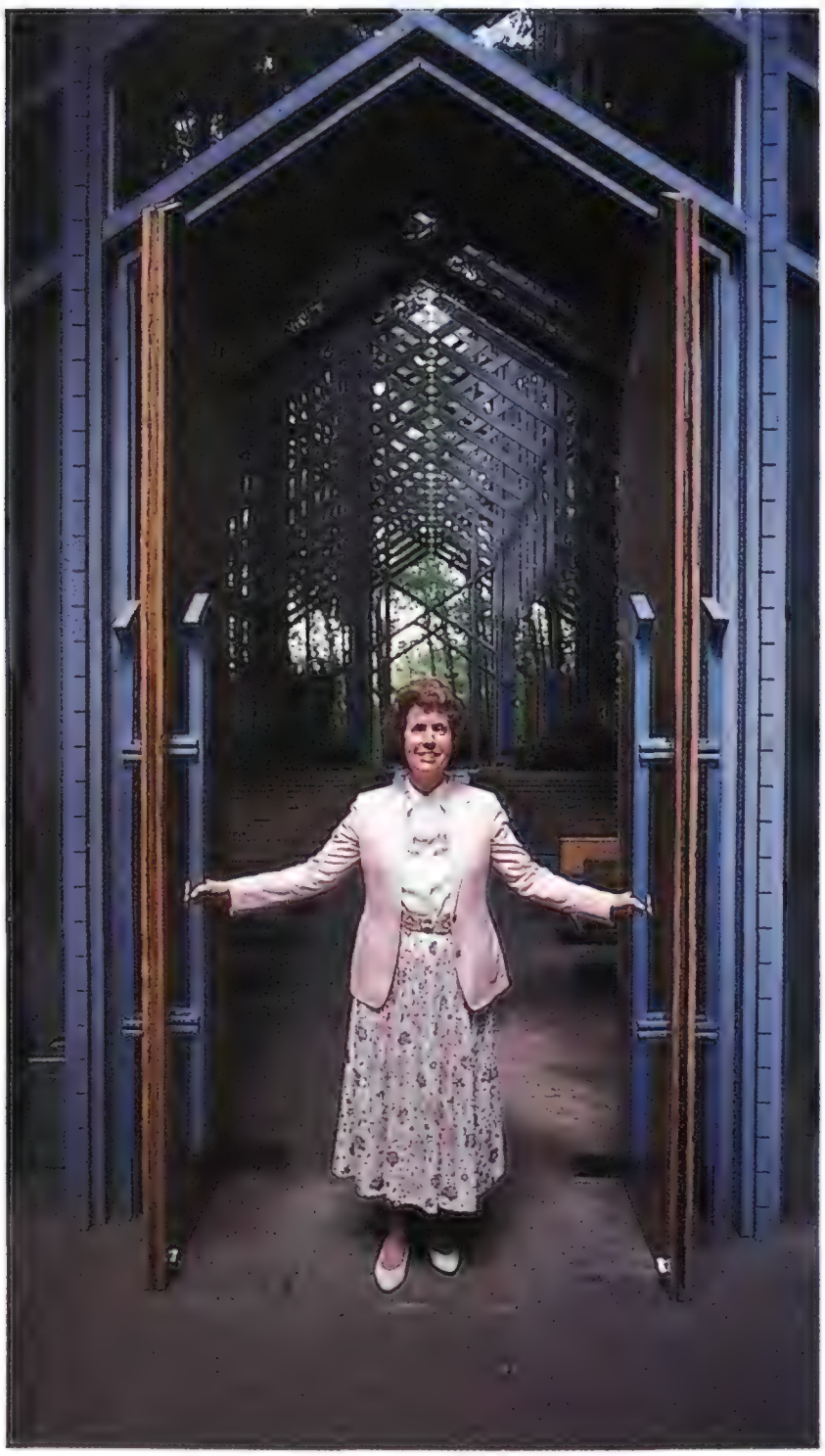
Thorncrown, Jones' first chapel, seems to have grown naturally in the woods near Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Thorncrown Chapel was dedicated in the summer of 1980. The Reeds expected about 40 people to come each day—no more. By winter there had been 40,000 visitors, according to Dell, who, with their son Doug, has managed the chapel since her husband's death in 1985. She arranges for nondenominational Sunday services, weddings and special events, and has helped dissuade at least six desperate visitors to Thorncrown from taking their lives. Six years ago Doug, now 31, gave up a jail ministry in Waco, Texas, to become Thorncrown's minister. He has no congregation, nor does Thorncrown Chapel.

It accommodates busloads of tourists, "from Catholics to Amish," according to Doug. Local people come mainly to show off Thorncrown to visitors. One of Dell's former would-be suicides "comes once a year and says he gets enough peace to last him another 12 months," in Dell's words. "But we don't encourage people to come regularly," she adds. "We can't meet their needs like a local church can."

Nowadays, the chapel welcomes 250,000 visitors a year. Its attractions have been spread by word of mouth, by articles in architectural magazines around the world, and by a segment televised by NBC News

Photographs by Wayne Sorce



Dell Reed, manager of Thorncrown Chapel, which is nondenominational, welcomes 250,000 visitors a year.

the night before Fay Jones was awarded the American Institute of Architects' highest accolade, the Gold Medal. Jones' design for Thorncrown Chapel was crucial to this recognition, which placed him in the company of such previous medalists as Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Sullivan, Le Corbusier, Philip Johnson, and I. M. Pei. That was in February 1990.

Early one Saturday morning, Jones and I drive out to the chapel together. As we turn up the driveway once trashed by tourists, he discusses his early thinking about the project. "To prevent scarring this fragile wooded site," he tells me, "I wanted to avoid using any building materials or equipment that would be too big for two men to carry along a narrow hillside pathway to the construction site." He limited his palette to indigenous stone for foundation walls and flooring, and he specified Arkansas pine two-by-fours and two-by-sixes to create "plain, repetitive forms that wouldn't have to be dressed up with sheathing."

We park the car and walk a hundred yards or so through the woods to the chapel. Three weddings are scheduled at Thorncrown on this particular day, and already visitors are ambling around. The chapel reveals itself slowly, in understatement. A lofty cage of cross-braced, handrubbed gray timbers infilled with glass, it blends into the surrounding stand of oak, hickory, maple and dogwood trees as though it had just grown there naturally. Like his mentor, Frank Lloyd Wright, says Jones, he insisted on "using materials very honestly, in letting a wood structure like this reveal its woodiness."

Only 24 feet wide by 60 feet long, the chapel is small. Its oversize, overhanging gable roof resembles in form the roofs of sheds and barns in the surrounding countryside. Jones had feared that the big, wide roof would make the building look top-heavy or unstable. "You know, this chapel becomes lighter as it comes down," he explains. "Most of the materials are up in the air, which stands building logic on its head." In fact, the roof looks weightless, ready to float into the sky.

A rhythmic thicket of webbed wood

"The building is just as simple as you can get," Jones continues, "because I felt simplicity would ring this universal bell." Beyond being simple, however, Thorncrown is sublimely unconfused and rich in spirit, much as is Jones himself. In the building, this richness shows itself, first, in the myriad patterns of glass and their reflections, and in the exuberant rhythmic thicket of webbed wood members. The richness is also a product of Jones' fondness for history. "Architecture is innovation and invention, but it's also remembering," he says. "There's something wonderful about reinventing or transforming old ideas to solve modern problems. I

think of the process as weaving the elements through the mesh of my mind."

Thorncrown has been called Ozark Gothic. "It was certainly an attempt to allude to Gothic architecture," says Jones, "but not to do it by sticking on Gothic symbols." As with Gothic cathedrals, Jones raised the edifice on diaphanous walls supported by the slenderest members that the employed technology would allow. But he reversed the rule of Gothic construction, transmuting stone into wood, darkness into light, and compression into the tension of cross-laced webbing.

We approach the chapel just as the congregation for the first wedding of the day is gathering, and Jones scampers off, muttering something about inappropriate clothes. He is dressed in his customary tweed jacket, sleeveless sweater, tieless shirt and rubber-soled brown shoes. With his neat beard, bright brown eyes and balding head shielded by one of a collection of duckbill caps, the 5-foot-8-inch-tall, 70-year-old Jones looks like a smaller, older and more self-effacing incarnation of the actor Sean Connery. He is the obverse of the ego-driven architect.

Cradling the congregation in the trees

Though most wedding parties at Thorncrown come from "out of the area," according to Dell Reed, the young couple approaching the altar today is from nearby Springdale, Arkansas. The feeling in the congregation is of being cradled in the trees by the dense overhead structure. Forty-eight feet above, a ridge skylight opens to the clouds and sky, directing a beam of sunlight onto the bride's long train. The couple and the minister are framed in a wide, peaked glass wall that overlooks a rock outcropping and a steel cross, which attracts the eye because of its asymmetrical placement.

Later, Jones tells me that he designed every square inch of the chapel—including the pews, pulpit, even the door handles and lanterns, which are incised with crosses and glow at night (p. 107)—to create "an interrelationship of all the big things and all the little things." He adds, "I wanted there to be a family of forms or patterns, a strong generating idea that everything relates to, rather than having just an assembly of things." He also wanted to "keep the detailing very, very simple, integral to the design. Though people walk out feeling this is a decorative building, nothing has been stuck on just for decoration."

Jones never saw the two, huge, heart-shaped candelabras with pink candles brought in by the wedding party or the bulky pink bows they tied to the ends of every fourth row of pews. But talking later about Thorncrown's touristification, Jones says he's become "kind of understanding of the hoopla. They stop short of advertising or selling T-shirts."

E. Fay Jones is an American original who has spent all but a few short interludes of his adult life in Fayetteville, a town of about 40,000. The region is home mainly "to cattle and chicken farmers, hill people and the Wal-Mart discount-store chain," in Jones' words. He was born in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and raised near the Louisiana border in oil-rich El Dorado. There he worked from boyhood in his parents' restaurant and, in his free time, created elaborate tree houses and other constructions out of salvaged materials. Although Jones drew exceptionally well, he never connected his penchant to build and his art until he was 17 and saw a short film on Frank Lloyd Wright's recently completed headquarters building for the Johnson Wax company, in Racine, Wisconsin.

Bride and groom pose for picture in Thorncrown, which hosts as many as three weddings on some days.

Latticelike structure of Thorncrown casts patterns of light and shadow that create dramatic setting for harpist. Chapel's lofty interior space, repetitive forms and symmetry are reminiscent of Gothic churches.

"All of a sudden it came together, this thing called art and this thing called construction," says Jones. "You gotta put yourself back to southern Arkansas in the heart of the Depression. Here was this building that looked so futuristic, with Pyrex tubing, curving walls, light-suffused but windowless spaces, a forest of columns, and shimmering light coming through the whole thing. It reminded me of things in the comic strips. Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers. The word 'architecture' took on a new meaning for me then. It was the first time I heard the name Frank Lloyd Wright, and I remember thinking, 'I'd really like to meet the man who could dream up this building.' "

Jones' first meeting with Wright took place when Wright was awarded the Gold Medal 42 years ago. By that time, Jones had studied civil engineering for three years; had entered into a marriage, which appears sturdy as an oak, with Mary Elizabeth (Gus) Knox; had spent four years in the Navy, including a 15-month combat tour as a flier in the South Pacific; and was a member of the first class of the University of Arkansas' fledgling architecture school. During his fourth year, in 1949, Jones heard that Wright would be awarded the Gold Medal in Houston by the AIA, an organization that the curmudgeonly Wright had long and roundly berated.

Jones organized a field trip to Houston and, the night before the awards ceremony, went with three other students to see the much-publicized new Shamrock Hotel, where he inadvertently stumbled into an exclusive private party thrown by the owner. Fleeing down an empty corridor, the awestruck Jones literally bumped into Wright just as the great man was looking for a way to escape a cocktail party in his honor. Jones remembers "just plastering myself up against the wall to leave him plenty of room to walk by. He must have seen my fright, because he came up to me and stuck out his hand and said, 'My name is Frank Lloyd Wright. I'm an architect.' I told him I was an architecture student, that my name was Fay Jones, and Wright kept saying, 'Jones, I grew up with the Joneses. My mother's family's name was Jones.' "

The author, a freelance writer, is a former executive editor of Architecture *magazine and a contributing editor of* Historic Preservation.

The bond that was to develop, Jones now modestly speculates, "seemed to come from my name, from both of us being exactly the same height, and from sharing Welsh heritage." (It was Wright, recalls Jones, who first told him that Jones' first name, Euine, which he seldom uses, is an archaic Welsh equivalent for John.) For Jones, Mr. Wright—as Jones and all Wright's acquaintances called him—was simply the best architect who ever lived, the one "who invented the most languages and vocabularies."

Learning all he could from Wright

Four years after this first encounter, after Jones had earned a master's degree from Rice University and had taught architecture at the University of Oklahoma, the young designer spent a four-month apprenticeship at Taliesin, Wright's home and studio near Spring Green, Wisconsin. From 1953 until after Wright's death in 1959, Jones spent every Easter vacation at Taliesin West in Scottsdale, Arizona. And it was Wright who encouraged him to accept a professorship at the University of Arkansas' architecture school.

Jones settled down in Fayetteville in 1953 to teach and "test my ideas in the real world. My ambition," he recalls, "was limited to doing two to three houses every year and having favorable responses in this area of the country. I wanted respect for what I was doing, but I didn't expect to become a well-known architect. My focus was on being a good teacher."

By temperament and outlook, Jones seems an ideal mentor. He is endlessly generous, optimistic, friendly, funny, fair-minded and so tolerant that he respects even a fool's right to his own opinions. "Jones is what he appears to be, and it's a great surprise in 1991 to meet someone as unfailingly courteous and principled as Fay," says architect and writer Robert Ivy, whose book on Jones' architecture is to be published by the AIA Press next spring. Jones says that he continues teaching despite his age and other demands on his time because his students keep him idealistic and honest. "You can't go preaching one thing and doing another; they'll nail you to the cross," he laughs. "And teaching forces you to continually refine your work. You're constantly being questioned."

Nor has Jones' firm changed much since he founded it in the 1950s. From a one-man practice it has grown to an office of three architectural interns and three registered architects, including Jones and his partner Maurice Jennings, a former student who has been with the firm since 1973. Jones' wife, Gus, does the books. There is no secretarial help. The person handiest to the phone answers it. At one point, in the '60s, Jones' firm grew to 12 people, but he soon cut back because, as he puts it, "Everybody else was having the fun and I was just putting out brush fires and getting too far away from the designs."

Jones' first building—the house in which he still lives—attracted national attention in the early '60s with articles in *House Beautiful* and *Progressive Architecture*. He went on to design more than 200 other residences, many in the Fayetteville area, but some as far afield as Evergreen, Colorado, and Hilton Head, South Carolina. Because his rural houses seemed to hunker in and spring from the land while fitting in with the surrounding barns and tractor sheds, they were soon dubbed "Ozark Style." Jones insists that if his architecture is regional "it is a result, not a goal, of following Frank Lloyd Wright's principles of organic architecture."

Like many of his houses, Jones' own residence, modestly sized at 2,300 square feet, is nestled in the trees and commands dramatic views. It is skirted by a wooden deck and topped by an overhanging roof that keeps the walls dry, deflects cold winds from windows and doors in winter and shades them in summer. Built of local stone and timber, it centers on a huge fieldstone hearth and opens to the outdoors through large expanses of glass. The interior is warm and informal, its plan simple, with a free flow of open spaces. Much of the furniture is built-in, and details relate to the larger form of the building. All the detailing was designed by Jones to be easily crafted by ordinary carpenters, in accordance with Wright's preference for producing art and architecture that retain a personal touch.

Jones designed all the fixtures for Thorncrown. The lantern (left) is echoed by others along the chapel's sides; at right are the front-door handles.

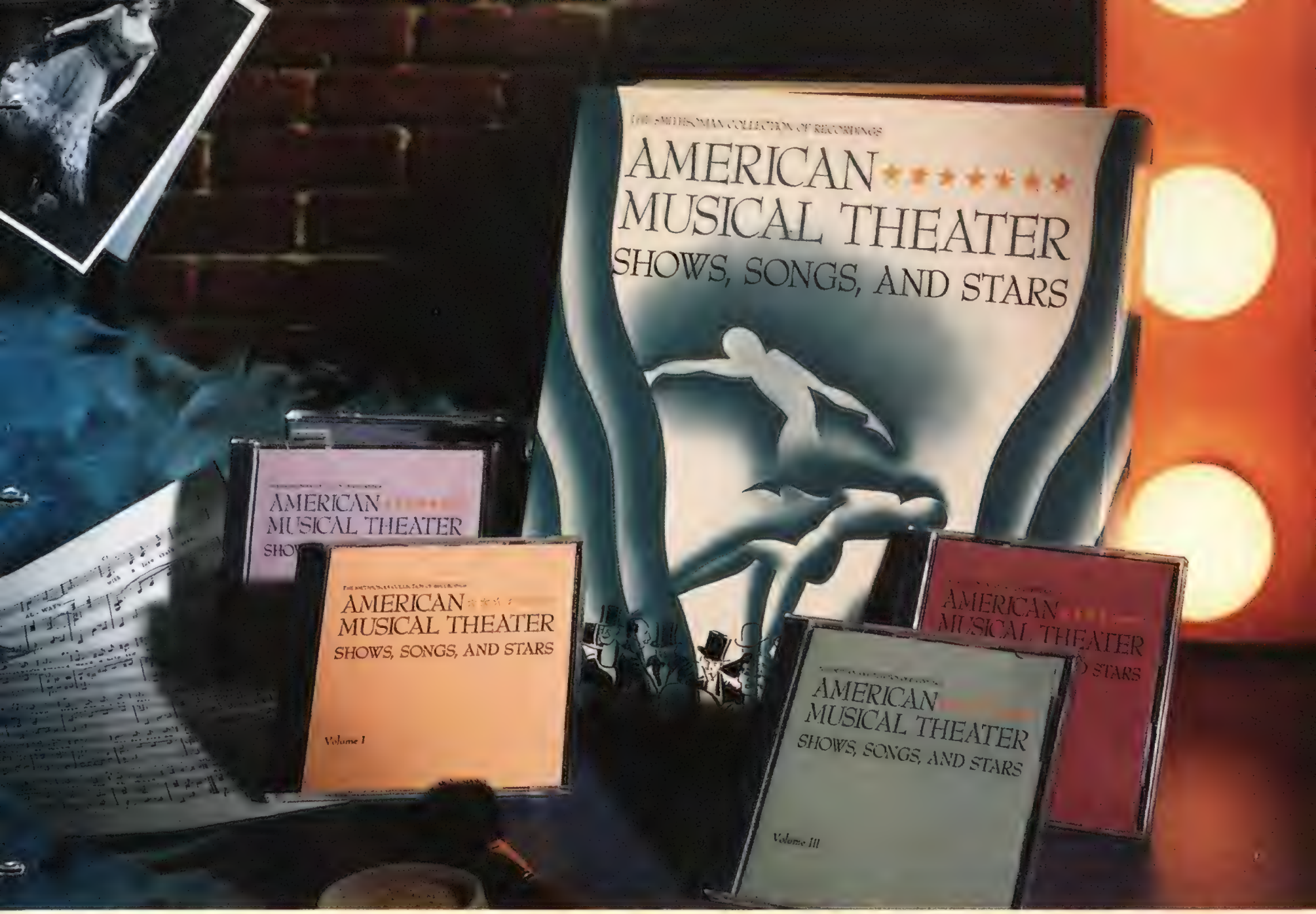
The Nelms house (1989) in Fayetteville reveals the exacting attention to detail (Jones designed even the furniture) and the open spaces seen in Jones' chapels.

But Jones never wanted to be a copyist: "It dishonors the original work and gets you into all kinds of trouble." He recalls an admonition on the wall at Taliesin that struck a chord with him. "It said that if you understand the underlying principles you will own the effects. Something of your own processes, ways of seeing and thinking and feeling, would emerge and make that work uniquely your own."

Wright's and Jones' work diverge in much the same way as do the architects' temperaments. There is a soft side to the architecture and personality of Jones that is seldom seen in Wright. While some of Wright's buildings feel dark, Jones' are always suffused with natural light. "What is significantly different," says Jones, "is that I have been interested in letting the structure show. Wright, for some reason, was always after spatial plasticity, and sometimes you have a helluva time figuring out what is actually holding his things together, or up. He had all kinds of hidden devices going on." Jones' emphasis is more vertical than Wright's, his geometries are less insistent, his compositions more relaxed, his detailing often more delicate. Also, Jones has, from the start, eschewed all tendencies toward the bizarre, the shocking, and structural stunts, concentrating on a restricted number of themes and vocabularies.

Jones further explored the themes begun at Thorncrown with two additional buildings that helped him win the AIA Gold Medal—the Pinecote Pavilion, at the Crosby Arboretum in Picayune, Mississippi, and the Mildred Cooper Memorial Chapel (pp. 110, 111) in Bella Vista, Arkansas. Both are variations on Thorncrown. As Jones says, "Just because a Chartres was built didn't stop them from doing a Notre Dame." Most different from Thorncrown is the Cooper Chapel, where Jones combined steel with wood and glass in curved, pointed arches recalling those of the late high-Gothic style. Oak, redwood and bronze-finished steel create a lacy, filigreelike quality that sets off but never distracts from the serenely wooded site.

Jones recalls with unalloyed pleasure the AIA celebration of February 22, 1990, at which he was awarded the Gold Medal. A President, a prince, a galaxy of movie stars and many of architecture's most renowned practitioners participated. He was lauded at an afternoon White House reception: Jones, said President George Bush, "has created a truly American architecture that is respected the world over." At the awards dinner, held in the majestic interior court of the National Building Museum (its eight 75-foot-tall, 8-foot-thick, mock-marble columns are the tallest Corinthian columns in the world), Britain's Prince Charles—who is known to be a passionate advocate of traditional



THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

*Capture the excitement, energy, and glamour of opening night on Broadway. This is your orchestra seat to 7 decades of original performances from 78 of Broadway's brightest musicals—**AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATER: Shows, Songs, and Stars**, an unprecedented collection of recordings only from the Smithsonian.*

From A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY by John Steel to MAKIN' WHOOPEE by Eddie Cantor to HELLO, DOLLY! by Carol Channing, this is the definitive repertory of musical theater. Nominated for 2 Grammys, Best Album Notes—the 130-page illustrated book is free with your collection—and Best Historical Album, AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATER will bring you hours of unforgettable entertainment.

81 memorable song selections: SOME ENCHANTED EVENING • SHALL WE DANCE? • TRY TO REMEMBER • I GOT RHYTHM • DO RE MI • CHAIN STORE DAISY • OKLAHOMA • PEOPLE • NEW YORK, NEW YORK • THE RAIN IN SPAIN • 76 TROMBONES • SUNRISE, SUNSET • plus over 60 more.

By Broadway's greatest stars: Lillian Russell • Fred Astaire • Ethel Merman • Danny Kaye • Ray Bolger • Rex Harrison • Julie Andrews • Mary Martin • Zero Mostel • plus many more.

Photo of Judy Holliday provided by the Fred Fehl Collection, Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin.

"Captures the panache and vitality of Broadway … a fitting celebration of a golden age." **—Newsweek**

"Stands up and shines … makes for lively listening." **—The Washington Post**

Call Toll-Free: 1 (800) 336-5221

YES! I want to experience Broadway's glory years. Please send me my collection of **AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATER: Shows, Songs, and Stars** for the special price of $54.96 (Members $49.96) in any format I choose, along with my FREE Historical Notes. I will add $4.70 postage and handling for every set I order.

Please check one: ☐ 6 LP Records ☐ 4 Cassettes ☐ 4 Compact Discs

☐ MONTHLY INSTALLMENT PLAN. Bill me in four easy-to-pay monthly installments of $13.74 (Members $12.49) plus postage and handling. Charge me NO FINANCE FEE OR INTEREST for this privilege.

Name _____

Address _____

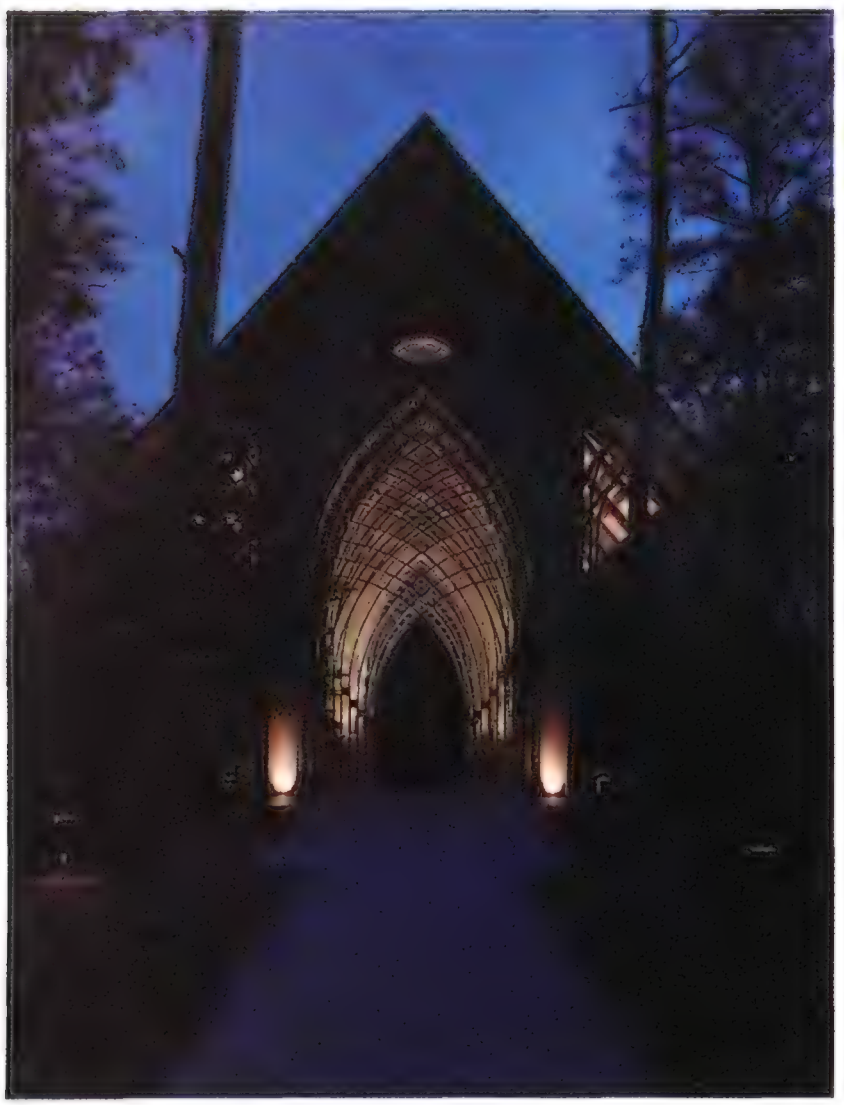
City/State/Zip _____

☐ I am a Smithsonian Member.

Call toll-free 1(800) 336-5221 (credit card orders only) or mail to:
Smithsonian Collection of Recordings, P.O. Box 2122, Colchester, VT 05449-2122

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED! If you are not completely satisfied with this collection, just return it for a full refund.

Smithsonian Collection of Recordings
a division of the Smithsonian Institution Press Code: ZAMAAA



The Mildred Cooper Memorial Chapel in Bella Vista, Arkansas, glows like an apparition in the forest.

architecture—praised Jones' buildings for evoking "the amplitude of nature without damaging nature."

After the prince's remarks, a nervous Jones walked up to the dais. He began his brief speech by saying that he felt like a country-and-western singer following Luciano Pavarotti. And he talked, as he always does, quietly, modestly, yet with great assurance and civility. He spoke about age-old principles that can integrate architecture and nature—principles that have propelled and pervaded his work.

Since being awarded the Gold Medal, Jones has put the finishing touches on the Marty Leonard Chapel in Fort Worth. Located on the grounds of the Lena Pope Home, a residential treatment center for abused and emotionally disturbed youths, it is the facility's architectural symbol and spiritual core. But the Leonard Chapel's spaces are also available to the community for weddings, lectures and performances. Because it overlooks an urban Interstate rather than residing in the woods like its predecessors, the Leonard Chapel is made of brick, Philippine mahogany and glass, and is turned inward to minimize distractions and provide a secluded place for meditation. Its scale and form, where it meets the freeway, are bold, with a 65-foot-tall end wall cantilevered forward from a massive, but handsome, masonry foundation.

For this urban setting, Jones replaced the scenic backdrop of his rural chapels with interior drama, which he created mainly by flooding the building with natural light from a skylight that runs almost the length of the nave's roof. Ever-changing patterns of light and shadow cast by the exposed interior structure play on the chapel's walls. Jones has replaced his earlier chapels' rectangular plan with a cross, providing seating from three directions, which allows the Leonard to accommodate more activities. But, says Jones, "it still follows the basic concepts of loftiness, symmetry and repeating structural elements extracted from Romanesque and Gothic architecture."

Among Jones' ongoing projects are what was originally a huge (22,000 square feet) house in Ann Arbor, Michigan, for Domino's Pizza founder and Wrightiana collector Thomas Monaghan. In response to Monaghan's request for a Wrightian house, Jones tried to "create something based on Wright's principles, but fresh. The elements are more vertical, the detailing my own," says Jones. But the project hit a snag. In the middle of construction, Monaghan called a halt. Jones explains it was Monaghan's conscience. "Tom got the feeling he was being extravagant with himself after reading C. S. Lewis' *Mere Christianity*," says Jones. The architect has designed alternative schemes that reduce the cost and size of the project, and hopes one will be built.

Jones' practice has grown over the years to embrace residential commissions in 14 states, from Massachusetts to Michigan. And he is now busy with, for him, a first—a small corporate headquarters building. Though Jones admits that doing larger work "holds a certain fascination," he resists "gearing up past having five to seven people in the office."

Reflecting on what his future might bring, the septuagenarian says playfully, "I'm exactly the age now when Frank Lloyd Wright, in 1936, did Fallingwater, Taliesin West, Johnson Wax, and the first Usonian house. And he designed more buildings after that than he had in all his previous years." But, he adds, Wright had an office of more than 25 people, and Jones doesn't want to expand his firm.

In the next breath, Jones is talking about chapels again. For this homespun, modest man feels a responsibility, as he said at the gala 1990 Gold Medal awards ceremony, "to shape new forms . . . that will illuminate and nourish—and poetically express—our human qualities at their spiritual best."

Inside Cooper Chapel (1988) interwoven steel arches recall the soaring majesty of late-Gothic cathedrals.

Venomous and voracious, the brown tree snake eats mammals as well as birds—and doesn't hesitate to strike at humans.

By S. Dillon Ripley

The reptile and the rail: a war in the Pacific

Stowaway snakes have overwhelmed the island of Guam, but captive breeding and relocation might still save one bird species from extinction

This is the story of a flightless bird, an introduced snake, and an ecological disaster on a small Pacific island under the benign administration of the United States Government. I became inextricably involved because of my penchant for studying and writing about birds of little-known lands. It all goes back to my decision, in 1960, to produce a monograph entitled *Rails of the World.*

Writing about a relatively obscure family of birds can prompt a remarkable blossoming of work on the group in question. With the publication of my monograph, finished after a labor of 17 years, an outpouring of new information on rails began, and I would like to think that my book helped stimulate study of the health—or ill health—of populations of these fascinating birds.

While gathering information for the monograph, I determined that in the late 1960s and early '70s the population of the Guam rail, *Rallus owstoni,* was estimated to be a healthy 80,000, confined to Guam, the largest and most developed island in Micronesia. But by 1977, the year *Rails of the World* was published, biologists on Guam had already noted a steep drop in the populations of the rail and the island's other endemic birds. When my colleague Bruce Beehler and I did an update in 1985, experts estimated that no more than 50 rails remained. What was causing the decline? A virus? Predation by rats or mongooses? We did note the presence on the island of the introduced brown tree snake, *Boiga irregularis,* but only speculated that the reptile might be part of the problem.

The Guam rail, known affectionately as "Koko" by the native Chamorro people, might be considered the island's national bird. It is a handsome creature, standing approximately ten inches tall, with a six-inch wing. The birds are opportunistic omnivores, feeding on slugs, snails, insects, lizards and carrion, as well as seeds and palm leaves. I initially

stated that the rail is flightless. The bird is exclusively terrestrial, but with great effort it is able to use its small wings to take hopping, skipping flights for very short distances. One of my colleagues says that rails remind him of "shmoos," those friendly animals that bless Li'l Abner's Dogpatch. But they are also loud and aggressive, rather like watchdogs, and they have powerful legs and claws. Highly territorial, they can be quite hostile to one another, but they also form tight pair-bonds and probably mate for life.

In the early '80s, the dramatically plummeting numbers of rails and other indigenous birds made clear that their demise was imminent. So Julie Savidge, then a staff biologist with the Guam Division of Aquatic and Wildlife Resources (DAWR), was assigned to find out what was going on. Like most other biologists she first assumed that disease was the problem, and for a time she investigated that possibility. But the evidence soon began pointing in a different direction. The brown tree snake was enjoying a population explosion on the island, and it became increasingly clear to Savidge and others that as the snakes became prevalent in certain areas, there seemed to be a corresponding collapse of the bird populations, as well as a dramatic decline in the numbers of small mammals.

Savidge heard from local people who had been forced to give up raising chickens and pigeons because of the havoc that the snakes were wreaking on their flocks. The burgeoning numbers of snakes also correlated with a pattern of increasingly frequent power outages across Guam—the highly arboreal reptiles have the habit of climbing onto wires and into transformers, thus causing short circuits as they themselves are fried. There have been as many as 100 snake-related outages a year—some throwing the entire island and the U.S. air base there into darkness. By 1987 it was clear that the snake was the culprit responsible for the rail's precipitous decline.

The brown tree snake is not native to Guam. It was originally a resident of New Guinea, northern Australia and many other islands in the southwest Pacific. No one knows how it got to Guam in the first place, but since the snake has a habit of climbing into things—packing boxes, the chassis of automobiles and trucks, even stilt houses—it is reasonable to assume that it arrived as a stowaway in cargo, probably unwittingly carried from the Admiralty Islands in military shipments during and after World War II.

The tree snake is an impressive creature, sometimes growing to a length of ten feet. I once encountered one in New Guinea and still remember how taken I was by the eyes. The pupil is a vertical slit, black against a yellow-green iris, and its basilisk stare is fearsome. The snake is nocturnal and an excellent climber, but forages on the ground as well. Its principal prey consists of lizards, small mammals, and of course young birds and eggs. When

Evolving in what was long a predator-free paradise, the Guam rail lost the ability to fly. It is now helpless against the invading snake.

Photographs by William Burt

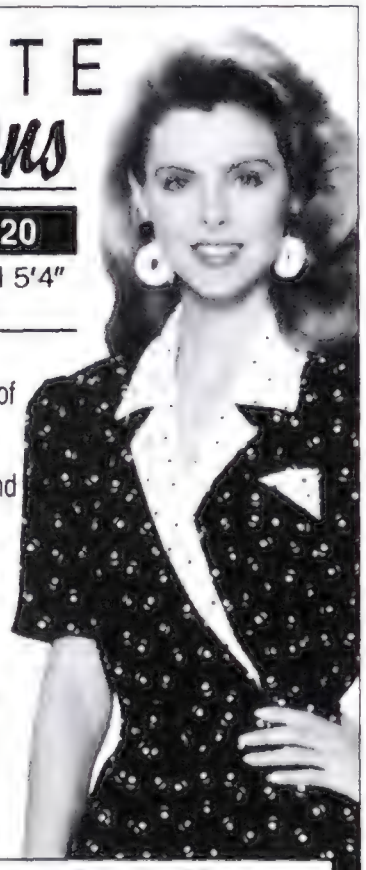
TRY A LITTLE
Tenderness!

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER... SAVE $22.00!
#464 8 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $61.95... for just $39.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 8/31/91
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AF1080 • P.O. Box 3300 • Omaha, NE 68103

PETITE Fashions



SIZES 4 - 20
FOR WOMEN 5'4" AND UNDER

- Wide Selection of Name Brands.
- Length, Waist and Hips carefully tailored for a perfect fit.
- Shoes in petite styles and sizes.
- Satisfaction Guaranteed

SEND $1 FOR COLOR CATALOG AND RECEIVE $2 BONUS COUPON.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Unique Petite®
Dept. CEL2, Palo Verde at 34th
P.O. Box 27800, Tucson, Arizona 85726-7800
©Copyright 1991, Unique Petite®

threatened it is extremely aggressive and likely to lunge and bite repeatedly. It has a potent venom, but is incapable of quickly injecting it, so lethal poisoning of a large animal or person is unlikely.

Nevertheless the snake is dangerous to humans; so far there have been no fatalities, but one Guam hospital treated 50 bite victims in a single year, many of them small children; the snake has a habit of crawling into houses at night, and in one of them bit a 6-week-old infant that was sleeping between its parents. Such bites are apparently offensive attempts to feed. In one incident, a snake had already swallowed several fingers of a baby's hand before it was killed.

Even before the brown tree snake was definitely identified as the agent behind the rail's decline, biologists on Guam realized that the situation was desperate, and that the rail would be extirpated unless captive-breeding efforts were initiated. In 1982, help was sought from zoo curators in the United States. In response, a consortium was formed to assist Guam's DAWR in creating a plan for saving the rails.

Because the birds proved extremely difficult to capture, an ornithologist from the Smithsonian's National Zoo headed for Guam in 1984 to assist DAWR personnel in rounding up as many of the remaining rails as possible. By this time fewer than 25 wild rails could be located, on the air base.

Unfortunately they were threatened by more than the snake. After the massacre of U.S. marines in Beirut, the Defense Department issued orders requiring military installations worldwide to take precautionary measures against guerrilla attacks. Accordingly, the base was about to set fire to brush and grasslands that might give cover to an enemy—the same areas that were habitat for the last remaining rails. When the Smithsonian protested, officials finally agreed to delay the burning until at least some of the rails could be moved.

DAWR staff decided to drive the

Gordon Rodda

When snake attacked bird inside a transformer, both were electrocuted.

The author participated in the 1990 release of captive-bred rails on Rota, a nearby island that hasn't yet been invaded by the tree snakes.

birds that remained into an array of virtually invisible mist nets, which ornithologists use to capture birds alive. Fortunately the base had a program to train crash-site investigators, and these students proved to be ideal volunteer rail drivers, for they scrutinized every inch of ground and rarely let anything get past them. Even so, the task was difficult. The terrain was rough, and the drivers had to battle wasps' nests and almost impenetrable brush. And the little rails were expert at hiding, or running right through the nets.

Eventually, though, eight birds were captured. Four of these joined six rails already held at the DAWR breeding facility on Guam, and the other four were shipped to the National Zoo's Conservation and Research Center at Front Royal, Virginia. The little captive populations reproduced so successfully that by 1989 the flock numbered 180 birds at the Guam facility and at 14 zoos on the U.S. mainland.

In 1990, with permission of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the governments of Guam and the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, a team of scientists from DAWR, the Smithsonian and the University of Tennessee developed a project to reintroduce a captive-bred group of Guam rails to the wilds of Micronesia. Since techniques to control the snake population on Guam had yet to be developed, it was decided to return the birds to the nearby island of Rota, some 30 miles to the

S. Dillon Ripley, Secretary Emeritus of the Smithsonian Institution, wrote about American rails in August 1988.

Please send me your FREE color brochure on how skylights can give my home a great view, fresh air and more sunlight. To see the light faster, just call 1-800-283-2831. SN891

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Phone

VELUX-AMERICA INC.
Marketing Dept.
P.O. Box 5001
Greenwood, SC 29648

VELUX-CANADA INC.
Marketing Dept.
16817 Hymus Blvd.
Kirkland, Qc., Canada H9H3L4

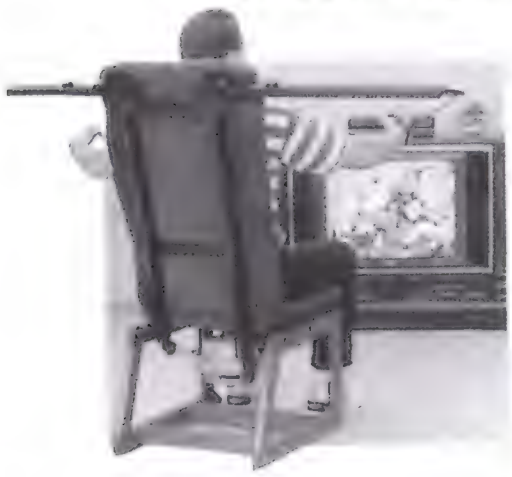
VELUX

1-800-283-2831

TO FIND OUT ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ROOF WINDOWS AND SKYLIGHTS, JUST LOOK UP.

©1991VELUX-GROUP ®VELUX is a registered trademark.

The exerciser for people who don't exercise.



The new Nordic Fitness Chair by NordicTrack, is a revolutionary new fitness machine that fits healthy exercise into your busy schedule.

Too convenient and effective to ignore.

The key is a patented isokinetic resistance system that adjusts naturally to your own strength needs. It eliminates heavy weight stacks and complicated adjustments, and acts as your "personal trainer," safely exercising your body at just the right intensity, in a smooth, gentle manner. Now you can get an effective strength workout in as little as 10 minutes, three times a week, while watching T.V. or listening to your favorite music.

Thousands of owners are seeing results!

"I tried the Nordic Fitness Chair because it seemed too easy to pass up. I can't tell you what it's done for the quality of my life."

Mike Harvey, Atlanta, GA

Call now. Learn how you too can enjoy these benefits . . . and more!

•Relief from back pain and joint injury •Increased energy

•Improved sports performance •Stress reduction •Improved appearance

You'll see and feel the difference!

NORDICFITNESSCHAIR™ **1-800-848-7786**

The isokinetic solution from NordicTrack Ext. 880H1

Call for FREE VIDEO & Brochure

or write: NordicTrack, Dept. 880H1, 141C Jonathan Boulevard North, Chaska, MN 55318

©1991 NordicTrack, a CML Company

ESCORT SALE!

Offer ends September 15, 1991

It's the deal of the season! For a limited time only, you can buy the performance champion of radar detectors for only $249 (a full $50 off the regular price).

ESCORT's superior performance is made possible by state-of-the-art DSP technology (the same technology used by the military for long-range detection of enemy aircraft).

ESCORT DSP comes with everything you need for worry-free driving:

- Longest range available
- Pulse and instant-on radar detection
- Anti-falsing circuitry
- 3-way alert system
- Rugged die-cast aluminum case

This offer ends September 15, 1991, so don't delay. Call today for the most advanced radar protection system available.

1-800-433-3487

(1-800-543-1608 for Customer Service)

Only sold direct from our factory to you

Major credit cards accepted

Ask about our 30-day money back guarantee

ESCORT DSP $249 + shipping

Ohio residents add 5.5% sales tax. Prices higher in Canada.

ESCORT®

▶ Department 020981
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

© 1991 CMI

The use of radar detectors is illegal in CT, VA, DC, and some localities in Canada

north and part of the Commonwealth. The idea was to give the Guam rail a second chance in a natural habitat free of snakes.

My wife, Mary, and I flew out to Rota, accompanied by our friend William Burt, a nature photographer who was eager to photograph this vanishing species. We were to preside over the official release of the birds.

Rota is about half an hour from Guam by jet plane, and perhaps one-tenth the size of Guam itself. It is a beautiful island, largely unspoiled, with a small human population and a few interesting native species of birds to boot. We spent five days there and in the process observed the release of 22 captive-bred rails on the Sabana, a vegetation-covered coral mesa about 1,200 feet above sea level.

Each rail was outfitted with a radio transmitter, which allowed the bird to be tracked. I was concerned that the battery-powered apparatus and harness to hold it on the bird's back would be too bulky and restrictive. In addition, there was a whiplike antenna that trailed behind. I worried over the effect the attachment of this artificial device might have on the newly released rails. My concern was

To allow tracking and monitoring, radio transmitters were mounted on birds.

not lessened the next day when we found that one of the radio-fitted birds in a prerelease enclosure had died during the night, its foot entangled in the radio harness. Still, the idea of being able to track these secretive and very precious birds made sense, and fortunately there were no further problems with the harnesses.

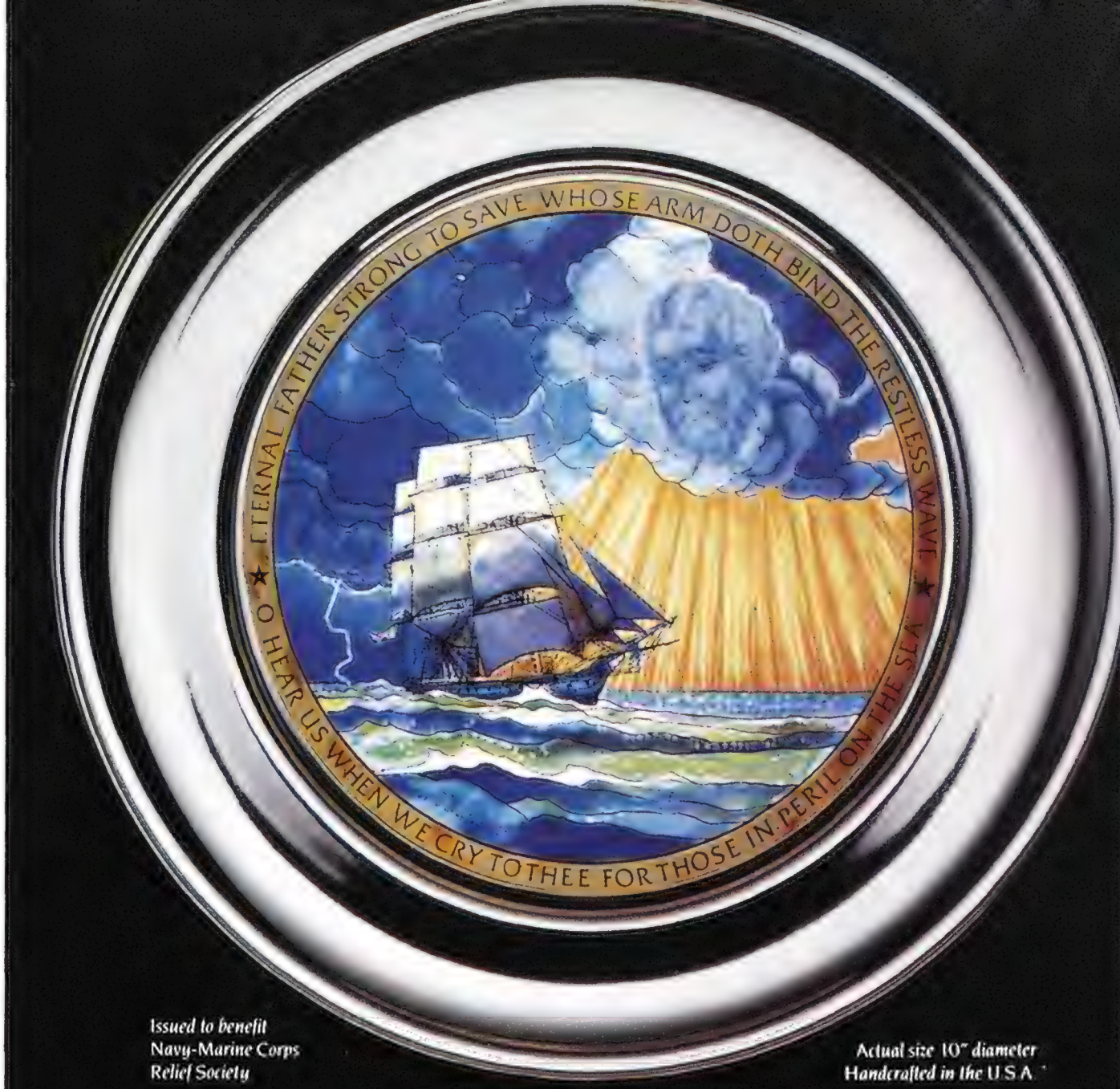
But there were other complications. Instead of staying in the region, the birds dispersed along a network of farm roads. Several were killed by autos and farm vehicles, others were lost to feral cats and unknown causes. Although some birds survived for several months, this first introduction attempt clearly failed.

Last February, the rail team tried again, this time using new procedures to release 33 birds. Among other things, an area without regularly used roads was selected, and an intensive effort was made to remove feral cats. As of the end of May, only three birds were known to have died, and the others had established territories. Recordings of duetting vocalizations indicate that some have even started to form pair-bonds. Additional birds will be released soon, and we remain cautiously optimistic that our efforts will eventually succeed.

The long-term future of the rail on Rota, however, is threatened by another factor, the building of large Japanese retirement communities on the island. All the coming and going of ships and aircraft, necessary for this huge construction project, greatly increases the risk that the tree snake will be able to make its way to Rota. If this happens there is little hope for the Guam rail there.

Tree snakes have already been discovered among air shipments arriving in far-off Hawaii and have turned up on at least six other Pacific islands. Potential social and economic consequences are severe. The power outages alone cost millions each year. Eradication of insectivores by the snakes could lead to rampages by agricultural pests.

Back on Guam itself the snakes are


ETERNAL FATHER STRONG TO SAVE WHOSE ARM DOTH BIND THE RESTLESS WAVE
O HEAR US WHEN WE CRY TOTHEE FORTHOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA

Issued to benefit Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society

Actual size 10" diameter Handcrafted in the U.S.A.

Eternal Father, strong to save
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea

T·H·E N·A·V·Y H·Y·M·N

STAINED GLASS PLATE

An official, issue of the United States Historical Society in tribute to all men and women who have served and are serving in the U.S. Navy

In this dramatic stained glass plate, the USS Constitution, the oldest U.S. Navy ship in commission, is shown underway in heavy seas.★ Dark clouds and lightning signal the peril. But in the clouds is the face of God. Rays of brilliant light pour down on the ship, as she sails into calm waters. The restless wave is bound. ★ The words of the hymn encircle the scene.★ Artisans of the Stained Glass Guild have created this masterpiece in stained glass and polished lead-free pewter.★ They apply 16 separate colors to rich cathedral glass, then fire it in a red-hot kiln, fusing the paints and glass as one. ★ These are the artisans who have made the stained glass for the great museums of America, the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation and other organizations.

☐ I wish to reserve ____ *Navy Hymn* Stained Glass and Pewter Plate(s), including easel, gold-embossed gift box and Certificate of Authenticity. $125 including shipping. $25 deposit and four monthly payments of $25. Thirty-day return privilege.

☐ Check here to engrave your name, rate or rank and dates of service on the back of the pewter rim. One additional monthly payment of $25.

☐ Check enclosed for _____.

☐ Charge to: ___Visa ___MasterCard ___Am. Express

No. _____ Exp. _____

Virginia residents add 4.5% sales tax

Name _____

Rate/Rank _____

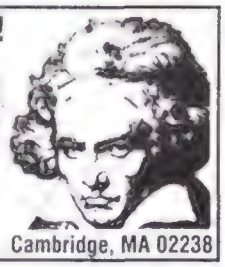
Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone _____ Dates of Service _____

United States Historical Society
Dept. S8 • First and Main Sts • Richmond, VA 23219
1-800-446-7968

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Beethoven, Da Vinci, Jung, Sitting Bull
Mozart, Shakespeare, Cheshire Cat, Twain
Darwin, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Nietzsche, Poe
Thoreau, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, others
Brochure of over 100 designs: $1.00
T-Shirt: (white) $12.75. 4/$46
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44
Sizes: S, M, L, XL **Ship:** $3.00 per order
MC/VISA 617-787-1176
Historical Products, P.O. Box 220 S1 Cambridge, MA 02238



AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free, illustrated 32-page brochure M-133
Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS

To join in archaeology and wildlife research, request our 44-page newspaper.

Foundation for Field Research
P.O. Box 2010
Alpine, CA 91903-2010 (619) 445-9264

Write or Call
1-800-950-2668
FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY
Portland, OR 97232

WASHABLE SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS

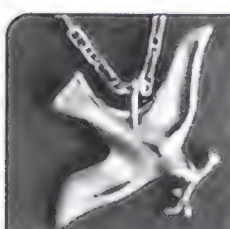
HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche

18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-1 • Pgh., PA 15220

KRAZY KAT fans!
Call 1-800-347-6902
to order our new catalog,
the ONLY source for
affordable limited edition
prints of some of America's
greatest cartoon art.
The Entertainment Art Company
400 Main St. Suite 312W, Stamford, CT 06901

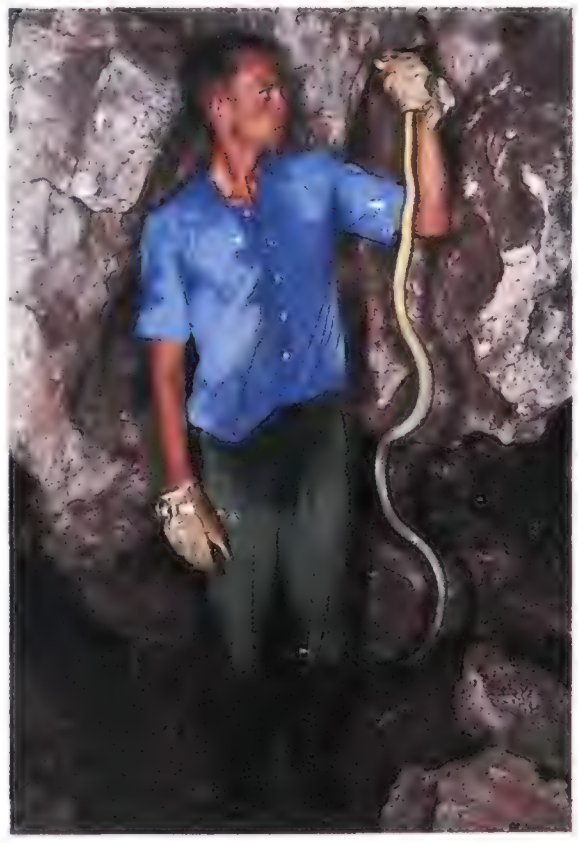


The Dove° with olive branch
Dove #108 • 14kt Solid Gold $75.00
Plus $3.00 for shipping / handling
Shown actual size • chain not included
Check, M.O., Visa, MasterCard, JCB, Diners Club, and Carte Blanche
Richard Eis Designs
22 S. SanFrancisco St. • Suite 342
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001
(602) 779-5404
Satisfaction Guaranteed

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-S 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608



Wildlife biologist Mike Ritter displays a tree snake of awesome proportions.

hopelessly out of control, already having virtually wiped out the native forest birds and four species of lizards. In some areas, they have reached an astounding density of up to 30,000 per square mile. There are far too many to make a bounty system effective, and proposals that the reptiles be exploited for food or leather have been abandoned because the snakes are hard to catch, and making them economically attractive could lead to their being dispersed to still more Pacific islands. Authorities at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History are looking into a variety of means, such as antisnake viruses, to combat the snakes—or at least limit them to certain areas.

I have my own idea on what to do, should the tree snake arrive on Rota. There is another island, Pagan, presently uninhabited but having an ample supply of tropical vegetation. It is too small for a large human settlement, but could serve as an isolated, predator-free habitat for the rail. Rails are accustomed to living on tiny dots of islands in the vast Pacific. Henderson Island has a local species of rail. Wake

VIXEN HILL GAZEBOS

Discover our wide selection of architecturally authentic gazebos, pre-engineered for easy assembly by the non-carpenter. Send $3 for our 20-page color catalog.
Vixen Hill, Dept. SM-0 Elverson, PA 19520. 215-286-0909.

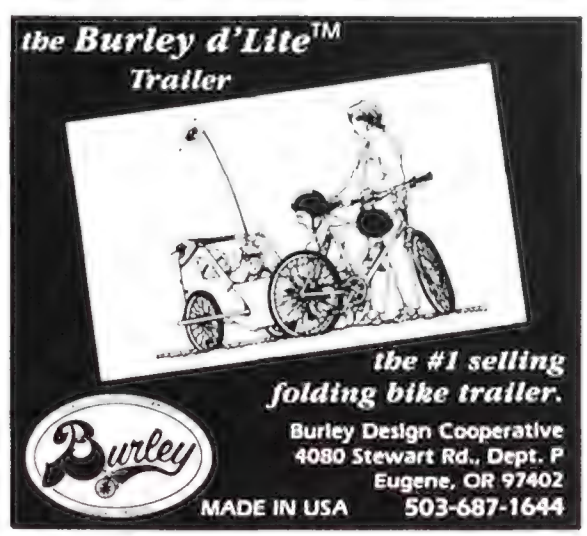
Cat Stickers

Sleek Black Cats imprinted in white with your name and address or slogan—Purrrfect for letters, books, luggage, tapes, gifts, reminders, promotions...
Cat Shape...Self-Stick...1⅝" high
100 for $9.90 200 for $13.50 ppd
CATS, Box 735-E, Acton, Mass. 01720

TEN MERCURY DIMES
90% SILVER • MINTED 1916-1945
All Numismatically Graded VG or better . . . $9.99 Postpaid
Satisfaction Guaranteed
FREE Catalog on request
THE DIME STORE
15540 KILMARNOCK DR., S.E.
FORT MYERS, FL 33912

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
A Million Pieces!
Active & Discontinued
China, Crystal & Flatware.
To Buy or Sell:
Call (919) 697-3000, or write
1089 Knox Rd. P.O. Box 26029, Dept. SM81A
Greensboro, NC 27420 (SASE Please)

America's Largest Fine Watch and Jewelry Discounters
SAVES YOU UP TO 50%
ROLEX • AUDEMARS • PATEK • BREITLING
BAUME & MERCIER • CARTIER, ETC.
DIAMONDS • PEARLS • PENS • CRYSTAL
815 Connecticut Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C 20006
202/331-0671 800/654-7184
MARCUS & CO.
ELEGANT PRICE CUTTERS SINCE 1973
Free Shop at Home Catalogue



Island had a rail, probably exterminated by the Japanese (for food) when they occupied the island during World War II. Laysan Island, one of the Leeward Islands in the Hawaiian archipelago, once had a charming little rail that is now extinct. During the war, when there were still some of the birds on nearby Midway Island, these rails used to climb into the laps of sailors to peck at their clothes and consume scraps of food that had fallen into their napkins. We can only hope that the Guam rail will be successful on Rota, Pagan, or on one of the other Pacific islands that could serve as a home, and that it can eventually be reintroduced onto Guam.

Today threats to wildlife all over the globe arise like mushrooms after a summer rain. The few biologists and conservationists who have to deal with these problems have limited resources. Still, the attempt must be made. Some people advocate letting particularly vulnerable species of animals slip away peacefully without human interference, but I believe we should make a determined effort to protect seriously endangered species that have any chance whatsoever of being saved. Increasingly, researchers must try to relocate threatened populations of plants and animals. Of course, these are always experiments that may or may not succeed. So long as any of them produces positive results, the technique should be continued.

Our work to save the Guam rail is still developing, its future uncertain. But as with anything worth doing, persistence and stubbornness are key. We simply can't let Koko, this marvelous island oddity, disappear from our Earth.

If in the future they are able to create a snake-free refuge on Guam, conservationists hope to bring some rails back home.

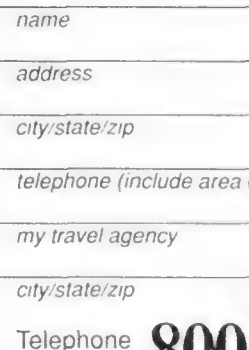
Maupintour

Discover a grand style of escorted, all-inclusive travel. Small groups, professional tour managers. Have fun. Treat yourself to the best!

EUROPE

Europe's best! British Isles, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Scandinavia, Soviet Union, Eastern Europe. 8 to 22 days.

USA WEST



Rockies Rail Adventure, Copper Canyon, Arizona, Grand Canyons, San Diego, Pacific NW, California, Mt. Rushmore, National Parks. 8 to 14 days.

SOUTH PACIFIC

Australia: 13 days. New Zealand: 14 days. Discovery Down Under: New Zealand, Fiji, Australia. 19 days. Australia & New Zealand. 25 days.

FREE TOUR BROCHURES.
Ask your ***Maupintour Preferred Travel Agent*** for a free copy of the Maupintour *Europe*, *USA West* or *South Pacific* tour brochures, or call or mail this coupon to Maupintour, 1515 St. Andrews Drive, Lawrence, Kansas 66047.

Maupintour Preferred TRAVEL AGENT
the standard of quality travel

Maupintour carries USTA
$5 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION.

name

address

city/state/zip

telephone (include area code)

my travel agency

city/state/zip *ssn-ews-1*

Telephone toll-free... **800-255-4266**

The Simple Pearl Hoop

Elegant, simple and inexpensive.

In 14kt. gold with fine cultured pearls.

30 Day Money-Back Guarantee

ONLY $69

MERRIN
FOUNDED 1927

724 FIFTH AVENUE
(bet. 56 & 57 Sts., on the 4th floor).
New York, NY 10019
OPEN MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
1-800-223-5752
or NY 212-582-3303
We accept American Express and all major credit cards.
Please send $1 for a full-color catalog

12-DAY CRUISES FROM $99/DAY
Belize • Great Barrier Reef • Guatemala • Jungle River • Mayan Ruins • Florida Everglades • Dry Tortugas • Virgin Islands • Caicos • Columbus Discovery • RI-FL Intracoastal Nov. & May • Canada Saguenay via Erie Canal Summer
800-556-7450 For Free Brochure
American Canadian Caribbean Line, Inc.
25 Yrs. of Small Ship Cruises Warren, RI 02885

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT MODELS FOR 1991
NEW FOLDING & ROTOMOLDED BOATS from $375
Sailrigs, spray skirts, paddles and many other accessories
BORN TO TRAVEL
FOLBOT
Since 1933
FREE COLOR CATALOG
Call 1-800-533-5099
or write
Folbot, Inc
PO Box 70877, Dept SM
Charleston, SC 29415
FACTORY DIRECT PRICES — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Book reviews

Wandering Ghost:
The Odyssey of Lafcadio Hearn
Jonathan Cott
Alfred A. Knopf, $24.95

Near the end of this splendid biography, the reader is offered the humorous and poignant image of an aging man dressed in robe and sash, martially parading his family, maids and students around his dinner table during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, and proudly proclaiming that he has nothing Western left except his large nose.

"Oh, what can I do with my nose? Pity me because of my nose, for I, Koizumi Yakumo, truly love Japan more than any Japanese!"

Koizumi Yakumo, former vagrant and coal stoker, world traveler, journalist who scandalized late 19th-century American society by his marriage to a black woman, was in fact the writer Lafcadio Hearn. The most prestigious American magazines competed for his stories, while the influential German writer Stefan Zweig later called his writings on Japan "something totally unique in the world of art."

Today, Hearn is better known for his collections of Japanese folktales than for the novels and essays that made him famous in his own day. Japanese, however, still regard him as the first great interpreter of their nation to the West. One eminent Japanese professor called him the "most eloquent and truthful interpreter of the Japanese mind."

Patiently peeling back the layers of Hearn's extraordinary life, Jonathan Cott, a contributing editor to *Rolling Stone* magazine, captures the many contradictions of this difficult, hypersensitive man who could become depressed

EXERCISE NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD!
Finally, a skier that's durable, easy to use, and provides an effective total body workout in *just one hour a week!*
30-Day Home Trial.
Free Brochure
1-800-328-8995
SIERRA
FITNESS MASTER
504 Industrial Blvd
Dept. SM
Waconia, MN 55387

Chairs for all Seasons
Comfortable, portable seating
Limited lifetime warranty
Call for free brochure
CRAZY CREEK
Crazy Creek Products
Box 1050K
Red Lodge MT 59068
800 331-0304

Energy Saving Catalog!
SAVE ENERGY COMPANY
• a planetary store •
2410 Harrison St. #P, San Francisco CA 94110
800-326-2120

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
Extra width for men who need it
Excellent variety, styling and quality. Send for FREE CATALOG.
The Widest Selection of the Widest Shoes Anywhere!
HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept.21F Hingham, MA 02043

Walking Staffs & Sticks
Authentic replicas of Victorian antiques
Hand turned in the U.S.A. from fine American hardwoods. 12 Styles.
Illustrated Brochure, FREE.
THE POESTENKILL HIKING STAFF Mfg. Co.
P.O. Box 300-S, Poestenkill, NY 12140

SKULLDUGGERY
Send $2 for your catalog of fascinating Natural History Gifts and fossil replicas to:
SKULLDUGGERY • 624 South B Street
Dept SH1 • Tustin, CA 92680 • (714) 832-8488

over the death of a cricket, but cruelly dismiss a friend of years' standing because of an imagined slight.

Japan was this charismatic misfit's escape hatch into another reality. Unlike most escapists, however, Hearn could write, often superbly. At its best, Hearn's style was a brilliant play of nuanced moods, often filliped eerily with the hovering presence of death and decay. Describing a landscape near his beloved home in Matsue, he wrote: "Dead rich purples cloud broadly behind and above the indigo blackness of the serrated hills—mist purples, fading upward smokily into faint vermilions and dim gold, which again melt up through ghostliest greens into the blue."

Hearn was a product of the collision of cultures, the offspring of a peripatetic British Army doctor who abandoned young Lafcadio's Greek mother and entrusted him to the care of a grimly Catholic great-aunt who believed that the best way to help the child overcome his fear of ghosts was to lock him in his dark room alone, and to whip him if he cried out. Disinherited by a scheming relative, he was shipped off to Cincinnati, where he became a sensation as a journalist, reporting on the sordid world of slaughterhouse workers, ragpickers, abused children and black dockworkers who inhabited the underbelly of the Gilded Age.

Chronically ill at ease, he wandered on to New Orleans, and then Martinique, always writing with a feverish, lumines-

Becoming a Japanese citizen, Hearn called himself Yakumo, "Eight Clouds."

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The perfect Christmas present from the Metropolitan Museum.

Shop by mail with our new 144-page catalogue of unusual and distinctive presents; most available *only* from the Museum. Jewelry, decorative works of art, sculpture, Christmas cards and ornaments, posters, art books, and a special selection of presents for children. For your copy of the full-color catalogue send $1.00 to cover mailing.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station New York, New York 10028

Name _____ 1372

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CALVERT SCHOOL
HOME STUDY COURSES

- teach your child at home
- complete curriculum kindergarten–8
- no experience necessary
- traditional, classical education
- accredited, non-profit program
- advisory teachers available
- all materials included
- French and music courses offered
- send for free information

Calvert School
(301)243-6030 *fax (301)366-0674*
Dept. S81 Tuscany Road, Baltimore, MD 21210

ALL OVER 50 YEARS OLD!
25 MINT U.S. STAMPS FOR ONLY $5.00

All-different unused collection contains stamps that retail up to $1.70 each! Plus special offer circulars and Collector's Catalog. Other exciting stamps included on approval. Buy any or none, return balance, cancel service anytime.

SPECIAL! Also Available!
Worldwide Approval Sampler - Retail value over $10.00 for just $4.95! ***Or for extra savings, order BOTH INTRODUCTORY OFFERS FOR ONLY $8.95!***

Wilton Stamp Co., Inc.
15 Londonderry Rd. #10 Dept. SNDH
Londonderry, NH 03053-3386

THE OTTER
Pin
Sterling — $45.00
14K Gold —$280.00
VISA/MC
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
velvet box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine jewelry

LEATHER BACKPACK RUGGED ONLY $29.95

HISTORIC EXPLORERS of America required backpacks that were tough! Now **YOU** can enjoy the richness (smell that leather) and durability of soft, 100% leather in this modern version of the famous trail pack of yesteryear. Rich tan color. Black metal hardware. Roomy 14" x 17" x 6" cargo compartment plus 3 handy expandable outside pockets. Two 2" wide adjustable shoulder straps. Excellent bookbag. Offers 1,000 uses for any outdoorsman and a touch of class for those "long hours on the trail." Send $29.95 + $3.95 delivery. Use 30 days, money back if not pleased. MasterCard & Visa accepted (phone 312-445-6166). C.O.D. require $5 deposit. Order today! Midwest Company, Dept. L-2719, 9043 S. Western Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60620. Special 2 packs for $58.90 postpaid. Our 54th year.

BONUS: ORDER NOW
RECEIVE A COMPASS FREE

cent intensity. But it was in Japan that he finally came to the end of what Cott calls his "Ulyssean journey." Soon after his arrival there in 1891, Hearn wrote "Here I am in the land of dreams."

The Japan that he found seems outlandishly improbable in the age of Mitsubishis, superconductors and mammoth trade imbalances. Set against the "great wolfish struggle" of life in the West, Hearn wrote, "Surely the old Japanese civilization of benevolence and duty was incomparably better in its comprehension of happiness, in its moral ambitions, its larger faith, its joyous courage, its simplicity and unselfishness, its sobriety and contentment."

Hearn's wonderment offers a counterpoint to our irritable present-day notion of a Japan populated by unfeeling workaholics. He found the Japanese a people of inestimable delicacy, playfulness, piety and curiosity: "The faces of the people have an indescribable look of patient expectancy—the air of waiting for something interesting to make its appearance."

Cott's lucid style and unobtrusive approach bring the enigmatic vagabond into sharper focus than he has probably ever been seen in since his death in 1904 at the age of 54. Yet Hearn still manages to remain mysterious to the last, the archetypal stranger, this man who disliked liars, white shirts and New York; who loved the sea, lonely cemeteries, insects and ghostly tales.

Fergus M. Bordewich is author of *Cathay: A Journey In Search of Old China.*

Walking with the Great Apes
Sy Montgomery
Houghton Mifflin, $19.95

At Jane Goodall's Gombe Stream Reserve a chimpanzee named Charlie once grabbed a student for use as a "display tool," a convenient prop in a flamboyant drama of male dominance. With hair bristling, Charlie dragged Richard Wrangham by his ankle through the heavy brush as he charged past a group of chimps he wanted to impress. Uninjured, Wrangham was indulgent. "While I squawked and thrashed, I added a lot to his display. I was much better than if he had used relatively silent and immobile branches."

Wrangham knew his proper place. Apes first, people second. This has been the policy for staff, students, observers and tourists in the primate preserves started by the "foster daughters" of famed

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-S, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.
(800) 626-3333

Executive BackChair

Engineered for customized orthopedic support to prevent and relieve back pain.

- Built-in adjustable lumbar support
- Adjustable neck rest
- Forward-tilt feature

BackSaver™ FREE Color Catalog
1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. SME, Holliston, MA 01746

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Heiroglyphics

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Alexandria, VA

Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown "Jane"

HANDMADE IN EGYPT

日本刀
JAPANESE SWORDS
$200 $250,000 CASH PAID
For Free Evaluation Sheet
TOLL FREE 800-435-5119
French Art Glass (Galle, Daum), Tiffany Lamps Also Wanted
David E. J. Pepin—Member NBTHK, Tokyo, Japan
Dept. SI, P.O. Box 354, Grant Park, IL 60940

From Mary Laura's, to all our Smithsonian customers, thanks a bunch for a great year. Watch for our new fall line in September Smithsonian.

MARY LAURA'S
NATIVE AMERICAN JEWELRY

anthropologist Louis Leakey. Convinced of female superiority in patience, receptivity and powers of observation, Leakey sent, with his blessing, and funding arranged by him, several largely untrained and untraveled young women into the wilds of Africa and Asia.

Each woman was to study, not for the usual months but for decades, her favorite kind of ape: Jane Goodall began in 1960 with chimpanzees in what became Tanzania; Dian Fossey in 1967 with mountain gorillas in Rwanda; and Biruté Galdikas in 1971 with orangutans in Borneo.

This fascinating book with its many photographs (but regrettably neither endnotes nor index) has a singular major theme: how the personal and professional passion these women developed for their subjects has enriched our knowledge of wild primates. Instead of keeping the usual distanced contact and producing impersonal, statistic-laden reports, Leakey's protégées spent months in receptive attendance, then approached gently with disarming mimicry. They wrote field notes mainly as narratives, giving names to the animals. Their approach, especially their occasional intervention with bananas and medicine (which can cause problems), has met with disapproval from many, mostly male, scientists.

But Sy Montgomery, a journalist-naturalist who herself once experienced briefly a similar tender obsession with three Australian emus, writes for a general audience, and with warm empathy for these innovators. Her text itself consists of interlocking, myth-evoking triads: three women (like chthonic goddesses), three nationalities, three temperaments; three countries, three governments and three kinds of great apes. All are artfully braided in three sections that recount the women's and the primates' lives, achievements and destinies: Nurturers, Scientists, Warriors.

The American, Dian Fossey (Hecate), had the hardest life and fate. After a miserable childhood, her first years with the huge, patriarchal, gentle mountain gorillas in the cold damp volcanic preserve were happy as she learned to ape her apes: celery munching, armpit scratching, knuckle walking and belching. But as native population pressure grew, so did her frantic concern for the gorillas. Increasingly reckless, even violent, she threatened and punished trappers and poachers. Her murder in 1985—her skull was split with a panga (machete)—seems preordained by a single fact she had noted in her book *Gorillas in the Mist* in 1983: "Rwanda is one of the most densely populated countries in the world."

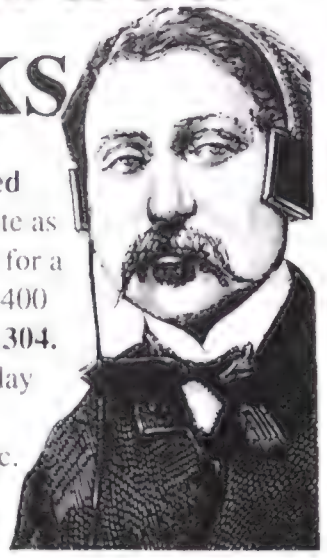
The Lithuanian-born Biruté Galdikas (Persephone) has devoted two decades to studying the elusive orangutans, "people of the forest" who are solitary, arboreal and phlegmatic; they "munch endlessly and rest." Galdikas is the only one of Leakey's "ape ladies" who began with an academic background in ethology (all eventually got PhDs), yet she is the least known. She has settled into the sultry jungle of Borneo, with its stinging insects, lethal fruits and fat land leeches that track like missiles, "waving their mouths in the air, sensing your warmth." She never publishes now, and her only book was written in Indonesian. Her second husband is a Dayak tribesman, and her staff are mostly Indonesians supplemented by foreign volunteers.

LOEWS HOTELS. YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Tucson, Arizona · Los Angeles, California · San Diego, California (Oct. '91) · Denver, Colorado · Annapolis, Maryland · Teaneck, New Jersey · New York City · Nashville, Tennessee · Dallas, Texas · Washington, D.C. Quebec City, Canada · Principality of Monaco · For information call 800 23-LOEWS.

LOEWS HOTELS

Recorded Books



Listen to **unabridged** bestsellers on cassette as you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 400 titles: **1-(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc. Box 409, Charlotte Hall, MD 20622

Galdikas' main concern is no longer science but animal protection. Unlike Fossey she uses her vast local prestige, elaborate diplomacy and myriad shared cups of tea to protect her orangutans.

Uniquely, orangutans have eyes with white around the iris, like ours. Once, at a symposium in New York, Galdikas stressed this oddity, as she and Goodall and Fossey each tried to convince the audience that her own hominid was the most human—no doubt in the fond but false assumption that concern for animals increases in proportion to their similarity to us. But the eyes did not have it; Goodall won that competition with the claim that chimpanzees share 99 percent of human genetic material.

Wild chimpanzees, our closest relatives, are sociable, excitable, fond of display, clever with tools, and promiscuous. Goodall's groups appear to live an Edenic life among the fruit trees near lovely Lake Tanganyika. For decades Goodall (Artemis), the Englishwoman who pioneered the new ethology, lived serenely among her chimps and colleagues. She left them regularly but reluctantly to study, teach or publish. While Galdikas employed tact and influence, and Fossey used curses and kidnapping, to protect their threatened primates, Goodall in her secure Gombe reserve seemed untouched by the world outside. But as Galdikas turned diplomat to protect her creatures, and Fossey turned witch, Goodall suddenly, in 1986, became a crusader. Since then, her days and strength have been largely spent lobbying legislators, talking on TV and touring research labs, trying to alleviate the suffering of her friends and our relatives condemned to pain and illness, and isolation for years in tiny cages.

Ironically, since Fossey's death, life expectancy has improved for the several hundred gorillas at her Karisoke preserve. Now they are assessed to be more valuable alive than dead, as generous donations and eager tourists pour in. Daily patrols guard them from poachers and from visitors who yearn to touch them. The animals seem to welcome the human contact, Fossey's biographer, Harold Haynes, wrote in 1988. "Even though every one of the gorillas has witnessed some atrocity perpetrated on their kind by human beings, all are still willing to give humans the benefit of the doubt."

Audrey C. Foote, based in Washington, D.C., is a freelance reviewer, translator.

No. 12

J. Peterman's new Owner's Manual.

© 1991 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to _____ name

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341

S8

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE fans!

Call 1-800-347-6902 for our new catalog. You can own a fabulous Harold Gray portrait of Annie, Daddy Warbucks & Sandy – captured in a 16 color serigraph print available exclusively from...

The Entertainment Art Company
400 Main St. Suite 312W, Stamford, CT 06901

Direct From Woodshop To You!
Enjoy the highest quality redwood furniture at reasonable prices
☐ Chairs ☐ Love Seats
☐ Swings ☐ Tables & more
Free Color Catalog
Adirondack Designs Dept. SN
350 Cypress St, Fort Bragg, CA 95437
Call TOLL FREE: 1-800-222-0343

DINOSAUR, ANIMAL, SEALIFE and SCIENCE
Toys, Games and Replicas for all ages.
FREE 32 Page, Color Educational Catalog
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-283-4457
or 305-474-4457 or write:
BOYD DESIGNS
Suite 335, 7027 West Broward Blvd.
Plantation, FL 33317

LEATHER BOOK BAG **ONLY $179.**
Call 1-800-999-1920
Order Today!

INQUIRIES?

- Change of address
- Dues payment
- Gifts
- Report missing issues
- Correspond about related matters

Write to:

SMITHSONIAN
MEMBERSHIP-SUBSCRIPTION
DATA CENTER
P.O. BOX
BOULDER, CO
TELEPHONE
Please include address label from recent issue.

KITES
FREE COLOR CATALOG
Choose from over 200 exciting kites.
• Many unusual & innovative designs.
Call or write for your catalog today!
Into The Wind • (800) 541-0314
1408-R Pearl St., Boulder, CO 80302

Send for FREE dolphins poster and catalog.
141 Blackberry Inn G Weaverville, NC 28787

Additional reading

Pleasures of Paris (p. 42)

Pleasures of Paris: Daumier to Picasso by Barbara Stern Shapiro, Museum of Fine Arts (Boston), 1991

France, Fin de Siècle by Eugen Weber, Harvard University Press, 1986

Pages From the Goncourt Journal by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, edited and translated by Robert Baldick, Folio Society (London), 1980

Impressionism: Art, Leisure, and Parisian Society by Robert L. Herbert, Yale University Press, 1988

Farm tractors (p. 54)

Encyclopedia of American Farm Tractors by C. H. Wendel, Crestline Publishing (Sarasota, Florida), 1979

Fordson, Farmall, and Poppin' Johnny: A History of the Farm Tractor and Its Impact on America by Robert C. Williams, University of Illinois Press, 1987

The American Farm Tractor by Randy Leffingwell, Classic Motor Books, 1991

Farm Tractors 1950-1975 by Lester Larsen, American Society of Agricultural Engineers, 1981

The Agricultural Tractor 1855-1950 by R. B. Gray, American Society of Agricultural Engineers, 1974

Green Bay Packers (p. 80)

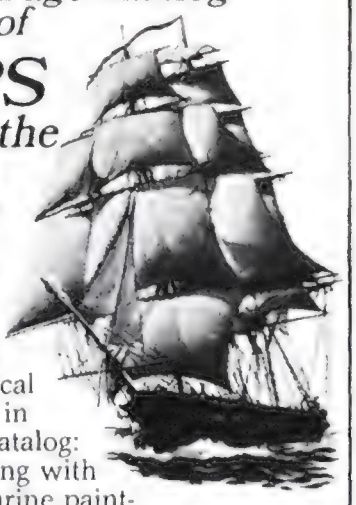
The Packer Legend: An Inside Look by John B. Torinus, Laranmark Press (Neshkoro, Wisconsin), 1982

The Greatest Packers of Them All by Chuck Johnson, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1968

What a Game They Played by Richard Whittingham, Simon & Schuster, 1987

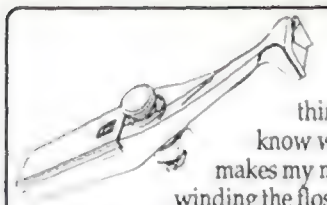
"The Sporting Scene—Packerland" by

FREE 112 Page Catalog for Lovers of SHIPS and the SEA



You could shop for months and never find the hundreds of decorative nautical ideas illustrated in Preston's new catalog: 112 pages teeming with ship models, marine paintings, nautical lamps and clocks, ships' wheels, figureheads and scores of other nautical ideas for the Home.

PRESTON'S
67-K Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N.Y. 11944



I used to hate it! but since I got my Dr Flosser, flossing is something I do every day; and you know what? Flossing every day makes my mouth feel fresher. I hated winding the floss around my fingers and sticking them in my mouth. No more!! Flossing is easy with my Dr. Flosser, and.. My dentist likes what it does for my teeth and gums. They're healthy now!! Call 1-800-648-1453 with your Visa /MC, just $12.95 + $2.00 postage. Or your check to – Berel Health Product, 6932 Gettysburg Pike, Fort Wayne IN 46804 !Guaranteed!

COCK-A-DOODLE DOO

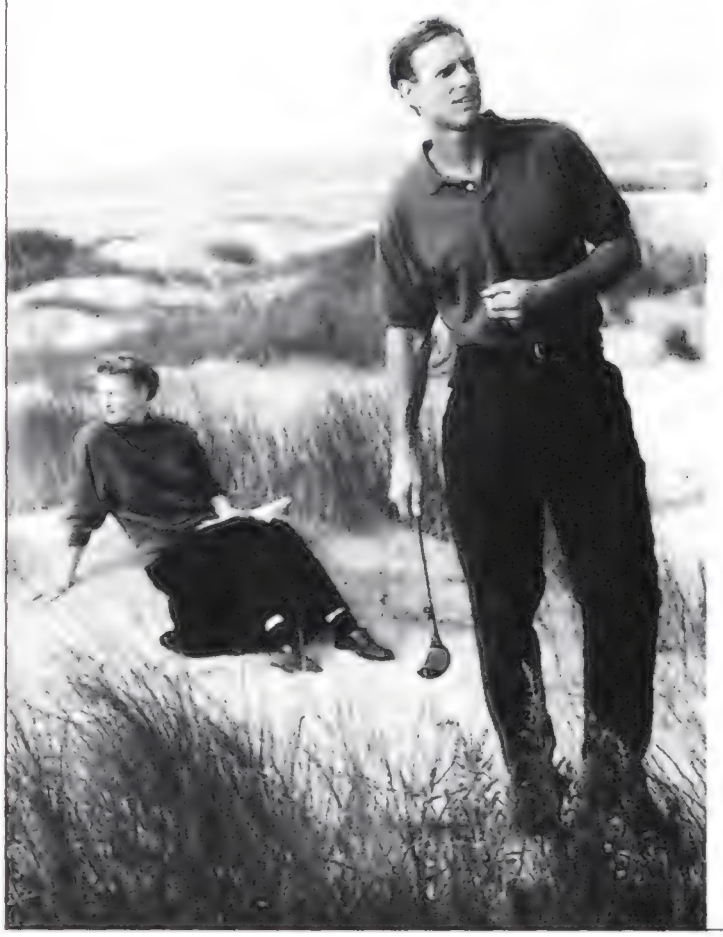
Strut your stuff with a Rhode Island Red Rooster by silversmith James Breakell. The pin in sterling $35. 14k gold $330. Add $3.50 handling.

VISA/MC/AMEX 1½"
1-800-767-6411 Catalog on request.
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
Dept. SMRR
69 Mill St.
Newport
RI 02840

Free Catalog
Bargain Books

Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers. Choose from up to 8,000 titles including 600-1,500 new arrivals each month! Biography, History, Fiction, Politics, Art, Science, Gardening, Cooking—something for everyone. An immense selection and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else. Fast shipment, moneyback guarantee.

Please send Free Catalog of Bargain Books.
Name
Address
Zip
HAMILTON Box 15-547 Falls Village CT 06031



THE BEACH IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

Imagine living on an incredibly beautiful island. With an ocean-front Pete Dye golf course chosen for the 1991 Ryder Cup. Plus, golf by Nicklaus, Player and Fazio. Come to Kiawah. And you'll come to call it home. Call 1-800-277-7008. Or write P.O. Box12001, Charleston, SC 29412.

Name
Address
Phone

Kiawah Island

B E V D O O L I T T L E

SACRED CIRCLE

SACRED CIRCLE by Bev Doolittle. The 1991 Greenwich Workshop Personal Commission™ Print. Signed by the Artist and Consecutively Numbered, 26"w x 26½"h. $325 U.S.; In Canada $395 + GST. Edition size is limited to the number of prints ordered between August 1, 1991 and September 30, 1991. Accompanied by a complementary full-length video "Sacred Circle: Conserving Nature's Delicate Balance," which explores the print's meaning and focuses on environmental concerns.

"*The sacred circle is the circle of life; the delicate thread that unites all living things. Only man has the intelligence to protect and preserve it. Only he can be the keeper of the sacred circle.*" — Bev Doolittle

We are pleased to announce the latest limited edition fine art print by Bev Doolittle, North America's leading artist in print.

To the American Indian, the circle was a sacred symbol of harmony with nature and all living things.

For all of us, *Sacred Circle* can not only be a beautiful work of art, but also a symbol for the environment; to promote a healthier world for generations to come. Partial proceeds will be donated by the publisher to benefit conservation education. We invite you to join with us in *Sacred Circle*.

Available only through your authorized Greenwich Workshop dealer. Please call or write for the name of the dealer serving your area.

THE GREENWICH WORKSHOP, INC.
30 Lindeman Drive
Trumbull, CT 06611

THE GREENWICH WORKSHOP LTD.
3781 Victoria Park Avenue, Unit 6
Scarborough, Ontario M1W 3K5

Call Toll Free (800) 828-7843

Dept. S

Herbert Warren Wind, *New Yorker*, December 8, 1962

"The Profitable Nonprofit in Green Bay" by Harold B. Meyers, *Fortune*, November 1968

Black Seminole (p. 90)

The Negro on the American Frontier by Kenneth W. Porter, Arno Press and the *New York Times*, 1971

Africans and Seminoles: From Removal to Emancipation by Daniel F. Littlefield jr., Greenwood Press (Westport, Connecticut), 1977

The Seminoles by Edwin C. McReynolds, University of Oklahoma Press, 1957

Negro-Indian Relationships in the Southeast by Laurence Foster (anthropology thesis), University of Pennsylvania, 1935

Fay Jones (p. 102)

"Special Feature: Fay Jones" by Robert A. Ivy jr., *A + U: Architecture and Urbanism*, February 1991

"Truing Up: The Architecture of Euine Fay Jones" by William Marlin, *Inland Architect*, November/December 1989

"A Wayfarer's Chapel by Fay Jones" by Charles K. Gandee, *Architectural Record*, March 1981

"Encore Delivered with Strength and Delicacy" by Karen Cordes, *Architecture*, October 1988

"An Excursion to a New Synthesis: The Work of E. Fay Jones and Maurice Jennings" by Neville Clouten, *Faith & Forum*, Fall 1989

Guam rails (p. 112)

Rails of the World by S. Dillon Ripley, David R. Godine (Boston), 1977

"The Decline and Restoration of the Guam Rail" by Gregory J. Witteman et al., *Endangered Species Update*, November 1990

"Extinction of an Island Forest Avifauna by an Introduced Snake" by Julie A. Savidge, *Ecology*, June 1987

"The Brown Tree Snake, *Boiga irregularis*, A Threat to Pacific Islands" by Thomas H. Fritts, *Biological Reports*, September 1988

"Management Options for Preserving Genetic Diversity" by Susan Haig et al., *Conservation Biology*, September 1990

"Rails of the World, a Compilation of New Information, 1975-1983 (*Aves: Rallidae*)" by S. Dillon Ripley and Bruce M. Beehler, *Smithsonian Contributions to Zoology*, 1985

Smithsonian highlights

Planning a Smithsonian visit?

The new VHS video *Guide to the Smithsonian* is an excellent aid for previsit planning. For ordering information and the free Associates' Planning Packet, send a postcard to Associates' Reception Center, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560, or call (202) 357-2700. For hearing-impaired visitors, use TDD and call (202) 357-1729. Begin your visit at the Smithsonian Information Center, located in the Castle. Hours are 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. daily.

Extended summer hours

The National Air and Space Museum, National Museum of American History and National Museum of Natural History will operate on extended hours daily from 9:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. through Labor Day, Monday, September 2. Extended hours at the National Zoological Park (see *Highlights continued*, p. 129) will be 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. for grounds, through October 15, and 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. for buildings, through September 15.

Freer remains closed

The Freer Gallery of Art is closed until late 1992.

Musical Matinee

On September 8, 1991, the Friends of Music at the Smithsonian will sponsor a special concert and luncheon to benefit the Smithsonian's Division of Musical History. This year's event will be held at a private estate in the countryside of Northern Virginia and will feature the music of the Castle Trio. For information or reservations, write to: Musical Matinee, NMAH/Room 4123, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560, or call (202) 357-4447.

The Contributing Membership

The Contributing Membership supports the Institution's education, research and collections programs. Partially tax-deductible contribution categories are: Supporting, $60 (available only to non-D.C. area residents); Donor, $125; Sponsoring, $300; Sustaining, $600; Patron, $1,200; James Smithson Society, $2,000. Members enjoy special privileges including Smithsonian books, engagement calendar, behind-the-scenes tours. For more information write: The Contributing Membership, 1100 Jefferson Drive, S.W., Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560, or call (202) 357-1699.

Special August exhibits and events

National Museum of Natural History
This Land Is Your Land: Celebrating 75 Years of Our National Park Service (through September 16) Panoramic photographs showcase the diversity and natural beauty of our national parks.
Life in the Ancient Seas Major new exhibit features simulation of 230-million-year-old reef and a dramatic mural.

National Museum of American History
Feed Bags as Fashion (August 6-January 30, 1992) Exhibit demonstrates the promotion and use of printed feed sacks in the United States from the 1930s to '60s.
Homeless in America: Three Perspectives (through September 30) Display features two photography shows and a collection of paintings that depict homelessness and poverty in the United States.

National Air and Space Museum
Art of the Cosmic Age (through December) Exhibition of the work of contemporary Soviet, American, Canadian and European space artists.
Blue Planet (runs indefinitely) New Smithsonian Imax film.

National Museum of American Art
Eadweard Muybridge and Contemporary American Photography (through September 8) Photographs from Muybridge's animals-in-motion series.

National Portrait Gallery
Annie Leibovitz Photographs, 1970-1990 (through August 11) Portraits of figures important in American popular culture.
Group Portrait: The First American

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses – most developed for the U.S. State Department – we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, etc. — 191 courses in 56 languages. Our 19th year.

Call 1-800-225-5400 for FREE 36 page catalog, or write:

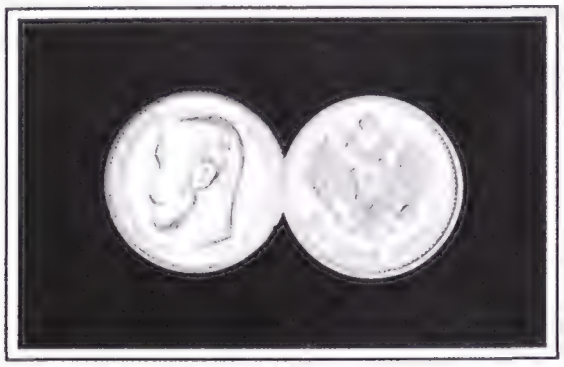
AUDIO-FORUM
Room E806, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS
BOSTON

OUR NEW 96-PAGE CATALOG OFFERS A WIDE ARRAY OF ITEMS REPRODUCED FROM THE MUSEUM'S RENOWNED COLLECTIONS. OUR EXCLUSIVE SELECTION INCLUDES QUALITY JEWELRY, SCARVES, NOTECARDS, DECORATIVE ARTS, SCULPTURE, BOOKS, CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL GAMES AND TOYS, AND MORE.

ORDER OUR GIFT CATALOG BY CALLING
TOLL FREE 1-800-225-5592
ASK FOR CATALOG #G3247.

The Last Gold Coin of the Romanovs



The 1897-1911
"Czar Nicholas II" Gold 5 Roubles
of Imperial Russia

Only $125

while supplies last

As the last gold coin of the Romanov dynasty, which ruled the Russian Empire for over 300 years, this 1897-1911 "Nicholas II" gold 5 Roubles is a real collectors item. The portrait of the ill-fated Czar and the double-headed eagle of the royal crest display superb minting artistry. After the 1917 Revolution, countless millions were destroyed in melts—today the survivors are elegant remnants of Imperial Russia. Each hand-selected coin contains 4.3 grams of .900 fine gold and is guaranteed to grade extra fine to almost uncirculated. You might expect to pay more for a gold classic in such excellent quality, but while supplies last you may order up to ten coins at the following prices: 1 coin, $125 **(Order #10846).** 3 coins, $365 (save $10). 5 coins, $595 (save $30). 10 coins, $1,150 (save $100). **To order by credit card, call toll-free 1-800-451-4463 at any time.** Or send a check or money order to: International Coins & Currency, Inc., 11 E. State St., Box 218, **Dept. 2074,** Montpelier, VT 05601. Add just $2 for postage. Certificate of authenticity included. **Satisfaction guaranteed:** you may return your order within 30 days of receipt for a prompt no-questions-asked refund.

Serving collectors for 17 years.

Avant-Garde (through October 27) The circles of Alfred Stieglitz, Marcel Duchamp, Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. See *Around the Mall*, page 20.

Arthur M. Sackler Gallery
Court Arts of Indonesia (through September 2) Some 160 artworks reflect the traditions of Indonesia's royal courts. See *Around the Mall*, page 20.
Crushed Lapis and Burnished Gold: The Art of Illumination (through December 8) A selection of manuscripts from the Sackler's Vever Collection.

National Museum of African Art
African Reflections: Art from Northeastern Zaire (through January 12, 1992) The refined and delicate art of the peoples of northeastern Zaire.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
Awards in the Visual Arts 10 (through September 2) Show presents work of ten U.S. artists who have won Awards in the Visual Arts for 1990.
Directions—Adrian Piper: What It's Like, What It Is #2 (through September 22) Environmental installation raises questions about race and class.

Arts and Industries Building Experimental Gallery
World Wall: A Vision of the Future Without Fear (through September 3) Murals by Chicana artist Judith Baca.

Anacostia Museum
Kaleidoscope: African American Photography in Washington, D.C. (through September 29) An exhibition of selected views from some 30 area photographers.

National Museum of the American Indian (New York)
A Gift from the Heart: Two Pomo Artists (through December) Baskets and ethnographic models of traditional ceremonial objects by California Pomo artists William and Mary Benson.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
The Cooper-Hewitt Collections: A Design Resource (through August 1992) Some 1,200 objects chronicle the history and collecting philosophy of one of the most important repositories of design.

Exhibition catalogs

Catalogs available currently include:
Annie Leibovitz Photographs 1970-1990 (paper, $7.50)
Awards in the Visual Arts 10 (paper, $20)
Strange Bedfellows: The First American Avant-Garde (cloth, $35)
To order, send check or money order to Smithsonian Museum Shops, 8308 Cinderbed Road, Newington, Virginia 22122. Include 15 percent of purchase for postage, handling (minimum, $1.75).

Smithsonian on the air

Speakers Corner with Roger Mudd: New weekly radio series presents one-hour lectures by scholars and experts from around the world to audiences at the University of Chicago, the Smithsonian Institution and England's Oxford University. Check local listings.
Smithsonian Presents Invention: Series of half-hour television programs explores spirit of innovation behind invention. Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M., EST, the Discovery Channel. Check local listings.

Resident Associate Program

To become a Resident Associate, or for fee and ticket information, call (202) 357-3030. Here are some August events:
Egyptian Priestesses and Power (August 8; 8 P.M.) Lecture by Robert Bianchi, curator of Egyptian art at the Brooklyn Museum—from Nefertiti to Cleopatra.
Legendary Patrons of Islamic Art (August 12; 7 P.M.) Discussion by Esin Atil, historian of Islamic art and curator at the Sackler and the Freer.
Bobby Lyle: Urban Jazz (August 18; 7 P.M.) Rare solo performance by the famed jazz/pop pianist.

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES organizes and circulates exhibitions to cities throughout the United States and abroad. To sponsor a show in your community, write SITES, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some August exhibits:
- New York, New York (August 15-October 27) *Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage. Decorative Designs from the Domino's Pizza Collection*, American Craft Museum.
- San Francisco, California (August 10-September 15) *National Geographic Society: 100 Years of Adventure and Discovery*, Chevron USA Headquarters.
- St. Paul, Minnesota (August 10-September 8) *Family Folklore*, Minnesota State Fair.

Highlights continued

What's new at the Zoo?

It has been a year of significant births at the National Zoo: the first gorilla in 19 years; the first pure-bred (cross your fingers) Sumatran orangutan ever; the first litter of red wolf pups; an adorable long-snouted sloth bear cub; a ball of spotted fur known as a serval; not to mention the baby cuttlefish, blue-crowned parrots, red kangaroo and others—or the baby giraffe that should be making its debut any day now.

The Zoo has worked long and hard assembling a group of lowland gorillas that would breed successfully. This year its efforts paid off. The baby, a male, was born on May 10. Mother Mandara is totally devoted, caring for her precocious infant around the clock.

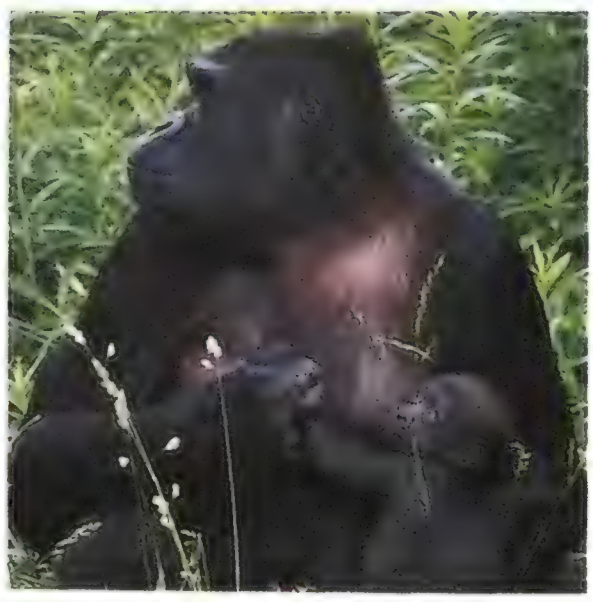
The current zoo-wide moratorium on breeding hybrid orangutans has meant birth control for most of the orangutans at the National Zoo. But not for Pensi, a Sumatran female, who gave birth on February 23. A wild-born Sumatran male named Chang had been brought in to mate with her, and all had gone well, or so everyone thought. As it turns out, Chang jr. may not be Chang jr. at all. It appears that Pensi and her old mate, a subspecies hybrid, had been getting together on the sly, apparently through a crack between their enclosures. When Chang jr. is a little older, a blood test will determine his paternity.

There's a hot debate these days as to whether red wolves are a species, a subspecies or a hybrid. Until recently, they were extinct in the wild. The National Zoo is one of 21 zoos participating in a captive-breeding and release program. This May saw success—a litter of six red wolf pups, five of which survived.

Arboreal insect-eaters native to India, sloth bears have well-developed claws and a capacity to suck and blow that is extraordinary in the bear world. The new cub at the Zoo was born on January 21. Its mother, Puddin, is by all accounts a real spitfire. Sloth bears, it seems, take to spitting when alarmed.

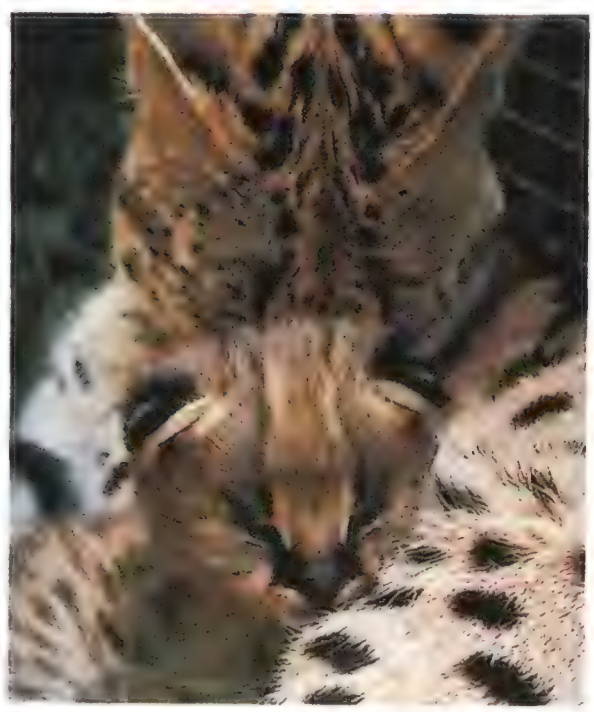
All in all, it's been a prolific year at the Zoo. Don't miss our new friends.
Diane M. Bolz

Sumatran orangutan Pensi carries her 3-month-old on back to free arms.



Month-old gorilla, the first born at the Zoo in 19 years, is cradled by mother.

Long, coarse fur of the tropical sloth bear provides a perfect grip for baby. These are the only bears known to carry their young on back.



Red wolf pup, a few weeks old, will grow to adult size in about nine months.

New serval kitten blends into its mother. The African cat is small, long-legged.

The Smithsonian Traveler

THE LATEST WORD ON TOURS, EXPEDITIONS AND LEARNING ADVENTURES,

Smithsonian Odyssey Tours
Value is the byword of the Smithsonian's low-cost Odyssey Tours. Destinations include: Great Britain, Italy, France, Australia/New Zealand, Venezuela, Canada, Mexico and the United States. For an Odyssey brochure, call 1-800-524-4125. For other study tours and seminars, see the address and phone number below.

Domestic Study Tours

Smithsonian "Anytime" Weekend
New low prices from $99 per person for a two-night package.

Arches and Canyonlands (Utah) *August 31-September 7*

Washington State *August 31-September 9*

Arizona Wildlife *September 4-12* Sonoran Desert and Chiricahua Mountains.

Sojourn in Sedona (Arizona) *September 12-18*
Nature, history and art.

Atlantic Quest Cruise *September 13-30*
Canada's Atlantic Provinces.

California's Channel Islands *September 15-20*
Natural history cruise off San Diego.

In the Footsteps of Coronado (New Mexico) *September 21-27* Zuni and Acoma pueblos.

Air and Space Museum: Behind the Scenes *September 22-25* For Contributing Members.

Grand Canyon Weekend *September 25-29*

Bryce, Zion and the North Rim *October 2-12*

North Carolina Historic Homes *October 6-13*

Texas Wildlife Safari *October 16-20 or October 23-27* View exotic animals at a conservation camp.

Detroit Auto Barons *October 31-November 3*

Civil War: Eastern Theater *October 31-November 10* Visit Antietam, Gettysburg.

European Treasures in New York *November 21-24* Includes *Secret Garden.*

Christmas at the Smithsonian *December 12-15*

Christmas in Santa Fe *December 20-27*

Virgin Islands Cruise *December 20-28*

Canoe the Everglades *January 21-29*

Yellowstone in Snow *February 7-14 or February 15-22* Ski with naturalists.

Bermuda *February 13-17 or March 19-23*

South Texas Birds *February 15-22*

Baja Whale Watch *February 23-March 3*
Off the coast of San Diego.

Opera in Washington, D.C. *February 27-March 1* Performances and tours.

Sapelo Island *March 12-16*
Explore this Georgia barrier island.

Hawaii Camping *March 14-28* Hike the islands of Kauai, Molokai, Maui and Hawaii.

Savannah and Charleston *March 20-27*

Florida-New Orleans Cruise *March 28-April 11*

Foreign Study Tours

Countryside Tours *August-October*
Relaxing sojourns in Italy, Wales, England, Greece and France.

Switzerland by Train *August 22-September 3*

NEW Viking Cruise *August 29-September 16*
Copenhagen-New York, *Seabourn Spirit.*

Russia's Golden Ring *September 1-15*
Moscow, Leningrad, Pskov, Suzdal.

Medieval Jewels of the Midi (France) *September 2-14*

Hungary *September 5-19*

Classic China *September 5-25*

Indonesia *September 5-26*

Yangtze River (China) *September 5-28*

NEW Battlefields of Europe *September 7-20*

Czechoslovakia *September 8-22*

Danube Cruise *September 9-26*

NEW Man and His Environment Cruise *September 10-23* From Bruges to Barcelona on the *Illiria.*

NEW Black Sea Cruise *September 12-25*
Aboard the *Argonaut.*

United Germany *September 12-26*

Southern Italy and Sicily *September 14-29*

Ireland Walks *September 15-26*

NEW Where Mozart Made Music *September 18-29* Vienna, Salzburg, Prague.

Australia/New Zealand *September 27-October 17*

Soviet Union in Transition *October 9-19*

NEW Autumn in Wessex (England) *October 15-27*

Japan Journey *October 19-31*

Folk Art of Colonial Mexico *October 27-November 8*

Thailand and Laos *November 6-22*

China Sojourn *November 6-23*
Beijing, Xi'an, Shanghai, Guilin.

Mexico's Copper Canyon by Train *November 30-December 7*

Treasures of Costa Rica *December 2-17*

Christmas in Switzerland *December 21-January 1* Bern and Basel.

South America Cruise *January 8-28*

Indian Wildlife *January 12-February 6*

NEW Rembrandt *January 13-22* Amsterdam.

Kenya-Tanzania *February 5-23*
Visit world-famous wildlife reserves.

Mesoamerican Study Programs *January-March* Yucatán, Oaxaca, Guatemala.

Smithsonian Seminars

Join top scholars for classroom study and tours. Courses are held in Washington, D.C. unless otherwise indicated.

Oxford (England) *September 14-27*
Study at historic Worcester College.

Chesapeake Ecology *September 15-19*
Annapolis, Maryland. Study at the Smithsonian's Environmental Research Center.

Write to Smithsonian National Associate Program, Washington, DC 20560 or call (202) 357-4700 for tour and seminar brochures.

SMITHSONIAN-STYLE

Creative Writing *September 15-19* Annapolis, Maryland. SMITHSONIAN's Edwards Park.

NEW Riviera Art (France) *September 17-27*

NEW Decorative Arts *September 19-22* At the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York.

Aircraft Restoration *September 23-26*

NEW The Atomic Age *October 1-5* Los Alamos, New Mexico. Trace the history of the Manhattan Project.

NEW Yellowstone Ecology (Wyoming) *October 6-12* Stay at a picturesque ranch.

NEW American Quilts *October 7-10*

Rome Seminar *October 9-21*

Civil War in Fredericksburg *October 11-14*

NEW Middle East Update *October 21-24* Diplomats, scholars and journalists discuss roots of conflict and prospects for peace.

Southwestern Art, Literature, Archaeology *October 27-31* Santa Fe, New Mexico.

NEW Culture and Cuisine *November 3-7* Explore New World and Old World foods.

Antique Furniture *November 12-15*

NEW Civil War at Gettysburg *November 14-17*

Egypt *November 14-30*

NEW Santa Cruz Island Biology (California) *November 20-24*

NEW American Popular Song (New Orleans) *December 1-5* John Eaton, Ellis Marsalis.

Research Expeditions

Contribute your talent and financial resources to Smithsonian research. Work with curators at museums or in the field.

NEW Jamaica *August 15-27* Record the East Indian festival Hosay.

Orofino, Idaho *September 10-20* Document Lumberjack Days.

Costa Rica *September 29-October 11* Monitor volcanic activity and collect plants.

Washington, D.C. *October 27-November 2* Work on a videodisk project.

(202) 287-3210 for expedition brochures.

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with...

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

only $99.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

• We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the International shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V DC source. We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1195A915** or for the Cassette version, give order **#1196A915**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone - for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur.: $7.95 for one; $9.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967 **haverhills** of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

GIANT GRABBAG OF U.S. STAMPS ONLY $2

Special collectors' opportunity — Giant Grabbag of over 300 U.S. stamps includes obsolete issues as much as 100 years old. Also airmails and commemoratives. Each Grabbag is different, and yours is guaranteed to contain at least 300 stamps — and your satisfaction is guaranteed. Perfect to start or add to a collection. Limit 3 grabbags per address. Adults only please.

Send $2 for your Grabbag today and also receive special collectors information and pricelists along with other interesting offers on approval.

Mystic Stamp Company

Stamps for Collectors . . . since 1923

Send $2.00 and coupon to: **Mystic Stamp Co.** Dept. L293, Camden, New York 13316

_____no. of sets (limit 3)

_____ total enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

FOR SHOES SIZE 9-13

THERE'S ONLY ONE CHOICE:

nancy's choice®

SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG PLUS $2 BONUS COUPON

good on first order.

- BRAND NAME SHOES in hard-to-find sizes 9-13. Widths N to WW (some slims).
- WIDE VARIETY OF STYLES AND COLORS.
- COMFORT & FIT . . . and priced to please.
- SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Please help us to serve you better! Indicate shoe size _____ width _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

nancy's choice®

Dept. AAP7 • Palo Verde at 34th • P.O. Box 28804 • Tucson, AZ 85756-8804

By William Zinsser

This flight of fancy is a tight squeeze

"If you feel you are having a tougher time getting into your airplane seat than you used to, [it's because] instead of a seat that occupied 34 inches or even 36 . . . four years ago, you will probably now get a seat that takes up only 31 inches. . . . The profit is in business class. . . . If an airline takes one inch away from the space allotted to each of 36 rows, it can add a row to business class."

—*New York Times*, March 4, 1990

The glass-brick building downtown had a sign that said "Conglomerate Airlines Orthopedic Proving Grounds." I had made an appointment with Dr. Larry Boggs, Conglomerate's director of medicine. I wanted to find out how much more the airline industry was going to try to squeeze me. On a recent Conglomerate flight from New York to San Diego my hips had gone into spasm over Cleveland, and when I measured the distance to the back of the seat ahead of me it came to 28 inches. "Would you believe! They've added *another* row to business class!" I said to my wife. She reminded me that that was where the profit was.

A nurse at the reception desk took me back to Dr. Boggs' laboratory. It was outfitted like the interior of a DC-9, but the rows were unusually close together. Many of the seats had people in them.

"Hey, come and meet my guinea pigs!" Dr. Boggs said, clapping me on the left deltoid. He was wearing a white lab coat. I said I was surprised that he didn't use dummies, the way the automobile industry does when it tests the impact of collisions.

"Dummies!" he said. "Dummies can't tell you when it hurts!" He took me over to a seat that had a woman of about 50 scrunched into it. "Mrs. Tracy here is one of our best subjects," he said. The seat ahead of hers was on a track and had a ratchet attached to it. Dr. Boggs gave the ratchet wheel a few turns.

"*Aiiiiiiiii!*" Mrs. Tracy gave a high-pitched wail.

"*That* hurts?" Dr. Boggs asked. "I only cranked it down to 26. Yesterday you did 25. It's probably just a little nerve pinch around the scapula."

"How long will it be this time, Doctor?" she wanted to know.

"Three hours max, maybe two and a half," Dr. Boggs said. "We're talking JFK to Chicago, or Minneapolis to Phoenix. I'd never recommend this configuration for coast-to-coast."

I asked him what would happen if he left Mrs. Tracy at 26 inches from coast to coast.

"You'd get your classic subluxation syndrome: partial dislocation. The spine molds to the shape of the seat—figure it for around Omaha, maybe even Des Moines—and at the end of the trip the flight attendants can't get the passenger back out. You have to bring in special equipment—see those winches over there?—and by the time the spine realigns you've held up the plane for an hour or two. Which blows your whole profit from adding another row to business class."

"Is subluxation ever permanent?" I asked warily.

"Well, of course, when that happens we call it something else," he said. He shot a glance toward a closed door with a sign that said "FUSION." Suddenly I heard a moan from 8D, a few rows away.

"Uh-oh! I hope I'm not going to lose my bet," Dr. Boggs said. "I've got twenty bucks with Dr. Wiggins, our lumbar guy, that says we can get down to 23 inches without a disk herniating. This bozo is only at 25 and he's hollering. Of course he's been there since last night. We're testing Miami to, like, Nairobi."

The man who had moaned asked Dr. Boggs if he could have something to eat.

"Hey, fella, you know there's no room for trays anymore. You want to eat, go business class."

Dr. Boggs led me down the aisle of his mock-up plane. In every row, men and women were contorted into angular positions; some wore wires attached to monitoring machines. "This section is all knees," Dr. Boggs explained, checking the dial of a man whose knees were under his chin. "I'm always amazed how much trauma the patella can take," he said, making a note on the man's chart. "Over here you've got your vertebrae. We've learned a lot more about rib tolerance to crushing. The old parameters were *way* too low. Ribs are wonderful! They snap back in about a week."

I followed Dr. Boggs down the aisle.

"On the left here are your elderly," he said, pointing to some white-haired women who were having difficulty breathing. "On this side you've got your overweights. Let's face it, most Americans are kind of fat. The way I see it, that's *their* problem. If we designed a plane that coddled everyone who was a little plump we'd have to take some rows *out* of business class."

The overweight people were squashed into their seats and were very red in the face.

"Medically speaking," Dr. Boggs explained, "what's so great about these folks is that they're all soft tissue. You can compress them just short of asphyxiation and still not break any bones."

He gave a small sigh of satisfaction.

"I just hate it when we break bones," he said.

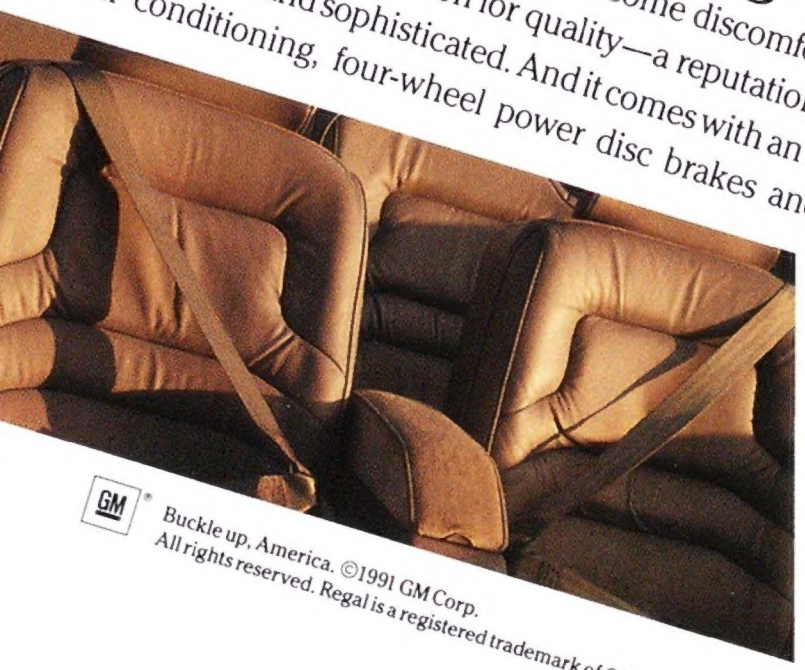
UNDERSTANDABLY, THE IMPORTS ARE GETTING NERVOUS.

Let the four-door Regal show you why.

Only its competitors will experience some discomfort. The Regal Sedan is built to further enhance Buick's reputation for quality—a reputation that is growing by leaps and bounds.

It is stylish and sophisticated. And it comes with an impressive list of standard features like air conditioning, four-wheel power disc brakes and four-wheel independent DynaRide suspension. Plus an even more impressive list of available features, including: ● Dual ComforTemp climate control ● Compact disc player with Concert Sound ● Super Soft leather seating areas. Also available is a powerful 3800 V-6 engine with tuned-port injection.

The 1991 Regal Sedan is in a class by itself. See it at your Buick dealer now. Or you can call 1-800-423-6787 for more information.



GM

Buckle up, America. ©1991 GM Corp.
All rights reserved. Regal is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

The New Symbol For Quality In America.

BUICK

PRECIOUS METAL

Did you know that the everyday can is 100% recyclable? It's made of high-grade steel that can be reused to make more cans, even surgical tools or jungle gyms.* Steel cans also conserve energy. They require no refrigeration or freezing during transport, in store, or in the home. Consequently, the can is the most cost-efficient means to provide high quality fruits and vegetables year round. The steel can. Precious little could be done to improve it.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT Del Monte Quality

*Del Monte strongly supports steel can recycling. For information about recycling in your area, write the Steel Can Recycling Institute, 680 Andersen Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15220.